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MY JEANNE D'ARC

Her Wonderful Story in the Light of Recent Researches: With Notes from a Pilgrimage in France

MICHAEL MONAHAN

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To

ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Whose Genius Has Charmed Away the Boundaries
of Language and Extended the Province
of Literary Delight

FOREWORD

THIS is the greatest story in the world, of the most remarkable person, though but a mere unlettered girl in her teens, that has ever lived in the tide of times. I repeat, the *greatest story in the world* save ONE, that is beyond all human comparison.

If I have failed to do justice to it the failure cannot be ascribed to any lack of admiration for the heroine or any lack of faith in the saint. Still less may it be imputed to a careless or deficient preparation. I have journeyed far and wide in quest of materials and inspiration for this book, visiting all the places identified with her brief and glorious career. I have consulted, in the original texts, mostly French, the best work of modern scholars, histories, romances, legends dealing with Jeanne d'Arc and her epoch—a great body of literature.

There is a voluminous common stock upon which all writers must draw more or less; as to which no one can honestly profess to be without obligations. But I have not suffered myself to be hampered by my precursors: having read, assimilated, digested, and moreover carried the subject in my mind for years, I have produced my own conception and set forth the narrative in my own fashion, without perverse or unwarranted treatment of the accepted grounds. After

all is said, one's chief obligation is to the Maid herself, to her imperishable words and deeds, which surpass the imagination of any writer.

I confess it was with no small diffidence, though under a strong sense of compulsion, that I set myself to the task of writing a book on Jeanne d'Arc, adding needlessly perhaps to the immense literature that has gathered about this pure and inspiring figure. If my title seems to imply an undue presumption—if I may not call her *my* Jeanne d'Arc, at least she has possessed *me* during many years, and I do not now for the first time take up the pen in her cause. I assure myself, with a special regard to the American public, that it will not be a labor in vain—nay, that it may have been reserved for me to bring one more stone to the Temple of Truth.

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

New Canaan, November, 1927.

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INVOCATION

MICHAEL, *Catherine, Margaret,*
Friends with Jeanne in Heaven long met,
Stoop once more from your high place
To give a sinner help and grace.
Cleanse his heart and arm his soul
'Gainst the Evil One's control,
That he may fight a valiant fight for her
Of whom so long his heart is worshiper!

Michael, Catherine, Margaret,
Far beneath your vision lies
A spot that you may not forget
From your seat in Paradise:
It is the humble garden-close
Where all her glory and grief arose,
And whence you called her to the fame
That adds unto the stars her name!

Michael, Catherine, Margaret,
Here's a spray of mignonette
From that garden by the Meuse
Whispering of your interviews
With her the little shepherd maid,
Gravely sweet and unafraid.
There I plucked it, all in love
To you comrades four above.
Bless it, even for her sake,
And the Book for her I make.

MY JEANNE D'ARC

It is strong and eloquent and beautiful. The inspiration which tipped your pen with fire is from the Maid. After all these centuries that force still lives—lives and grows, I think.

—Mark Twain *to the Author*
(referring to an essay partly incorporated into this book)

MY JEANNE D'ARC

CHAPTER ONE

A PILGRIM IN ORLEANS

It is an early day in May. I am sitting at my writing-table before a window that looks out upon a green New England country, fields and patches of wood, with low hills in the background, all crudely green from the heavy spring rains. But the spring is backward—always it is in Connecticut, despite the almanacs, and I am reminded that it was so in France last year, backward and chill, when at this very time I went to Orleans for the annual Jeanne d'Arc celebration. These patriotic rites mark the deliverance of Orleans from the English besiegers in 1429, and they have been observed, with scarcely a lapse, since that remote time.

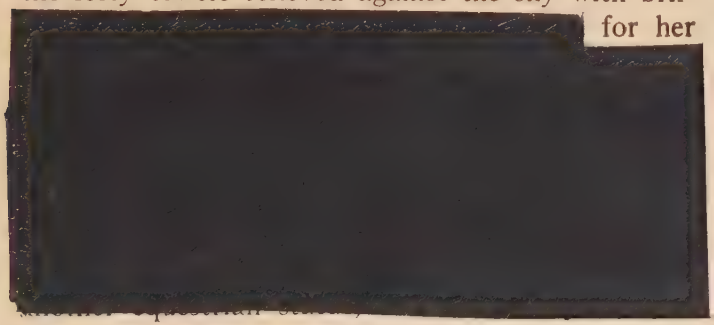
I was a day late and so missed the big military doings and the salute to Jeanne d'Arc before her noble statue in the public square. However, French patriotism does not evaporate briefly, and there was still much to see and enjoy, following the great event or military demonstration. Jeanne is the idol of Orleans, and has ever been; from that devoted city no act of treachery can be traced against her, no failure of gratitude or loyalty. And no city in France is so memorable from her brief passage, even as it wit-

nessed her most signal achievement. I visited the old house of Jacques Boucher, where she rested during her stay—miraculously preserved as such things are in France—and was thrilled on walking through the ancient, narrow rue du Tabour which had witnessed her glory and her triumph. One likes to call up that scene which has been realized for us in the great painting of Scherrer: the crowds, mad with joy and patriotic elation, thronging about the maiden warrior, superb in her dauntless and beautiful youth, obstructing her progress in their fond worship, cheering, laughing, weeping, showering blessings upon her, kissing her hands, her legs, her feet, aye, even her steed and his trappings; for rightly they knew and felt that all was sacred about her!

But it was in the grand old Cathedral of Orleans (destroyed in the religious wars, rebuilt under Henri IV) that I first fairly realized the apotheosis of Jeanne d'Arc, her triumph after the long, silent centuries, her ultimate defeat of the most powerful combination of enemies ever formed to crush a heroic soul. And I remembered gratefully that a former Bishop of Orleans, Mgr. Dupanloup, was among the first to propose the nimbus of saintship for the Maid, while his present successor, Mgr. Touchet, has published a notable tribute to her, without mincing or attenuating the facts of her persecution and undoing at the episcopal hands of Cauchon and his priestly accomplices.[1]

[1] He recalls a saying of Mgr. Dupanloup, that all the world had to blush before the innocent victim, and himself the first, at the

Jeanne's altar was the largest and most impressive that I saw in France, and the crowds in attendance constantly before it attested the devotion of Orleans to her memory. Twelve great stained-glass windows in the cathedral picture with vivid art the principal events of her life and the tragedy of her death. No other church [2] in France offers anything comparable to this glorification. At nightfall the somber cathedral clothed itself in a glory of illumination, the grand façade picked out in lines of electric fire and the lofty towers relieved against the sky with bril-



for her

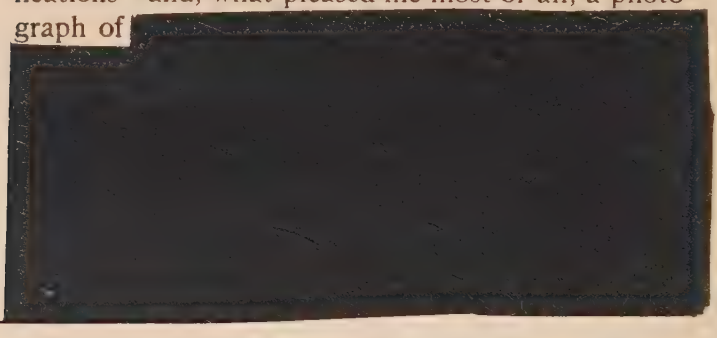
the court of the ancient bishopric; and at the *mairie* the simple, appealing figure of the Maid, by the Princesse Marie d'Orléans, copies of which are to be seen in many churches.

Finally, the Jeanne d'Arc Museum in Orleans of-

thought of such a bishop! Mgr. Dupanloup has another and unforgetable title to fame as the "discoverer" of Renan. *Vide* the latter's "Souvenirs de ma jeunesse" for a suavely touched portrait of his old preceptor.

[2] The Maid has to catch up with neglect in certain quarters. At Chartres, for example, I looked in vain for picture or statue. But all Catholic France will ere long offer her a grand basilica in Paris.

fered one a treasury of things illustrative of her career, of her literary and artistic glorification, and of the rude times in which she lived—pictures, statues, engravings, replicas or original sketches of many famous works, books on the Maid in divers tongues, armor and arms of every sort used in the siege of Orleans, from crude ordnance to axe, pike, and dagger—wicked-looking weapons that suggested the grimness of mediæval warfare, cut and slash, hack and hew; sketches of the ancient city and its fortifications—and, what pleased me most of all, a photograph of



It is a pathetic fact, and most significant, that no single article of her personal use or wear has come down to us—the fury of her enemies took note of and destroyed everything!

The story of Jeanne d'Arc's wonderful career is still unexhausted of its wonder, still appeals to writers of genius, particularly in France, and seems

[a] It is certain that Jeanne learned to trace her name while serving with the army or lingering at the royal châteaux; though, perhaps of purpose, she made an O for signature to the "abjuration." See Chapter XXXVI.

to have the strange faculty of exposing from time to time fresh facets of attraction. Yesterday, to-day, and forever, is the formula of the Maid. But in the last two decades almost a new Jeanne d'Arc has emerged from the studies of zealous scholars of the type of Gabriel Hanotaux[4] (to whom I think her memory is most indebted among all her vindicators); from her canonization by the Roman Catholic church (greatest of Jeanne's victories!), together with the extension and exaltation of her *rôle* which this solemn act appears to justify, and the passionate devotion which has followed it; lastly, by the great increase of her popular, as distinguished from her religious, cult in France. Indeed, the Jeanne d'Arc of present-day knowledge and conception is not at all the simple peasant maid, heroical and intelligent only through her "Voices," that she appeared to writers of the last generation. Nor is she, we devoutly hope and believe, at all in the likeness of Bernard Shaw's heroine, save in certain fixed features of the legend which he might not change or disfigure to suit the requirements of the stage.

It is a *new* Jeanne d'Arc, then, whom we shall attempt to present to the reader in the following pages: that is to say, the old Jeanne (who would be content to lose her?) but in the light of better knowledge and deeper understanding.

[4] In his exhaustive treatment of historical questions, especially in his projection of a *greater* Jeanne d'Arc, of a legend and an influence still in process of evolution, M. Hanotaux's work outranks that of any predecessor.

CHAPTER TWO

THE MAID OF FRANCE

(SUMMARY)

JEANNE D'ARC was one of those rare children of destiny, held as inspired by the intelligence that rules the world, who appear at certain crises and at wide intervals of time, perform their course in meteoric wise and vanish, leaving an enigma and an astonishment to future ages.

Her life was the shortest, her active career the briefest and most striking in achievement, while her fame remains the greatest and most enduring of any woman signalized in secular history.

Let us summarize this wonderful life of the Maid of France, in order that we may then proceed to examine certain phases of it which, however explained or elucidated, remain of unexhausted interest, calling forth new studies, histories of herself and her epoch, romances, eulogies, poems, dramas in every passing generation.

Jeanne was born, in 1412, of peasant stock, at Domremy, a small village on the border of Lorraine, in the beautiful region of the Vosges Mountains. Close at hand flowed the gentle Meuse; river, hills, and country made the *patrie* that filled Jeanne's childish

heart with the love that was to bring forth such treasures of sacrifice and devotion. At that time Lorraine was Burgundian territory, but the King of France claimed Domremy and its adjoining district. Among the French people the sentiment of nationality, of a common country, was weak and undefined. The country at large was divided between several powers and allegiances, mediæval fiefs and suzerainties. Agincourt, so fatal to the French, had been fought when Jeanne was three years old, playing at her mother's feet; in her seventeenth year the English usurpation overshadowed the land.

From early childhood Jeanne had heard only talk of the wars, and was familiar with the sight of passing soldiers, often in terror of them likewise (at a later time Domremy was threatened with attack and Jacques d'Arc, with his family, was obliged to take temporary refuge at Neufchâteau in Lorraine). She was taught neither A nor B, but she learned the catechism from her mother, who seems to have been a woman of strong sense and piety; also, it would appear, of some instruction. The family were of decent station and not of the abject poor. Jacques d'Arc was honest and industrious, of a class between farmer and laborer, apparently less intelligent than his wife Elizabeth Romée. For long he was not in sympathy with Jeanne's "mission"; nay, he threatened to drown her with his own hands if she ever went away soldiering—not really a heinous mark against the worthy man, considering his lights. At her trial Jeanne declared that not a hundred fathers and a

hundred mothers could have prevented her from obeying her Voices.

Jeanne had three brothers and one or two sisters, the point being in doubt, but at least she was the younger of the girls. We hear of two girl friends in the village for whom she had a warm affection, but she does not seem to have been particularly attached to any member of her family, except, doubtless, her mother. None of her three brothers, ennobled by the king in recognition of her services, has challenged the accolade of history; indeed, they figured rather unworthily in certain incidents after her death.[1]

Jeanne's "Visions" and "Voices" began in her twelfth or thirteenth year and continued during five years thereafter, until she at length obeyed them, "for the great pity there was of the Kingdom of France," and went forth to fulfil her mission.

It was high time. France was succumbing to the power of the English, who since Agincourt (1415) had possessed themselves of a great part of the country, including Paris and Normandy. The Duke of Bedford pretended to govern France in the name of Henry VI of England, then a young child. Besides the great struggle with England, France was torn with internecine quarrels, last convulsions of the Middle Ages, and the country at large was ravaged and desolated by every species of brigandage, rapine, and violence. Charles VII, rightful heir to the throne of France, was called in mockery the "King of

[1] See Last Records: The False Jeanne d'Arc.

Bourges," from the limited extent of his dependable sovereignty. The Duke of Burgundy, Philip the Good (*le Bon*), was far more powerful, and he was at this time hand and glove with the English—yet always having his creatures about the *fainéant* Charles.

Early in the spring (1429) Jeanne d'Arc, dressed in male attire and with a small escort of armed men, arrived at the château of Chinon, recognized and hailed the king (though he attempted to disguise himself and deny his identity), furthermore told him secrets known only to himself, which overcame all his doubts, and moved him fully to accept her mission. After an ecclesiastical tribunal at Poitiers had pronounced in her favor, Jeanne was appointed *chef de guerre* and placed at the head of an army, hastily mobilized for the relief of Orleans, then besieged by the English.

Her success was dazzling, almost instantaneous, causing the besiegers to raise the cry of "witchcraft!" —thus early seizing upon the only effective weapon they could use against her (except the bribe of gold to French avarice). Within seven days she freed the city, environed as it was by several formidable towers, bastions, and other leaguering constructions. The taking of the strong "Tourelles," after a first repulse, in a single assault, has been pronounced by an English writer one of the fifteen decisive battles of history.

The deliverance of Orleans, mainly through the inspired leadership of a seventeen-year-old peasant girl,

awoke the dormant courage and resinewed the failing patriotism of the French; heretofore their soldiers could not stand the sight of an English army; now, all hope and courage, they were prepared to drive their enemies from the field.

This remains the capital achievement of Jeanne d'Arc: she regenerated the national spirit of France, as in good time she was to regenerate the national religion. On these two heads we shall have much to say as the work proceeds, the latter one being that in which her influence is least known and appreciated outside of France.

After her triumph Jeanne rested two or three days at Orleans, and then attacked the strongly fortified town of Jargeau, held by a powerful English garrison with the Earl of Suffolk and other notable leaders. Result, an easier victory than Orleans, and one terribly humiliating to English pride. The "goddons" [2] actually threw away their arms and fled before this young girl. Suffolk's brother was killed, one of the few honorable incidents on the English side. In the assault, which she had led herself, Jeanne was struck by a stone, but paid no heed to it. This battle was entirely her own.

Following Jargeau, and in despite of no small opposition from the councilors of Charles—opposition motived by treachery to the national cause and sharpened by envy of the Maid herself, of her feats-at-arms, and of her favor with the king, at this

[2] French name for the English by reason of their ordinary swear-word "God-damn."

moment in the ascendant—she led the army unchallenged through a hostile country and safely brought her sovereign to Reims for his crowning and consecration.

This second great act of her mission was fraught with even deeper and more potential consequences than the first, and it appealed even more strongly to the mediæval conscience. The advantage which it gave Charles was not to be overcome by his English rival. Anointed with the sacred oil of Clovis, crowned and consecrated in the ancient royal city, affirmed as the rightful, legitimate heir of St. Louis, he was no longer to be despised as the poor kinglet of Bourges. All this the English perceived with extreme mortification and derived from it a prescience of their ultimate defeat.

Following the coronation at Reims, which was the term of Jeanne's mission as she then understood it, the Maid would have gladly returned to her humble home and friends at Domremy, but the king retained her. He retained her with much show of honor and kindness, plain as it is that he himself was not wholly free from the envious, malign spirit of his councilors. In truth, her glory was become too great for the small-eyed, narrow-hearted Charles. The incense of popular praise, nay, adoration, was for her, this peasant girl, and not for him, the king!—at least it was for her in far greater measure. Be sure this was secretly and sourly relished by the quondam "King of Bourges."

Jeanne perceived the change of the wind; among

the fawning, insincere councilors, most of them in the pay or the interest of Burgundy, she had not a single friend either for counsel or support. She was a hindrance to them, their furtive plottings, all their devious and sinister ways, and they burned to be rid of her. Well might she say to a friend of Domremy who had seen her glorious and almost worshiped at Reims, that she "feared nothing except the treason!"

Presently the title of *chef de guerre* was taken from her, but she continued to be the effective leader of the army, in so far as it did anything of importance. Thus she captained and won the brilliant engagement of Patay, in which the doughty Talbot and other English notables were made prisoners of war, two thousand of their army being slain. Patay was fought in the open field, the armies were fairly matched, the conditions not unequal, and so it was a more crushing blow to English pride than the defeat of Orleans. This battle led to the clearing of the Loire country, several important towns held by the Anglo-French and the Burgundians capitulating promptly and returning to the national allegiance. Among these was Compiègne, a place of strategical value in the Burgundian view, and forever memorable from the last scene in the Maid's fighting career.

In spite of these brilliant results, impossible and undreamed of a few months before, the dropping of Jeanne at the hands of king and council was still in gradual process. Finally, it was disclosed to the whole army in her so-called "failure" against Paris.

Jeanne was determined to make this attempt upon the capital city of the nation, which the English had almost made over in their own political image and likeness—Paris, the apostate city, in which the servile priests of the university were already crying for her blood. The king seemed to yield, though with unfeigned reluctance, and meanwhile his councilors framed up a truce with the Duke of Burgundy, ally of the English, by virtue of which Paris was to be held free of any attempt by the French during several months to ensue. Completely deceived on this point, Jeanne with some leaders of the army still faithful to her, and a considerable attacking force, appeared under the walls of Paris early in September, 1429. The assault failed, having been ill prepared for and ill seconded by some of the army chiefs, who had doubtless been primed by the councilors of the king. Jeanne was wounded and, still wishing to continue the fight, was carried away by her own soldiers. The attempt was given over for the day. Next morning Jeanne was up early, apparently healed of her wound, and declared that she would take the city before nightfall. But orders came from Charles directing the withdrawal of the army from Paris, and commanding the destruction of a bridge which the besiegers had planned to use against the city. Jeanne was ordered to return to the king, who was near-by with his councilors, at St. Denis. Bitterly disappointed and heart-heavy with forebodings of worse to come, Jeanne obeyed. The army abandoned a great part of its munitions before Paris; on being dis-

missed presently, no small number of the soldiers returned to their old marauding ways. At St. Denis, in the ancient shrine of the kings of France, Jeanne dedicated her famous suit of white armor. Did she believe that her mission was now ended, whether for good or ill, and that she was to battle no more for France? Were her Voices silent in this dark hour when treason seemed to prevail against the will of Heaven? There is no answer, for Jeanne has never worded her despair in those first moments of abandonment.

Followed a season of idling and inaction in the royal train at divers châteaux on the Loire, where, to be sure, sundry honors and favors were conferred upon the warrior Maid, as if to bribe her against the stern counsels of her spirit. But she remained always true to herself, to her mission, to her Voices; curbed and fettered in this graceful, ceremonious court life, she made no pretense to hide her sadness and revolt. Breaking away at length, without authorization from the king, she went with a small band of devoted followers, including the Italian free-lance Baretta, to the relief of Compiègne, a town of some military importance. Following the deliverance of Orleans this place had returned to the French interest, and now found itself invested by both English and Burgundians. Throwing herself into the town at early morning, Jeanne made a sally against a position of the besiegers in the afternoon and was gaining the upper hand, when the enemy, reinforced, compelled her to

retreat. Always fighting, with the brave handful about her, she delayed too long and suddenly found the gates of Compiègne shut against her, as is now virtually proved, by an act of premeditated treachery.[3] She was dragged from her horse and became the prisoner of the Bastard of Wandonne—why so titularly distinguished it is not easy to say, since bastards were anything but rare or lonely in those times. By him she was presently handed over to John of Luxembourg, a creature of the Duke of Burgundy, not without a plump sum of money passing as consideration. Pity 'tis 'tis true, but in every machination aiming at the Maid's liberty or life, the venal treachery of her French compatriots appears with ugly conspicuousness. After a longer interval, Jeanne being meantime held prisoner in one château or another, she was finally delivered to the English, through the zealous intermediation of Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a man so lonely an anathema in his utter cutting off from Christian sympathy that even Bernard Shaw is moved to insinuate a plea for him! The price paid by the English, and exacted by those thrifty French, was TEN THOUSAND LIVRES in gold—a royal ransom at that time. But in love or hate we don't spare money, and the English, good haters as they are, have never hated anybody as they did Jeanne d'Arc: according to Michelet, their feeling toward her was more bitter than that of the Jews toward Jesus Christ! Even so, the English would

[3] See Last Records: Gilles de Rais.

have hated her worse could they have foreseen that she would drive them out of France—the ultimate result of her initiative.

In the transaction just mentioned, the English had the last laugh on the French, since they included this item of blood-money in a huge tax levied upon their Gallic subjects shortly afterward. In faith, one desiring to be impartial must allow that honors were not absurdly unequal between the French and English as regards their treatment of Jeanne d'Arc. Let us add that no language could paint the fierce joy of the English upon gaining possession of their maiden conqueror. Negotiations to that end between the English and the Burgundians had lasted six months, in which sinister bargaining the Bishop of Beauvais—that "damned soul of Philip of Burgundy and the English," as Hanotaux calls him—had taken a principal hand. In the last days of December, 1430, Jeanne was brought to Rouen and lodged in the strong castle of Bouvreuil. A gloomy month in a gloomy city—a city of blood, of terror, and repression, which had been made to feel the full weight of the English domination.

As their prisoner, solitary and unfriended, Jeanne fully experienced the "tender mercies" of the English (to which we shall refer more particularly in a following chapter). In February her trial began before an ecclesiastical court at which the Bishop of Beauvais presided—nominally, for the English Cardinal Winchester was the real director of those detestable proceedings. The solemn farce dragged on

until the last days of May, when Jeanne was convicted and condemned as a sorceress, apostate, blasphemer, schismatic, rebel, and relapsed offender. She had made a heroical, even inspired defense, which increased her glory and confirmed her claim to eternal remembrance, even as it blasted her iniquitous judges. All in vain: she was delivered over to the "secular arm" and burned in the old market-place in Rouen, May 30, 1431.

Twenty-one years later (1452), the English being all but driven from France—a result predicted by Jeanne and one strictly due to her initiative—a solemn Rehabilitation of the Maid was staged and effected in this same fatal city of Rouen. The proceeding was inspired by Charles VII, more indeed from regard to his own honor and dignity than from any conscientious scruple as to her who had assured both his kingship and the liberties of France. Priests were now her exculpators, as they had formerly been her accusers. It is but just to say that the work was fairly and thoroughly done, whatever weight may be allowed to political motives. The religion, the character, the purity, and patriotism of Jeanne d'Arc were explicitly and finally vindicated before the world. This act of justice and reparation started Jeanne in the greater and more exalted career which was marked out for her spirit in succeeding ages.

CHAPTER THREE

HEAVEN DESCENDS

HUMAN annals present to us no scene more charming and beautiful than that of the little maid of Domremy awestruck at the first visitation of her angelic friends, the summons of their voices. Great artists have labored to reproduce that scene and some have achieved a striking effect. But still the heart dreams something better, more august and tender; through the mists of time we seek the little garden-close beside the village church where Jeanne is with her sheep—a detail as of Bethlehem! Of a sudden the *Angelus* tinkles, the deeper shadows are filled with a strange light amid which appear celestial presences. The rapt and wondering child sinks to her knees as the bright visitants surround and speak to her. Of these Marguerite and Catherine manifest a special tenderness; they touch her hair with loving caresses, kiss her, and in sweet undertones receive her innocent vows. But always the Archangel Michael, appearing like a grand chevalier, urges her to go to the relief of France and the succor of the king.

"Alas! I am only a poor ignorant girl," pleads Jeanne, "and I know not how to ride a war-horse or lead soldiers in battle."

Again the insistent command: "Go, go, daughter of God; [1] fear nothing, for I shall be at your side to aid you."

The lights fade, lights of heaven and of earth, the Voices die out, the apparitions vanish, and Jeanne is alone on her knees, wrestling with the will of God like Jacob of old—aye, like One greater, in the garden of Gethsemane.

But during these visitations, which continued through five years, Jeanne often wished that her heavenly friends would take her away with them!

We do not deceive ourselves in recalling this ineffable scene, this touching apologue which brings us near to the Divine and teaches us one of the secrets of heaven.

Yes, God stoops to the simple and pure of heart, ignoring the proud, the vain of knowledge, the ostentatious of sanctity, the seekers of worldly honor and preferment. Of this humble child He makes an instrument to defeat the ends of kings, statesmen, generals, prelates, and to change the course of history.

Domremy and Bethlehem!—are they not linked together in the reverent thought, the instinctive faith of all simple hearts?

Of this part of Jeanne's legend the good heart can only affirm, *Credo quia incredibile est!* For myself I find it easier to believe than to reject. The Visions and the Voices are attested by her pure and saintly life; by her several predictions, all of the first order;

[1] *Fille de Dieu:* this manner of address by the Voices gave signal offense to the judges to whom Jeanne related the vision.

by her recognition of the disguised king at Chinon; by her untaught and marvelous leadership in arms, actually without historic parallel; by her unalterable belief in her heavenly counselors, affirmed in her last cry from amidst the flames.

To-day the careless tourist or devout pilgrim finds a grand basilica at Domremy, dedicated not long ago to *Sainte Jeanne d'Arc Notre Dame des Armées* —a new title for her, expressive of the militant patriotic spirit which she has come to typify to all France.

This fine church, a national tribute, stands on a hill overlooking the Meuse and the tiny village now called Domremy-la-Pucelle. It was thirty-three years building, and one's first thought on seeing it is that it would do honor to a large city. But measuring by proper scale, what city of France may claim a more august suffrage than the birthplace of the Maid? It has scarcely grown at all since her day; a group of small stone houses, tiled or thatched, looking much as they did when Jeanne went in and out amongst them. This too is in consonance with the higher thought. It is even so with Bethlehem. A spirit in these places repels growth, expansion, vulgarization; jealous of their unique fame, they cling to the old littleness, the old humility, and thus preserve the contrast which ennobles them.

The Basilica du Bois Chesnu—so named from the wood where Jeanne and her companions played about the fairies' tree and where she sometimes heard her Voices—is a fine example of French architecture. Of

design it unites elements of the religious and the heroic. To it the forest lends a frame, a setting of incomparable beauty—the forest which first gave men the idea of a cathedral. The façade, of marble and blue granite, is adorned with a graceful bell-tower topped with a delicate spire. Beautiful is the interior with its three aisles, ceilings painted in celestial blue, pictures, mosaics, statues, decorations, and the rich symbolism displayed throughout. I must particularize the mural paintings of J. P. Laurens; they are of great size and depict the several stages of Jeanne's career with an artistic force and brilliancy which have not been surpassed. The allegorical figures on each side of the main altar, "For Faith" and "For Country," are notably effective in conception and remarkable specimens of mosaic work.

Of great beauty, both in design and execution, are the several stained glass windows; they were given by some wealthy families tracing back to the *ancienne noblesse*. The eternal expectation cherished by these worthy people is modestly indicated by this inscription on one of the subjects:

"I have come to exalt the blood of France."

Jeanne's words, indeed, applied to *their* motive.

One is apt to lose patience at the too obvious attempt of certain royally pretending persons to appropriate Jeanne d'Arc for their political advantage. One sees her framed up in prints with members of the inexhaustible Orleans family, as if she were a poor but deserving relation! Alas! there is nothing in

the legend of Jeanne d'Arc to make us love kings the more for her sake; rather the contrary, I submit.

Besides the decorations of golden laurel crowns and *fleurs-de-lis* in the central ceiling, we note one on the side aisles, a heraldic piece showing a gold crown supported with silver swords and ornamented with *fleurs-de-lis*. This is the coat-of-arms with which Charles VII ennobled the family of Jeanne d'Arc. A pretty vanity enough. What a pity that one cannot look upon it without recalling the ingratitude, the treachery, the abandonment in her supreme need, which she also received from that royal hand!

André Cellar's statue, a work of pure and noble conception, stands in the entrance to the basilica; he has depicted Jeanne kneeling, with hand at ear, listening to her Voices. It may be said, parenthetically, that the Maid's fame is vastly indebted to the genius of French artists, who have been unwearied in celebrating her. During the past century they have produced an unrivaled body of art on this one subject, masterpieces that may challenge the future, many of which belong to our time.

The Maid's old home, authentic, wonderfully preserved, is the most interesting monument at Domremy, equally with the venerable church where she was baptized—you are shown the very font and hope it may be so—and where as child and young girl she said her simple prayers. In its great age still upstanding, the house of the d'Arc family seems to breathe of the sturdy stock that once gathered about

the hearthstone, and of the girl who went forth from these walls to astonish the world.

These are high points in our pilgrimage, thoughtful reader, indubitable places that have known her look, her presence, her living breath. Sacred reliquaries that touch the heart and draw the tears! Shrines of the humble yet celestial beginning—incunabula, we may call them, of Jeanne's early mysteries that have so long ravished the world.

We admire Mercié's fine statue in the courtyard of the house: Jeanne is leaving home led by the Genius of France, who puts a sword in her hand.

France has no more precious possession than Domremy; no better guarantee of the future.

CHAPTER FOUR

FILLE DE DIEU

One cannot explain the "supernatural" in Jeanne's life by ill health or nervous troubles or spiritistic suggestions or the hallucinations resulting from sex disturbance (diagnoses dear to America), or any similar cause. None of these theories will fit Jeanne. She was health itself, perfectly attuned in every physical function,[1] organization of utmost symmetry, Alpha and Omega, systole and diastole, no languor, no green-sickness, no fidgets or St. Vitus quivers: a superb young animal controlled by a great spirit and the finest brain in France. God had reserved this mind to Himself, from the stupid so-called knowledge of men, the *abracadabra* which stifles our natural powers, in order that He might write his will therein and confound the mighty of this world.

Perhaps I am the first to note this wondrous fact that Jeanne was divinely preserved from our ignorance, miscalled knowledge, in order that she might exhibit in herself the pure power of God.

Jeanne's endurance in the field was the astonishment of soldiers like La Hire and Xaintrailles.

[1] The chronicles have it, on the witness of women who had been much about the Maid, that she was free from the recurring disability of her sex.

Sparing and abstinent in diet, often fasting whole days, she could remain in the saddle long hours without ever dismounting, and sleep several successive nights in her armor. Her wounds healed overnight. She possessed the vigor of Diana and the recuperative powers of Antæus.

There be certain uncandid persons who would belittle the natural intelligence of Jeanne, to the greater advantage of her supernatural aids. They affirm that she was of the most ordinary qualities, save when acting and speaking from celestial counsel. But this is refuted by the strongest and at the same time the most casual testimony. Nothing in the chronicle of the Maid delights us so much as the copious and authenticated report of her bright sayings, redolent of her native French wit, and (though she was no chatterer) dropping from her in the most casual circumstances. Of a higher order were her replies or spontaneous utterances at the trial, pregnant, epigrammatical, searching as a sword, now and then visibly touched with divine inspiration. She appeared greater than her judges, this illiterate! Their scholasticism, their Latin jargon, all their panoply of false learning seemed mean and puerile, as it was, before her clear intelligence. She despised their books, as the world taught by her has long since despised them; and she sentenced to death that monstrous system founded upon sacerdotal pride, ignorance, and pretense, even while it condemned her.

La Pucelle's expression—the expression of one who had only been at school to the angels!—was equal

to that of any person, however able or learned, who figured in her story. It is quite proper to say that Jeanne, who could not read the French version of "Mother Goose," possessed an enviable literary style, recalling the pungency of Pascal; and as she beat the best generals of her time, so she beat the best writers. Indeed, I suspect Jeanne makes literature look very cheap, viewing her own achievement and such memorable words as the following:

My sweet God, if you love me, by thy holy Passion teach me how to answer these people of the Church.

My Voices speak a better language than yours.

I did not come to Poitiers to make signs. Lead me to Orleans and I will furnish the proof of my mission.

In the name of God, the soldiers will fight and heaven will give the victory.

The English in England, the French in France—behold the peace!

I shall go, though I should wear out my feet, even to the knees.

There is more in the book of God than in yours. (To her judges.)

At Orleans: "Enter boldly among the English," and she led the way herself.

Does God hate the English? "Of the love or hate God may have for the English I know nothing, but I know well that they will be driven out of France, except those who will perish here."

It had been at the struggle: only just that it should have place at the honor. (Reference to her Standard.)

We shall not find peace except at the point of the lance.

The time weighs upon me as upon a woman heavy with child.

The pity there was for the Kingdom of France.

I have never seen the blood of Frenchmen flow without my hair rising on end.

You have been at *your* council: I have been at mine! (To the plotters and obstructors at Orleans.)

The poor people came willingly to me, for I did them no harm but sought always to protect them.

Are you in a state of grace? (Question at the trial.) "If I am not, may God please to make me so; if I am, may God please to keep me so." [1]

Was St. Michael naked? (Question at the trial.) Do you think then that God has not wherewith to clothe him?

I am come from God. I have nothing to do here. Send me back to God from whom I came! (At the trial.)

[1] The speech of Jeanne, so idiomatic, terse, felicitous, loses not a little of its savor and value in English. Compare with the French in this celebrated instance: *Si je n'y suis, Dieu veuille m'y mettre; si je suis, Dieu veuille m'y tenir!*

CHAPTER FIVE

LA BELLE GUERRIÈRE

THE world is in love with youth as never before, and this is fortunate for the new Jeanne d'Arc, who in the modern sense typifies youth and achievement. Also, there is a keener interest in her personality, induced of late years by various attempts to dramatize her legend—superficially no difficult matter, since the story in itself is so dramatic, furnished with so much passion, eloquence, pathos, not lacking even flashes of delightful comedy, that he would be a poor enough playwright who should fail at it. Hence the public wish to know if Jeanne was beautiful in her features as well as young, heroic, devoted, and, in certain respects, of an intelligence beyond her time.

Now at this juncture certain writers are perversely interested to depict Jeanne as plain even to uncomeliness, though they be utterly without facts or authorities to go upon. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has exploited and maltreated her legend with his peculiar talent and his no less peculiar idiosyncrasy, seizes upon an ancient unidentified mask found at Orleans and claims it as a true likeness of the Maid.

What precisely is the value of Mr. Shaw's find? Little or nothing. This head of a young woman wear-

ing a helmet *may* have been intended as a likeness of Jeanne d'Arc, but it was not done by a contemporary artist, since it dates from the *end* of the fifteenth century. And so far as we know, there were no pictures or statues to serve as model. Certain images of Jeanne are indeed mentioned as having been shown in churches during the active period of her career, but they were undoubtedly of the crudest, and none of them has come down to us. We may well doubt if there was any artist in France at that time capable of transmitting her exact likeness in marble, and the chronicles are dumb as to any such matter. Also, we may be sure, had such a thing happened it would not have escaped the jealous perquisition of her judges, eager as they were to prove her of ungodly pride and vanity. She told them indeed that a Scottish artist had made her picture, apparently unknown to her, and had afterward shown it to her in prison, the only likeness of herself she had ever seen. Needless to say, this has not reached us.

Finally, the maker of this Orleans head is unknown and the work itself of very mediocre skill, turned out probably by some "gifted amateur" more than a half century after Jeanne's time. Such apocryphal finds are attached to every foreign museum—there is always somebody to show them to you for an extra tip. The Orleans mask is no more authentic as a likeness of the Maid than the Shavian dialogue pretending to report her familiarities with Charles VII.

The chronicles, then, give no support to Mr. Shaw, nor do the writers to whom he is indebted for what-

ever knowledge he may have acquired about his heroine. On this point we have minute and veracious testimony from many witnesses, the friends of Jeanne's early girlhood and her companions in arms. Hanotaux gives this pleasing and no doubt faithful picture of her as she appeared on setting forth for Chinon—and the king:

"A handsome girl of seventeen to eighteen years; tall and strong, with a round neck and full throat, smiling face, black hair; speaking little but easily, her voice sweet and very feminine; sober, chaste, pious; always cheerful, always lively, decided and prompt, without hesitation or fear, but measured and prudent, bold and restrained, exercising upon men that grasp of serious souls, the *ascendancy*—such was the extraordinary girl who was starting from her village to save the Kingdom of France."

The scrupulous Michelet writes: "She was a beautiful and most desirable girl, of good height, and with a most sweet and heart-touching voice."

"She was tall and very handsome," "she was strong and of graceful limbs," "she was of a very pleasing face"—such is the varying yet accordant testimony of the old chroniclers. An Englishman, Grafton, puts in a surly denial, but of such obvious prejudice that it cannot be received, and of such coarse malignity that I shall not record it.

At the Rehabilitation, d'Alençon, the *gentil duc* whom Jeanne preferred among all her comrades-at-arms, recalling his memories of the glorious past, gave witness *qu'elle était de visage agréable, et bien*

faite, et qu'elle avait la poitrine belle—"that she was of pleasing face and of good figure, and that her bosom was beautiful."

Other surviving comrades, of lower rank, those who had been near her in the marches and the bivouacs, the soldiers of her escort, also testified before a solemn tribunal that, *in spite of her beauty,* they were not moved by her sex—rough fellows, of a truth, they scarcely knew why, but no doubt it was the invisible veil of purity in which she walked and the awful prestige of her heavenly mission that safeguarded her amongst them. Be it observed that they feared Jeanne also as their commander, and she was prompt to rebuke the least undue familiarity. We hear of but one incident of this kind. A soldier of her "household" related that in helping her to dress he touched her bosom—as he protested, without evil thought or intent; perhaps in rough wonderment, for the fellow was not likely to have known much about virgins. At any rate, Jeanne admonished him out of all desire to repeat the offense.

When we consider the stuff of which soldiers were made in those rude times, and that the army of Charles contained some of the worst specimens to be found anywhere—one of whom a few years later achieved the most horrible infamy of that or any other so-called Christian age—we are disposed to accept in Jeanne's favor the hypothesis of heavenly protection. At the same time, we think she was extremely competent to take care of herself. Wicked were some heads that slept only too near her, blood-

stained and guilty of all manner of crime some hands that dipped with her in the same dish; but they were without power to harm that virginal treasure which she bore as a hostage to her friends in heaven.[1]

Sleep, dear and lovely child, sleep unscathed and safe, amid the rude camp, under the cold night stars, guarded by invisible presences, hallowed by thy innocent dreams, sustained by the mystic purpose that is leading thee on. It is so that we prefer to think of thee, *fille de Dieu,* as we recall thy marvelous legend, consecrated as thou art by the love of humanity, inspirer as thou art of our own dreams and hopes when we turn from a world defaced by evil to renew our trust in the eternal providence of God!

Sleep well and soundly, Jeanne, as only youth may, for to-morrow thou must ride harder and faster through a hostile country wasted by war, where watchful enemies wait to ambush thee and thy little troop. Better lie by till the night come again, when thou mayst proceed with less peril. For it is many a league to Chinon [2] where the king is, the thought of whom thrills thy prescient soul, and where thou shalt make first proof of thy mission.

[1] *Copains du ciel* is the beautiful expression of a recent French writer.

[2] The journey to Chinon, distant one hundred and fifty leagues from Vaucouleurs, occupied twelve days. It was not the least hazardous of Jeanne's exploits, and of itself contributed to procure her a favorable hearing.

THE RIDE TO CHINON

(Richard the Archer's Tale)

In and out, in and out, now the forest cover,
Now a stretch of naked road, with the pale moon over;
Spying every patch of shade where the foe might hover.
Eyes and ears at keenest strain, stern and steady every man,
So we scamper thro' the night for God and Jeanne!

We are six, but she is more than the host of Heaven,
Or the rack of clouds that race, backward wildly driven,
Or the pelting April rain when the sky is riven.
That red star careering far, ever in the van,
Lo, our sentinel to-night, with God and Jeanne!

Thus we ride the long hours through, oft in mists that blind us,
While our horses feel the road till the dawning find us
Far advanced upon our way, many leagues behind us.
Seek we then the wooded shade, eat a crust with *vin,*
Sleep without a care, for near are God and Jeanne.

Strange the tale I tell you, mates, true as God shall hear me,
That I never gave a thought to the maiden near me,
And she never had a cause, on my soul, to fear me.
Faith, it wasn't for my fright—women ever were my plan,
But all that now had left me quite, with God and Jeanne.

Sure she looked a handsome lad in her braies and jacket,
With her dark hair curling short, a mighty winsome packet;
But of nonsense not a thought—that's my word, I'll back it!
How we longed to prove our mettle on the hostile clan,
If any such should bar our way, with God and Jeanne!

When I helped her to her mount, pulses calm and steady,
Sure I wondered at myself, for tricks so often ready,
Turned into a lady's maid, this routier rough and heady!
But something in her quiet look seemed my soul to scan,
Made me play the chevalier for God and Jeanne.

When she said her little prayer, evils from us warding,
And the snares along our way 'scaping or retarding,
Sure I felt a hundred spears round the camp were guarding.
Never did I know the fear of foeman hate or ban,
When we made the journey straight with God and Jeanne.

Stranger yet, for our good steel need was none to any,
Through the hostile ways we went, tho' the foes were many;
And they kept a watch for us resolute and canny.
Once they ambushed us in force—passed we by within a span;
Not a man dared lift his hand 'gainst God and Jeanne!

Nights and days full twelve we made through the bitter weather,
Slept in frost and woke in snow, gay as in the heather;
Seven hearty pals were we, Maid and all together.
God He knows that old wild life His mercy oft outran,
But those twelve days may clear my score with Heaven and Jeanne.

. . .

Chinon! Chinon! Your lofty towers peer from a distant
hill,
And all this friendly land is ours, where none will do us
ill:
The course is run, the goal is won, and God has had
His will!
Ho, keeper of the outer gate, your heavy wards unspan,
And bid the King 'tis we who bring the hope of France
in Jeanne!

CHAPTER SIX

SOYEZ GAIE ET HARDIE[1]

AMONG Jeanne's personal traits none charms us more than her bright and cheerful humor, her gaiety of spirit which relieves all but the darkest passages of her life, and is not entirely wanting even in these. Combined with unfailing courage, it is in truth the strong note of her character, enforced upon her by the *compagnons du ciel.* But quite naturally it denotes her race, French of the French; in her country I have known not a few girls who, in this particular, reminded me that they were sisters to Jeanne d'Arc. She was neither malapert nor saucy, and there was never a tinge of grossness in her speech, however frank and bold—notwithstanding it was often spiced with gay malice, which prompts a recent writer to call her, in admiration, *la gamine de France.*

Thus, to Frère Seguin, at the Poitiers examination, asking what language her Voices spoke, himself using the strong accent of Limoges, she retorted: "They speak a better language than yours!"

No doubt this provoked a laugh in the learned assembly, which was besides friendly to Jeanne, causing some pique in her inquisitor. But many years

[1] "Be cheerful and brave": the counsel of Jeanne's angel friends.

after, Frère Seguin appeared at the Rehabilitation and rendered her a notable testimony—viz.: "She told me, and before others, four things which would come to pass and which did in fact: first, the English would be defeated and the siege of Orleans raised; second, that the king would be consecrated at Reims; third, that Paris would be surrendered in allegiance to Charles VII; fourth, that the Duke of Orleans would return from his imprisonment in England."

Marvelous prophecies, all fulfilled to the letter! It is clear that Brother Seguin had no difficulty in understanding and remembering the words of Jeanne d'Arc.

On the eve of a battle she said to the handsome d'Alençon: "Why do you fear, *gentil duc?* Have I not promised your wife to bring you back safe and sound?" Jeanne's regard for this young nobleman, a cousin of the king, was so marked as to savor slightly of romance—of the most innocent kind, to be sure. He was her one true friend in the high circle about Charles, remained chivalrously attached to her, believed ardently in her mission, and followed her fortunes to the end. His loyalty, his knightly and graceful devotion, save the story from utter baseness as regards the courtiers in general in their attitude toward Jeanne. At the Rehabilitation he recalled her gay and charming speech, as well as the heroic cries with which she animated the soldiers during an engagement.

Forward, *gentil duc,* to the assault!

Friends, friends, upon them, upon them! Our Lord has condemned those English.

In the name of God, we must beat them. If they were hung to the clouds we should have them!

It is again d'Alençon who tells us that outside of things pertaining to war she was simple and girlish; but in war she showed herself perfectly instructed, from the proper carriage of a lance to the general discipline of an army and the preparation for a battle. Her greatest skill appeared in the ordering of artillery. No captain of twenty or thirty years' experience in handling this arm could have done better.

So d'Alençon, speaking words that shall never fade from the chronicle. One salutes the memory of this gallant gentleman of France.

Jeanne's gaiety of spirit and crisp retort, on the other hand, provoked the malice and hatred of her priestly enemies, as appears from the record of the condemnation: "Jeanne does not fear to speak without respect of the greatest personages, allowing herself a tone of mockery and derision."

How sensitive they were, those "furred cats" (as Hanotaux calls them), from the great swelling toad Cauchon, with crucifix in fist, to the humblest acolyte joined in the prosecution! They were sure of their victim in this *beau procès* ("beautiful trial"!) of Cauchon's ordering, sure of their power to deliver her to the flames, and yet they were exasperated by her gay defiance and smiling contempt. When they broke out in angry objurgations, yelling and gesticulating at her, "Good fathers," said Jeanne composedly, "do

not all speak at once!" Again, she threatened merrily to pull the clerk's ears if he repeated an error in taking down her replies. She seemed to mock them even from the scaffold staged for the "abjuration" which they so desperately sought to wring from her. They pointed her out one to another: "Don't you see? —she is laughing at us!"

And yet the greatest horror of that monstrous crime, and the supreme condemnation of those priestly men anointed with the holy oils of hatred, satanic pride, and invincible bigotry, was that they could sentence an innocent, smiling girl to an atrocious death.

Her tears were to flow again at the end, before her butchers; but Jeanne's clear laugh—it subdues even the devils scrambling up from lowest hell to witness the scene!

CHAPTER SEVEN

CHINON

FROM a recent sojourn in France I have brought back no more pleasant and abiding picture than that which rises at the thought of Chinon—the real starting point of Jeanne d'Arc in her grand career. Situated in the lovely country of Touraine, famous in history and romance, whence Balzac drew his finest creations, it remains the "pleasance of France." favored alike by the traveler and the artist.

I was making a tour of the château-and-Loire country, with special regard to the *vestigia* of Jeanne, and first saw the place on a bright spring day, with the sun gilding the ruins of the old castle on the hill, sparkling on the blue slate roofs of the town and the waters of the Vienne at its foot. I repeat, a picture that delights the heart and pleads for retention in the memory.

The remains of the castle, though but fragmentary, are of great interest to the pilgrims of Jeanne d'Arc, who come here in endless procession. One is shown the great hall in which she first saw the king; also her sleeping room, and the tradition as to both is fairly authentic. At any rate, *she was here* and from this place went forth to make great history and a fame

without parallel. It is a thought that endues these rude stones with a live gnificance and accounts as nothing the defacements f time.

Very different was the cene in early March, 1429, when Jeanne arrived her with her brave escort, no whit the worse for her ng and perilous ride, and eager to unfold her miss n to the king. The château was then in all its formic ble completeness—bastion, tower, portcullis, dr vbridge; heavily garrisoned with defenders and p op'ed by a fairly numerous court. Jeanne had sca cely arrived when a strange incident occurred which seemed to warrant her supernatural agency. A rough soldier seeing her pass, hailed her jocularly and in words none too delicate. "God have mercy on your soul!" was all the notice Jeanne vouchsafed him. The man was drowned within a few hours, and the fact, coupled with the insult, made a strong sensation.

To her simple surprise Jeanne was made to wait two and one half days for her eagerly anticipated audience with the king. Charles was slow and distrustful by nature. Besides, the priests put him on his guard—she might turn out to be an emissary of the Evil One! Now Charles was quite religious in the mediæval fashion of royal persons; that is, he feared the Devil heartily, but at the same time gave himself plenty of indulgence. Nobody doubted that the same was his royal privilege—not even the priests, it would seem, by whom he was constantly tutored and surrounded.

Jeanne came, saw, conquered. The first interview

had place at night in the grand hall of the *tour de l'horloge* (the clock tower) restored in recent years. There was present a brilliant assembly of courtiers, and the scene was such as the humble Maid could not have imagined, in its luxury and magnificence, lights, costumes, all the appanages of chivalry. She was nowise abashed amid this unwonted splendor, yet demeaned herself with modest dignity; turned from the Comte de Clermont, who pretended to personate the king, according to a plan agreed upon to test her, and went at once to Charles dissimulated among the courtiers; knelt at his feet and declared her mission to raise the siege of Orleans and to lead him to Reims for his consecration as the rightful king of France. As Charles, astonished, seemed to hesitate in doubt, she begged for a private word. He led her a little apart from the wondering courtiers, and then, unheard of any one save the king, she assured him of his legitimacy, concerning which he was in doubt—as he well might be from the character of his mother, Isabella of Bavaria. She further revealed to him a secret prayer which he had made some time before, asking God to enlighten him on the point first mentioned, and if he were not the true heir of the kingdom, to spare the misery of his poor people and enable him to escape to some foreign country from the perils and trials of his situation.

This appears to be the true and only "sign" shown by Jeanne to the king, to elicit which she was afterward pitilessly grilled by her inquisitors at the trial. It seems to have induced the fullest faith of Charles

at the time; he accepted her, the court of course following suit, and she was without further ado placed upon an honorable footing, assigned quarters at the château, with provision made for herself and attendants.

Meantime steps were taken to investigate her life at Domremy—a suitable business for the priests, who in this instance were the Franciscans, an order which, by the way, remained, almost without exception, devoted to her. A more important proceeding was set on foot to examine into her mission and test her spiritual credentials before an ecclesiastical tribunal at Poitiers, the seat of a university, the more important as a center of learning and religion at this time, Paris and its university being in the hands of the English.

The monks brought back a good report from Jeanne's friends and neighbors at Domremy. We need not follow the Poitiers inquiry in detail, puerile as it sometimes was, owing to the crude theological notions of the time, which savored so much of diabolism. On the whole, this tribunal did not lack a due impressiveness, and, favorably predisposed as it was by the warrant of Charles, the issue could not be in doubt. But it was terribly prolix in assuring itself of Jeanne's orthodoxy and entire freedom from relations with the Evil One, and the poor girl, who was to suffer so much from priestly inquisitors, pined and fretted under the pedantic quibbling and verbose delays. The worthy priests knew their value and made the most of their job.

After a session of three weeks they produced a *procès-verbal*, or report, which happily has not come down to us. Upon the king's order a new inquiry was begun, at which Frère Seguin the redoubtable demanded from Jeanne a sign or miracle in proof that she was of God and not of the devil.[1] Whereupon the Maid broke out with splendid spirit that she had not come to Poitiers to make "signs." "Lead me to Orleans," she cried, "and I will furnish you the proof of my mission. Let them give me as many or as few soldiers as they please and I will start!"

This crackling speech, so utterly modern and unmediæval, as Jeanne always was in her great moments, brought matters to a head at once. The assembly adjourned *sine die*, certifying the acceptability of Jeanne in every particular required by the king. The mission was approved as of heavenly sanction. The cause had its declared warrior!

Grand old Tours, where I spent some happy days tracing the footprints of Jeanne, has a part in the legend, as also stern old Blois where the business of soldiering called her on divers occasions. At the former place, immediately after the findings of the Poitiers tribunal, she passed a brief time while her military accoutrements were in course of preparation. Here she was fitted up with her beautiful white armor, and here that figure first appeared, gallant and win-

[1] To the modern reader nothing is more ludicrous in these old chronicles than the free talk about "signs and miracles" by priestly men who had never witnessed a single example of such in all their lives!

some, heroic and maidenly, which has charmed the fancy of so many generations. Over her armor *la belle guerrière* wore a loose coat or cassock of cloth-of-gold or velvet (indeed, she had one of each material), the same being ungirdled and with short sleeves. Jeanne was innocently pleased with these fine habiliments—as what seventeen-year-old girl would not have been?—and with the splendid trappings of her war-steed; all provided by the king. At a later time she was charged with sinful pride and vanity on account of these things, both by her enemies and false friends. They were priests, too, not in the least indifferent themselves to sacerdotal trimmings!

Instructed by her Voices, Jeanne procured her own sword from the Church of Ste. Catherine of Fierbois, a small neighboring village. It was found behind the altar, at her direction, and Jeanne carried it until the day when she struck a "bad woman" lurking in the camp, with the flat of it—the only blow she is ever known to have dealt with a weapon. The sword broke at the unworthy contact.[2]

[2] Michelet deduces from this incident that Jeanne was becoming somewhat coarse and bold from her life among soldiers and her assumed authority in the camp. The notion lacks support; we hear of nothing later in the way of confirmation. It is not the only point on which the great historian went astray: he allowed himself to accept the abjuration—a capital error.

CHAPTER EIGHT

VIRGINITY

I RAISE this caption because the subject is so peculiarly illustrative of the manners and social conditions of that time—the era of Jeanne d'Arc. Owing to the licentiousness produced by constant warfare, much of it of a most vicious and irregular kind, family ties were loosened and the ordinary sanctions of society were without weight or strict observance. Hence the great increase of illegitimate offspring, *bastards,* a word which, offensive as it is to our sensibilities, in that age carried no necessarily dishonoring implication. On the contrary, as attached to persons of good blood, it was distinctly honorable, and the heraldic sign thereof, a *bar sinister,* was proudly raised in the escutcheon.

Thus, Dunois, the brave defender of Orleans with Jeanne d'Arc—who survived her many years and gave generous testimony for her at the Rehabilitation—Dunois, half brother of the Duke of Orleans, prisoner of the English, was titularly known as the Bastard of Orleans. Jeanne so addressed him familiarly.

Another and worthier reason for this general honoring of *bastards* was derived from the strenuous conditions of the time, the constant fighting which cut

down families, and the urgent need of recruiting the same by whatever means. A man was measured by his physical vigor, his activity, and power; it was no time for weaklings. A famous anecdote of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the captive Duke, illustrates the point. Looking upon Dunois and admiring his strength and hardihood, she blurted out, "You were *stolen* from me!" A remark, comments R. L. S., which would have moved Balzac to rub his Episcopal hands.

Naturally enough, as bastardy rose in favor and irregular connections were more and more fostered, a higher value was set upon female virginity. One would deduce from a close study of that period in France (as in England somewhat later) that the available supply could not have been excessively large. The marauding soldiers were doing what lay in their power to diminish it, by means fair or foul, usually the latter. On this account young women of good families were sometimes moved to take shelter in convents, without actually desiring or intending to become nuns. The general sentiment in favor of bastards worked to the same end. Also, it is claimed that the great increase of illegitimate issue in those times was not wholly due to the lay elements of the population. *Noblesse oblige!* John of Burgundy, Bishop of Cambrai, pontificates at the altar with his thirty-six bastards and sons of bastards! Certain it is at least that a plague of moral dissolution, from which no part of society was exempt, united with other evils and scourges to depress the fair land of France.

Nevertheless, virginity was treasured with a mys-

tical awe and reverence, partly religious, partly no doubt superstitious in its origin. Certain occult powers and privileges [1] were ascribed to it. The belief was common that the Devil—that most industrious actor of the Middle Ages—could not exert his malefic power upon a virgin or make a compact with her!

This little explanation will help us to understand the great stress which was laid upon the fact of Jeanne's virginity by herself, her friends, and her enemies. She was examined several times in verification of her treasure, first at Chinon by a committee of court ladies, it is said upon the suggestion of Queen Yolande, the king's *belle-mère;* a wise woman, who no doubt had been set on by the priests. They found in her favor, of course; as for Jeanne, she was always content to permit this test of her claims and character. Still, we blush for that indelicate, prurient Middle Age! After all, there has been *some* advance, in spite of the idolaters of the past.

I have said that certain mysterious powers were then imputed to virginity, and the brave English thought it might be the source of Jeanne's military ability, her inspired leadership, before which their bowels melted like water and their armies fled the field. Accordingly, they hated her as only the English of that time could hate, cursed and reviled her with a grossness and malignity which, one is grieved to say, have always been peculiar to this noble race. "Prostitute" was the kindest and cleanest word they

[1] Balzac shared this belief and argued for it with characteristic tenacity. *Vide* "Cousin Pons."

had for her, though she showed them grace and quarter whenever possible. One hundred and seventy-odd years after her passing, the immortal Shakespeare gives us that same note of grossness and malignity in dealing with the Maid ("Henry VI," Part I). An exhibition which makes the great bard look very mean and small—unworthy, one would say, to lick the shoes of Jeanne d'Arc!

Cauchon the damned had her subjected twice to this painful trial during her confinement in Rouen. What was his object? No doubt, in the event of her lacking the signs of virginity, to denounce her as a creature of the Devil. Nothing came of these odious examinations, which were calculated at least to humiliate her and break her nerve. Then the royal Bedford took the fore, ordering a further test, which in no way injured his victim, while it gave his name to eternal disgrace. For this exalted Englishman had taken care to have a peep-hole made in the wall, in order to gratify his noble curiosity!

Well, the English raged to despoil Jeanne's treasure, but they feared to do it, though she was at their mercy, since the fact becoming known would prejudice the trial against them and perhaps lead to more serious results. This is my own surmise, not due to any other writer, and it takes color from the fact that Jeanne surely was attacked in the last days of the trial. She herself reported an attempted assault by an English lord. The poor girl, though in chains, was able to defeat his beastly intent, whereupon in his rage the noble Briton gave her a cruel beating.

On the last night but one before her execution it is believed that another attempt was made to violate the condemned. Indeed, those dark and fatal hours propose questions which cannot be answered. A few writers concede the possibility of the worst, seeing the brutal character of the *houspailleurs,* ruffians who not only guarded Jeanne but *shared her dungeon!* I do not agree in this view. On the contrary, I believe that Jeanne, warned and protected by her Voices, defeated the last malice of her enemies, dying as she had lived, a virgin without stain.

CHAPTER NINE

KNAVES AND A KING

THE story of Jeanne d'Arc is the most interesting in the world, because it involves all the elements of human nature, presenting them in vivid contrast, equally engaging heaven and hell in its progress and *dénouement*.

While Jeanne is preparing for her grand *essai d'armes*, let us take a closer look at those persons about the king who will have a fatal influence upon her destiny. And first the king himself, that sad heir of the Valois, roused for the moment from his wonted lassitude or idle philandering in order to second and promote the great affair in hand.

Charles VII remains one of the enigmatic characters of history. Variously regarded as weak and pliant, indolent and purposeless, sensual and superstitious; and on the other hand, secretive and strong in his inertia, dissimulating a great ambition with a mask of indifference, using others while they appeared to use him, knowing how to wait, tenacious, wordless, and impassive—such was this son of a mad father and a wayward mother, upon whom depended the fate of France at a great crisis in her history. Something of greatness must have belonged to one who equally fooled both friends and enemies, who rose

from the "King of Bourges" to be Charles the Victorious, from a fugitive and *sans-sou* to be master of a great and opulent sovereignty, worthy to be regarded as one of the makers of modern France.

As we see him now, Charles is but twenty-seven, young but fully matured in the qualities above mentioned, assuredly unconscious of the great career that lay before him. If his attention wandered from the councilors who sought to fix it upon plans for the relief of Orleans, the mobilization of an army with Jeanne d'Arc as *chef de guerre* (a boresome job to these same councilors), it was doubtless because his thoughts strayed willingly to the lovely Agnes Sorel rather than to his distressed people of Orleans and the "Messenger of Heaven."

Charles's connection with this beloved mistress had a marked influence upon his life, both public and private; French critics are inclined to believe, for the most part a beneficent one. La Dame de Beauté was evidently a pearl among mistresses, even for a king; good as her looks, which were of no common order. She bore the king four children, and died still in comparative youth; most fortunate of royal favorites, perhaps, in that no evil slanders survive to poison her memory.

The *liaison* of Charles and Agnes throws a clear light upon that left-hand relation, so potent for evil as it was among the royalties of past and indeed quite modern times. But Charles was a venial sinner compared to many of his successors. It was indeed allowed by all right-thinking people that the king

might take *one* mistress; later on Henri Quatre and Louis Quatorze stretched the point, but *one at a time* was always considered good form. Mediæval casuistry made no great matter of Charles's irregularity in this respect of conduct, and his confessor never left him. The Latin blood is of a great and inherent tolerance touching the natural passions.

Rather singularly, Charles's proper domestic relations were nowise disturbed by the arrangement referred to. The queen, Marie d'Anjou, seemed unaffectedly fond of Agnes, and the queen's mother, Yolande of Sicily, is said to have been responsible for the affair. Certain it is that all four lived in perfect accord, to all appearance happy as bees in clover; and at this time they found a new point of union in their common acceptance of Jeanne d'Arc. The queen-mother was her outspoken champion and rendered her grateful service in those first days of trial at Chinon. In later days, when the loyalty of Charles began to fail, it would seem that Jeanne offended him by protesting against the relation with Agnes. Little is known as to this and nothing from Jeanne herself, but it may well have been a cause of resentment to the jealous and truculent Charles. At any rate, Jeanne passed in 1431, while Agnes the beloved survived her twenty years.[1]

Of the knaves in the royal circle two demand special attention at this juncture; they will appear often

[1] Her death caused a suspicion of poison which seemed to point at the legitimate son of the king, who became Louis XI. But the charge is discredited by modern writers.

in the sequence. Georges La Trémoille was councilor-chamberlain to the king and his chief creditor. A forceful, domineering personality, he controlled or appeared to control Charles no less by his will than by the power of the purse. Like Judas, he "carried the bag," and his business was to betray. At an epoch of rich and varied scoundrelism, he was undoubtedly among the worst men in France. He abandoned his first wife and took another whose husband he had killed. La Trémoille followed Charles for his own profit and his "usances," but he was secretly pledged to the cause of Burgundy, which insured his enmity toward the Maid. In addition, he had conceived a great envy of her success and feared thereby to lose influence with the king.

His colleague the Chancellor Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims, was a type of the political priest who flourished greatly in those times. *In petto* a Burgundian like La Trémoille, his infamy is the greater, since, a priest of Christ, he lent himself to the betrayal of Jeanne d'Arc. I believe he bore her a more intense hatred than his colleague, the latter being mainly concerned for his money, while *he* was hurt in his priestly pride—a quality enormous in those times—that a low-born, ignorant peasant should be raised to an equality with, nay a superiority above himself, by the weak complaisance of the king. Priestly spite—*la rancune ecclésiastique*—breathes from him at his every contact with the glorious Maid who was marring his plots, wounding his sanctified vanity, and depreciating his influence

with Charles. She felt it from the beginning and grew cold in the presence of her implacable enemy; moved, indeed, as she was, to speak of death for herself and the end of her mission. There are moments when the bravest thus reveal weakness to a hostile spirit, in despite of themselves; and Jeanne's clairvoyant sense may well have divined in Regnault de Chartres her Caiaphas and predestined betrayer.

Cunning in evasions, in simulated candor, in all the resources of a bad heart, this proud man in an indiscreet moment, rejoicing at the downfall of the heroic girl to which he and his abettors had contributed, wrote with his own hand the confession of his hatred. I refer to his pastoral letter to the diocese of Reims in which, through a stupid mouthpiece, he imputes her fall to pride, vanity, and a passion for rich garments, etc. Jeanne, as we have seen, affected nothing that might be called luxurious by a stretch of fancy, save the pretty coat worn over her armor. Curious resentment this of the high priest; with his Roman purple and all the grandeur appertaining to his sanctified person, he still allows himself a sneer at Jeanne's poor little coat! But his priestly rancor shows itself plainly in the words that *she disregarded the royal council* (*i.e.*, the chancellor himself and La Trémoille) *and did all things according to her own will.*

This letter of the archbishop's is one of the shortest and most significant documents in the case of Jeanne d'Arc. Had he not written it from the fullness of a rancorous heart, he might well have passed without

grave censure in this history. But it throws light upon so much that was dark and obscure in the plottings of the council, in the attitude of Charles himself, that it has become worth to Regnault de Chartres an eternal obloquy!

This man was Archbishop of Reims and as such consecrated and crowned his royal master, Jeanne having made the thing possible. It was not to his pleasure that she should make so proud a figure at the ceremony, standing near the king, banner in hand. Even more did he resent her nearness to *la sainte ampoule* (the holy ampulla) which contained the sacred oil piously believed to be the same used at the consecration of Clovis. In all this one senses the prejudice of a mediæval priest, jealous of the rites from which he drew his own importance, and hatred for the peasant girl so honored beyond all precedent and holding head to him as an equal.[2]

This man was Archbishop of Reims, a great and venerable see, but he mainly preferred to delegate his spiritual duties to others while he swelled about the court, mighty in the king's business. He represents a type of churchman who did much to bring on the Reformation in the following century. The odium which he and his like cast upon the name of priest has not yet wholly passed away.

[2] Of the same note is the attitude of Zanon de Castignone, Cauchon's predecessor as Bishop of Lisieux, who pronounced against Jeanne at the trial, since, he said, it was "not to be presumed that a person of such low condition could have had visions and revelations from God." Indeed, we are very far from the *Carpenter* now!

A reflection of the priestly prejudice against Jeanne as an interloper among the holy mysteries [3] which I have noted above, in the archbishop's demeanor, is also to be marked in her questioning upon this point at the trial. Does one get scent of de Chartres here again? Cauchon as Bishop of Beauvais was subordinate to the archbishop—the latter being his "metropolitan," in churchly phrase—and, as many straws point, in secret understanding with him. Beyond doubt there was a pact between the worthy pair, though they might appear to seek different ends politically. Each had an ear in the Burgundian councils, but Cauchon's course was more forthright and open; he remained to the end a faithful servant of the English and incurred for them the deadliest odium of any man mentioned in history. De Chartres was of a weaker stomach, averse to taking great chances, looking always to his own comfort and safety. Both men, we judge, were equally involved in the fate of Jeanne d'Arc.

[3] To the same effect may be signaled the following censure of Jeanne which we quote from the trial: "*Item.* The said Jeanne, by her inventions, has seduced the Catholic people. Many in her presence have adored her as a saint, and adore her still in her absence, commanding still in her honor masses and collections (*quêtes*) in the churches. Even more, they declare her the greatest among the saints, except the Holy Virgin; they raise statues and representations of her in the consecrated basilicas; they wear upon their persons images of her in lead or other metal, as the faithful do for canonized saints; they proclaim her everywhere the messenger of God—an angel rather than a woman."

Behold in this devotion of simple hearts the wisdom of Rome anticipated by five centuries!

La Pucelle was fully cognizant of this popular ecstasy almost passing into idolatry, but she rather discouraged than gave countenance to it, as she declared to her judges.

CHAPTER TEN

THE GREAT DUKES

PHILIP, Duke of Burgundy, French, and Henry Beaufort, Duke of Bedford, English, were the leading actors in this perplexed drama involving the destinies of France, at the moment when Jeanne d'Arc was preparing to break the siege of Orleans. Together with Isabella, consort of the mad and incapable Charles VI, they had some years before made the shameful treaty of Troyes, by the terms of which France was to pass under the power of England and the son of Harry the Fifth was to succeed to the throne of St. Louis. This incredible treaty followed the great victory of the English at Agincourt, which had almost wiped out the French chivalry; it proposed, *de rigueur,* to secure to the victor the spoils.

From this pact so disastrous to his country, to his race, and his family—for Philip was, like Charles VII, of the Valois blood—the Duke of Burgundy derived some solid advantages for himself, but not a tithe of what he aimed at in his ambition, regulated as it was by profound cunning and prudence. In the full vigor of life, unweariable in toils or pleasures, with a great aptitude for business and authority and a natural power of influencing and controlling men,

Philip of Burgundy stood forth as a born leader to whom fortune itself seemed to defer. So the English were glad to make alliance with Philip, who was on the way to becoming the most powerful prince in Europe. It was, besides, a politic arrangement, the union of Burgundians and English mitigating to some extent, in French eyes, the reproach of foreign domination.

Bedford and Philip from allies passed almost to the intimacy of brothers—that is, they were lavish of mutual compliments while heartily distrusting each other. However, Philip gave Bedford his sister in marriage, which connection availed to keep things in fairly good order until her death. But neither oaths nor pacts nor family ties might keep Philip from plotting, or, as he understood it, diplomacy. In truth, he was more skilful than Bedford and no less void of scruple, while superior to him in the incalculable element of fortune. Philip the Lucky would have been a more fitting title than that which his contemporaries gave him.

At this time Philip, with his great principality of Flanders and Burgundy, rich and prosperous countries as they were, might well look with scornful pity on his cousin, the poor young "King of Bourges," enslaved to the wallet of La Trémoille. Charles, too, was of feeble health—less feeble, though, than he appeared; weak, irresolute, too much given to sensual pleasures; above all, of a seeming want of mental fixity and balance that pointed significantly to his royal father's fate. In the realm of chance, Philip al-

ready knew himself for a favorite; what great wonder if it should reserve for him the throne of France? With a view to this escheat Philip shaped his political course during many years, playing for his own hand always; being a useful friend to the English, but not letting them get away with too much, and exacting a great price for his friendship and service. A man of his age truly, neither better nor worse than his coevals, the brilliancy of his fortune dazzled both friends and foes; nay, for a long time deceived history.

Mighty opportunist that he was! changing foot in time to have his black and giant treasons annulled, and to be received in highest honor by the nation which he had so long betrayed.

He was called Philip the Good, but it doth not appear why in his legend. Good men in exalted position were far to seek in that iron age, not a whit the softer that it chanced to be of one religious faith. It is by men's hearts that the world is tried and not by any professed religion. Philip was extraordinarily good to himself and consumed a great deal of incense in his own glorification, but with "goodness" rightly understood he had little to do, and of it he had small understanding.

It is true that religion was ever in his mouth and that he talked much of getting up a new crusade; but he was interested in places nearer than Palestine, and on this point the wits and lampooners did not fail to score against him. He was a *bon viveur*, of robustious animal spirits, a man of plural marriages

and connections of the left hand—no great reproach, to be sure, in the moral estimation of his time.[1]

Let us not forget, as a set-off, that Philip devised the order of *la Toison d'Or* (the Golden Fleece), the object of which was to honor the chivalric virtues and all noble disinterestedness. He was invested with the collar of the same by his cousin the Bastard John of Luxembourg, who sold Jeanne d'Arc to the English, unquestionably upon the mandate of the "good" Philip, whose lieutenant he was. This fact says more for his chivalry than the institution of the Golden Fleece! After the capture of the Maid at Compiègne, Philip went to feast his bold eyes upon the heroic peasant girl who had dared to send him letters in *her* name, recalling him to his duty and allegiance. No doubt they had touched his noble pride and awakened his resentment, pledge-fellow as he was with the foreign invader. A picture of this memorable meeting may be seen at the Hôtel de Ville in Orleans. Jeanne and Philip are the principal figures depicted therein, the latter wearing his collar of the Golden Fleece. It should have blushed for him that day, on his first and only recorded encounter with the *libératrice* of France. He addressed her, and she said to him some words that have been prudently omitted from the Burgundian account of the incident. They were, no doubt, his passport to such infamy as he has wrought for himself in history.

[1] The public tongue credited him with eighteen bastards, besides his legitimate progeny. Evidently the founder of the Golden Fleece had nothing to learn about the fleece of women.

The pretense of religion, noted above, the using of it as a cloak and a subterfuge, was perhaps the most hateful and detestable thing in the mediæval character, as exemplified in this candid narrative. Not that we optimistically regard the vice as having altogether died out in the progress of Christianity—would that it might be so! But we may be glad at least that such flagrant types of it, both lay and clerical, as appear in our story have more and more fallen off since the epoch of Jeanne d'Arc. There is reason to believe that the production, cultivation, and persistence of this kind of meanness were about that time rather strongly discountenanced. At any rate, we are sure that never since has it made so bold a figure in the world. Also, one may believe that only a truly divine religion could have survived such exemplifiers of the same as we are obliged to deal with in these pages. Even so, the effort required to throw them off produced convulsions which have scarcely yet subsided.

The Duke of Bedford, who ruled the parts of France subjugated by the English, in the name of Henry VI, was less brilliant and versatile than his *beau-frère*, of solid parts, a cold and settled temperament, without tendency to extremes of thought or action. The higher walks of English society are filled with such men to-day; we call them "decent Englishmen." But such a character in the fifteenth century, tried as Bedford was and carrying his great burden in a foreign country only in part subdued, would act

in the spirit of his age. Bedford acted in a way to earn for himself the execration of posterity. He is the principal, the protagonist in the horrible plot devised with such cunning to destroy the Maid.

Bedford's piety was of a sterner cast than that of his brother-in-law, as we should expect of an Englishman, but it was not the less calculated for his material profit and advantage; where these were threatened he was apt to show temper and break out into ungentle speech. Thus, on the English defeat at Orleans, he wrote to the young King Henry VI:

> Everything has prospered for you until the time of the siege of Orleans, undertaken *God knows by whose counsel.* . . . Some days after [the death of Salisbury] there befell, *by the hand of God,* as it seems, a great mischief upon our people,[2] who were there in large numbers. Which proceeded in great part, I think, from false beliefs and wild fears which they have had from a *disciple and hound of the devil,* called *la Pucelle,*[3] who has used false enchantments and sorceries. Which mischief and discomfiture not only have diminished by great part the number of our people, but have also removed the courage of the rest in marvelous fashion and have suddenly roused your enemies to assemble in great force.

The restrained language here used by the Duke of Bedford is of similar tenor to that put forth by the honorable William Shakespeare more than a hundred and seventy years later—and still we hear of the Bard's originality!

[2] English soldiers. The force seems not to have been in excess of seven thousand men. It was not a time of large armies.

[3] *La Pucelle* (French) the Maid; from the Latin *puella,* young girl.

On becoming not long afterward the jailer of this *disciple and hound of the devil,* through the loyal complaisance of Burgundy—who probably found the nut too hard to crack himself—Bedford let loose in her favor those feelings of Christian love, mercy, and charity with which his noble bosom was filled. He ordered her confinement and the conditions thereof, as we have seen, the heaviest that flesh could bear and all but intolerable to the spirit. He would not be satisfied with her bodily death but insisted that she be damned to perdition by the priests, only too eager as they were to do his bidding; he also spied upon her modesty, like the base cad he was!

Is there need to add that this pink of English chivalry and mirror of mediæval piety cherished a special devotion to St. George and is depicted in a well-known portrait kneeling before him, but without the least humiliation? (The Duke's features are well enough, save the nose, which is of a distinct cockney order.) Is it necessary to repeat that he founded, with his own money, a monastery, favored a convent of Carmelites, and had himself inscribed among the members of the cathedral chapter of Rouen, while he solicited the privilege of wearing the canonical habit? It almost brings the tears to read that he had the honor to receive it from the hallowed hands of Pierre Cauchon! This was on the eve of Jeanne's transference to Rouen from her Burgundian captors —a matter negotiated by Cauchon himself, under authority of Bedford. And the affecting ceremony above referred to was almost by way of celebrating

that happy event. For Bedford must prime the priests in order to secure from them the fullest condemnation of La Pucelle. Another favorable augury: one of her judges-to-be preaches the sermon at this rite in honor of Bedford. How close the lines are drawn here! How admirably hell is served!

And those priests—how ready and adaptable they are in the service of power! How obvious is this solemn farce played in the name of religion; this reverencing and curtseying of noble and priestly apes intent upon their own selfish aims, or like Bedford and Cauchon, seeking a warrant for murder![4] The record of Jeanne's trial certifies that we here utter no libel upon the cathedral chapter of Rouen. But it was a grand time for priests when Power sought to borrow their uniform!

Bedford did not wear his very long: he died about four years after Jeanne, in the same château of Bouvreuil where he had variously tortured her; in bitter despair for himself and without hope for the future of English rule in the land.

[4] It was by God's will that Joan of Arc was burnt at Rouen, which cleared neither Bedford nor Bishop Cauchon.—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ALLEZ-VOUS-EN!

Behold Jeanne d'Arc at the head of the army marching to the relief of Orleans. The history of that battle-scarred age presents no more interesting spectacle, and we may well dwell upon it at some length. It was the beginning and, in a sense, the end of Jeanne's triumph; about her were all the elements of victory and defeat.

A great effort had been made to bring together this army of some eight thousand men, and to whip it into military shape. It was composed mainly of rough material, the only sort available in those lawless times: filibusters, marauders, *écorcheurs*, sons of the camp, loyal only to their paymaster, upon occasion formidable to friend and foe alike. Hastily mobilized at Tours and Blois following the indorsement of Jeanne's mission by the Poitiers tribunal, the best discipline which they received was from La Pucelle herself. This was wholly of a moral and religious order. The Maid demanded a spiritual "clean-up" on the part of those swashbucklers, addicted to all the grosser sins fostered by the license of the time. They grinned sourly but came to it with rough *bonhomie;* the confessionals were set up in the camp

and the priests were hearing the penitents and giving the communion. At the same time Jeanne took measures to banish the loose women who followed in the soldiers' train and to suppress other kindred vices and debaucheries which we need not more particularly glance at. Against blasphemy and profane speech she set herself with special severity, and was thus the first promoter of what we now call the Holy Name Society. It was a hard task, for cursing and swearing were as dear and necessary to those *gaillards* as their daily rations of *pinard* (wine). In the case of La Hire, a bold captain of lancers, famous for his oaths, Jeanne graciously made an exception—permitting him to swear by his *bâton!*

We dare not make this history exceptional to the point of leaving out La Hire's prayer, and here it is, in his Gascon speech:

Sire Dieu, je te prie de faire pour La Hire ce que La Hire ferait pour toi, si tu étais La Hire et si La Hire était Dieu. ("Lord God, I beg you to do for La Hire what La Hire would do for you, if you were La Hire and if La Hire were God.")

This brave soldier loyally accepted Jeanne as his commander and gave an example to some others who demurred at being led by a woman. "I swear to follow you, Jeanne, I and my company, wherever it may please you to lead us." The murmuring ceased.

Jeanne's efforts, noted above, seconded by her attractive personality and the mystical prestige of her mission, aided too by the utmost zeal of the priests, availed no doubt to make a great change in

the moral temper of the army. Roused to a simple but sincere faith, with which the worst of them had some early associations, some memories that had survived years of evil-doing, those rough soldiers quickly passed to a state of fanatical zeal, of religious exaltation—that mood which has so often achieved the impossible. They were, besides, animated by a fighting spirit, a hostility against the English, long unknown to them, and they burned to wipe out the shame of recent defeats. It is perhaps doubtful whether Jeanne was ever nominally *chef de guerre* (commander-in-chief), though being so in effect whenever she took part in an action. She gives herself the title in writing to the English from Poitiers, even before the priestly tribunal in that city had concluded its examination. Some say that she bore the title at Orleans, others that Charles withheld it until she should have freed the city and proved her mission. The matter is of small importance—it was the Maid herself, and not the prestige of military rank or title, that broke the ranks of the English and scattered their bravest in flight.

On setting out with the army Jeanne had been raised to the rank of *comte* (count) by the king. With a view, no doubt, to placating the military leaders, the title of *chef-de-guerre* seems to have been dropped, while obedience to the Maid was strictly enjoined upon the former. The result proved that Jeanne got from them such obedience as she *compelled.*

At the moment she was surrounded with all the

tokens of respect, of the royal regard and confidence. Popular belief in her rose to ecstasy; Orleans held out to her imploring hands, sent to the court messenger after messenger. Perhaps in this interval between doubt and triumph Jeanne tasted the purest joy she was to know as the result of her mission—one of the rarest moments even with high, elect souls, when the ideal appears in all its beauty, unmarred by the human alloy which threatens to degrade it, superior to the realization at which it aims. It is sweet to regard Jeanne in this so brief and happy interval when, sure of herself, of her king, of her heavenly support, she saw the same joyous faith reflected in the many faces around her.

Her friend Queen Yolande had seen to it that a proper escort and company were provided for her in the campaign at hand; their charge was to watch over her with all vigilance and honor, and to defend her with their lives. Among the members of Jeanne's "military house" or staff were Jean d'Aulon,[1] her equerry, formerly attached to the royal council; Jean de Nouvelempont, treasurer of the company; her two brothers Jean and Pierre; her cousin Nicholas de Vouthon; her almoner and chaplain, Brother Pasquerel of the Augustines; besides pages, heralds, and guards.

[1] His loyalty to the Maid was long questioned, and it is certain that he took money from La Trémoille; but his bravery in defending her in several actions, including Compiègne when both were taken prisoner, has availed to sponge the record for him. Twenty-five years later he was a notable witness at the Rehabilitation.

All the prominent political and military chiefs were with the army, including the absentee Archbishop of Reims, Regnault de Chartres; Gaucourt, mayor of Orleans; the Marshal de Boussac, the Duc d'Alençon, the Sire de Rais (or Retz), the Admiral de Culant, Ambroise de Loiret, La Hire, Poton de Xaintrailles, etc. It cannot be said that all were animated with equal zeal for the great business in hand. The heartiest partisans of the Maid were the citizens of Orleans, who had suffered much from the long continuance of the siege; by the interruption of their commerce rather than by any real privation, since the leaguer was only effective on three sides of the town and the Loire remained practically free.

But the English went on investing foot by foot, raising formidable works, towers, and bastions that plainly evinced their purpose to take Orleans at whatever cost of time, men, or money. They were ably captained by the Earl of Salisbury, Earl of Suffolk, Sir William Glansdale, John Talbot,[2] son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and bravest of the English leaders. In the judgment of the French leaders, the English position was impregnable, both from the strength of their siege-works and the sufficiency of the force defending these. *Voilà!* there is room for a miracle, and only through a miracle did the shrewdest of the French captains hope for success.

"I bring you," said Jeanne on her first meeting with

[2] One is glad to point out here that Talbot's name has never been coupled in any unworthy connection with that of Jeanne d'Arc, save by the egregious Shakespeare! ("Henry VI," Part I)

Dunois outside the city, "the best help that any city has ever received—the help of Heaven!"

Again she repeated to the wondering chiefs, on her arrival within the gates of the leaguered city: "I am sent by God to deliver the good city of Orleans." The word was instantly caught up by the people and disseminated in a frenzy of wild emotion and enthusiasm. Already they hailed, they *knew* their liberator!—and it was a marvel that they did not put her in peril as they struggled frantically to see, to hear, to touch her.

And the first thing Jeanne did when she had gained a breathing space was to dictate her famous ALLEZ-VOUS-EN! message to the English lords and captains before Orleans; one of the briefest and most pointed letters on record, signifying, GET OUT!

It would be useless to pretend to myself that the reader does not know the story of the siege of Orleans, anticipated, besides, in earlier pages of this book; but I deem it profitable to signalize certain phases and incidents of that great piece of history which are not perhaps duly appreciated by the casual reader. And to this end we shall devote the following chapter.

CHAPTER TWELVE

LA PUCELLE IN BATTLE

STROLLING along the banks of the Loire, which passes through the city of Orleans, one tries to visualize something of that great struggle which both defenders and besiegers maintained so long ago. But there is little to go upon, naught remaining of the ancient fortifications, not a stone upon a stone of the English leaguering works. One cannot but regret their destruction: a section of the Tourelles, or the bastile of Saint-Loup merely, would be an important source of revenue to the Orléanais (people of Orleans) in this day of awakened historical curiosity and especially of devotion to the legend of Jeanne d'Arc. Orleans complains that it is neglected even by the ubiquitous American tourist; it has only to blame the lack of foresight evinced by its ancient bourgeoisie. The example of Carcassonne, dating from a more remote time, stands as a poignant reminder of what Orleans has lost.

But if no monuments of the siege remain, the scrutiny of modern writers has left few dark places in the chronicle. In truth, we know the particulars as well as those of any battle in recent times. Our chief care, then, is to see them in their right relation and importance.

First of all, it is demonstrated that the credit of this action, which checked the conquering progress of the English, belongs mainly to Jeanne d'Arc. Even more, it is clear that without her, success would have been problematic, nay, impossible. The Burgundians were as unwilling as their English allies that Charles VII should have the glory and material advantage of such a victory. As we have seen, Philip had trusty friends in the secret council of the king, who looked askance at this enterprise originating with a peasant girl. For the moment they were forced to acquiesce by the unlooked-for activity and enthusiasm of Charles; but they bided their time, watching their opportunity to check or hamstring the movement. Even in Orleans there were men of this color, and notably Gaucourt, the *bailli* or governor of the city; but they were constrained to great caution, as the people in general were inflamed by the threat of English domination. They had made the most formidable preparations to defend their city; fortifying their walls and constructing advanced works; accumulating an immense store of food and munitions; sending abroad for military aid and destroying their suburbs, the most beautiful in the kingdom; in short, clearing away everything that might afford shelter to the enemy. Bedford appears to have been justified in looking upon the siege as a desperate enterprise, but he despaired of it only after the interposition of La Pucelle.[1]

[1] At the Rehabilitation a citizen of Orleans was asked if he believed that the great effort made by the armies of Charles VII

From the moment of Jeanne's entrance into Orleans the policy of the high traitors and obstructors became manifest: they were to give her as little play as possible, to reduce her leadership to a mere fiction and shadow. Thus, she was not informed, in advance, of the first attack made upon the bastile Saint-Loup, in which fifteen hundred French engaged. They were repulsed by the stubborn valor of the English, many of them killed, and more put to disorder and flight, when Jeanne, warned by her Voices, took horse and sped to the scene. Followed by her escort and a few chevaliers, she arrived in time to check the rout. At her appearance the fugitives returned and the French body re-formed itself; as Jeanne advanced to the assault, banner in hand, a great ardor seized upon the French soldiers, and, seemingly indifferent to the weapons of the foe, they renewed the battle. After three hours of desperate fighting the strong place was carried. A large number of prisoners were taken, whom Jeanne sought to protect, but in her momentary absence they were sacrificed to the rage of the Orléanais, embittered by the long siege. She succeeded in saving some others who had put on priestly vestments in the Church of Saint-Loup, thereby hoping to escape the slaughter.

would not have been sufficient to deliver the city; or if it was freed by the intervention of La Pucelle rather than by force of arms. He replied for himself, and others of Orleans present, that she came from God to relieve them, and without her help they would still be under the English power. Neither the people of Orleans nor the soldiers could resist the enemy, who then held the upper hand.

In this fierce combat Jeanne exposed herself fully, in the very teeth of danger, never behind but always in the van. Animated by such a spectacle, which seemed nothing short of miraculous, the French soldiers fought with invincible courage, as they had not done in many years. Also, from this battle of Saint-Loup dates the great fear which possessed the English soldiers at sight of Jeanne d'Arc—a fear amounting to panic, as later appeared at Jargeau and Patay. Well might Dunois testify: "While before, the English with two hundred men put to flight eight hundred or a thousand of ours, now with four or five hundred soldiers we were able to struggle against the entire power of the enemy."

During Jeanne's attack upon Saint-Loup, Talbot attempted to make a diversion in favor of the threatened garrison, but was driven back by a force of six hundred chevaliers and men-at-arms, under command of the Marshal de Boussac.

We have referred in our last chapter to Jeanne's succinct message to the English besiegers, inviting them to depart while their skins were whole. Nothing could surpass the prescience and humanity of this letter; the English had only themselves to blame for the issue. But the kind-hearted Maid went further in her wish to save bloodshed: riding round the hostile *enceinte,* she hailed some of the leaders on the walls and repeated the same counsel in firm but gentle words. They answered her with base insults, reviling her with that vileness and copiousness of which we have no faint echo in the diatribes of Shakespeare

("Henry VI"; Part I).[2] Prominent among these scurvy fellows was a Sir William Glansdale, who indeed excelled the rest in his filthy objurgations. Jeanne prophesied to him the defeat of the English and his own death, which latter event occurred before her eyes a few days afterward.

But in spite of this unmanly reception Jeanne continued her efforts to save these enemies from the doom she saw inevitably awaiting them. I stress the point, in view of the clemency she was herself to experience at the hands of her English foes.

Dunois's record in relation to Jeanne is fairly straight, but he had begun by underrating her ability for military command (of which indeed he could know nothing), and he had joined with the other chiefs in withholding from her the planned attack upon Saint-Loup. In regard to the expected coming of Sir John Fastolfe with reinforcements for the besiegers, she had said to him in playful earnest: *"Bâtard, Bâtard,*[3] I command you, as soon as you have word of this Fastolfe's arrival, to inform me of it, for if he passes without my knowledge I will have your head taken off!"

After which there was a better understanding between the pair; as also following Saint-Loup, Dunois took a juster measure of the inspired prowess of the Maid.

[2] See Last Records: Shakespeare and the Maid.

[3] The reader will excuse this use of the French word, which has an unfamiliar charm denied to the English equivalent.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE EPIC OF ORLEANS

THE relief of Orleans presents itself to my mind as a complete epopee, with Jeanne d'Arc as its animating and directing soul—the Hero, in a classic sense, who chiefly attracts our interest, without whom beginning and end were alike impossible. It is greater than the tale of Troy, recounted or imagined by Homer, vague and nebulous as that appears in the mists of time and fable; but it offers a certain resemblance to the Iliad from its element of the supernatural, which may not be excluded. According to the "tale of Troy divine," the gods took part visibly or by their chosen human favorites in the struggle between Greeks and Trojans. It is ages since the last pagan gave up belief in Homer; while faith constantly increases in the epic of Orleans, in the divine power acting through and manifesting itself in the person of the maiden warrior.

One feels this especially, at the point we have now reached, when the struggle grew tense and engaged the supreme effort on both sides. Jeanne is now to exhibit the quality of her inspired generalship and to win her most signal victory. Again as at the outset, the stupid or sinister policy of the French leaders seeks to embarrass her, the only result of which will be to demonstrate the more clearly her marvelous

divination and to leave her the undisputed glory of the triumph. In saying this we allude more particularly to the action of the Tourelles, which we will attempt to describe in the following chapter. But the same was preceded by one of scarcely less significance —that which led to the capture of the Augustines, a neighboring fort.

On Thursday, May 6, Jeanne had begun the day by making another appeal to the English to save themselves by abandoning the siege, else threatening them with a defeat which would be a "perpetual memory"—prophecy accurately fulfilled. She also reclaimed her messenger or herald, unjustly detained by them as a prisoner. This letter attached to an arrow by Jeanne herself, was received by the enemy with the usual obscene demonstrations. "Read it," cried Jeanne, from a position near the hostile works; "there is some news in it for you." But they jeered at her, "Yes! news from the prostitute of the Armagnacs." [1]

Jeanne shed bitter tears over this reiterated outrage, the tears of injured innocence, but presently she consoled herself in prayer or rather was consoled by her Voices, now more clamant and encouraging than ever before.

Next day was signalized by the taking of the Augustines, a formidable bastile situated a little above the Tourelles, and with the latter defending

[1] Name of the faction opposed to the Burgundians (Bourguignons) in recent struggles of the period. Charles VII was identified with the Armagnacs, even more from his father's policy than his own. This enables us to understand the insult.

the entrance to the bridge. Shortly after engaging, the French soldiers took fright from the rumored approach of an English army of reinforcement, finally broke and sought refuge in a little island of the river called Isle aux Toiles. La Pucelle, who with a part of the infantry had taken up a position in the faubourg of Portereau surrounding the two great English forts above named, advanced under fire and planted her white standard in the rampart of the Augustines. At this juncture her own following yielded to the panic and fled to join the rest in the island. Only a few chevaliers remained with Jeanne, and these insisted upon taking her back to the city. The English, emboldened, came forth in crowds from the bastiles, mocked the flying French, and showered their filthiest insults upon the Maid. Ah, the brave English! Here was a weapon that never failed them, to which they clung with racial attachment. Be it allowed, however, that their French allies, the Burgundians, had no small share in the reproach.

But Jeanne is no *tourne-le-dos;* she cannot bear the thought of retreating before those foul-mouthed English, and suddenly, with La Hire and a few captains, she charges them with incredible fury, driving them back in spite of their numbers. They seek the shelter of the bastiles, where no doubt their leaders take up the most comfortable cursing stations. Rebuked at once and inflamed by the example of Jeanne and her little band, the body of the French army now returns to its duty, urged on by leaders eager to wipe out the shame of a momentary defeat.

A great attack is now made upon the Augustines, and for the second time Jeanne plants her banner on the ramparts; wounded in the foot by a caltrop, she never weakens a moment nor relinquishes the command until the victory is assured.

A costly defeat it is to the English, most of the defenders being killed; a remnant of them with the noble Glansdale, insulter-in-chief of the Maid, have barely the time to throw themselves into the Tourelles, which, as we have pointed out, was quite near. Many French prisoners-of-war were recovered, and there was, besides, a large booty of munitions. However, the outstanding fact, most crushing to the English, was—their *second defeat at the hands of a woman!*

Jeanne ordered the fortress to be destroyed, for military reasons, but I wish she had left a small portion of it for the joy of succeeding generations.

On retiring for the night she astonished the captains with this declaration:

"By my martin, I will take the towers of the bridge to-morrow (the Tourelles) and I will not return into the city until they are in the hands of the good King Charles!"

But the royal captains, while rendering full credit to Jeanne and agreeing that there was something miraculous in this second victory, decided none the less, in council, not to fight on the following day. They were expecting new reinforcements from the king, the city was well supplied with food, and everything in good train; hence they deemed it prudent to

wait. Also, they lost no time in communicating this decision to Jeanne on the same evening. To the chevalier, who in most respectful terms announced it, the Maid responded:

"You have been at your council and I also have been at mine. Now learn that the counsel of my God will be accomplished and remain stable, while yours will perish!"

Jeanne reaffirmed her promise to take the Tourelles to-morrow and dismissed the envoy. She ordered her chaplain, Brother Pasquerel, to come very early in the morning, for she said: "I shall have great work to do. Keep near me always, for I shall accomplish greater things than I have yet done."

Also, she predicted that she would be wounded, that the blood would flow from her bosom.

In both camps that night there was much agitation following the day's result, so heartening to the French and of such ill omen to the English; also, there were stern preparations for the morrow. Advised of the Maid's attitude and reply, the French captains slept in the suspicion that their counsel would not stand. The English burned one of their bastiles on the left bank of the river, not far from the Tourelles, garrisoning the latter with the strongest force available.

Rest, Jeanne, lightly as is thy wont, but calmly, unbrokenly, watched over by thy angelic protectors, cherishing in thy consciousness the purpose divine which thou art bidden to fulfil. Already thou hast

foreseen the issue of to-morrow's battle, which will glorify thy name forever. Sleep in peace, then, until the first lights of the day that shall make reply to Agincourt!

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

VICTORY!

However we may dispute or theorize upon the nature or origin of those spiritual incentives which raise men above their ordinary selves, rendering them capable of superhuman efforts, of utter indifference to death itself, we have a fine example of the same to set forth in the present chapter. It is a better fight than old Homer ever described, and candidly we prefer La Hire and Xaintrailles to his bold Hector and sulking Achilles; while Jeanne, backed by her chevalier St. Michael, unseen or *amictus nube,* seems to us a more potent and charming figure than Pallas Athene herself.

We proceed in our narrative. On that fateful morning (May 7, 1429) Jeanne rose before dawn, heard mass and received the communion. Still fasting, she was about to leave the house,[1] when, at the door, she was offered a trout by a fisherman from his nightly catch. Her host, Jacques Boucher, urged her to stay and partake of it with the family. She declined, saying, "Keep it until evening, for I will bring back a goddon [Englishman] who will want his share of it,

[1] As mentioned in the first chapter, this house still stands in the rue du Tabour. Jacques Boucher was treasurer to the Duke of Orleans, captive in England.

and I shall return by the bridge, after taking the Tourelles."

Several persons present were the more astonished by this speech, as the bridge was then half destroyed and impassable.

At once Jeanne, with a small body of soldiers and a multitude of people, proceeded to the Burgundy gate, which had been closed by order of the military chiefs, in keeping with their decision of the previous night. It was, moreover, guarded by a detachment of men-at-arms commanded by Raoul de Gaucourt, governor of Orleans, who was absolutely charged not to open it. This de Gaucourt, a Burgundian at heart, though of the council of Charles, was hostile to the Maid, as were his congeners La Trémoille and de Chartres, a fact which had not escaped Jeanne's prescient eye. Halted by the obstacle, a part of the crowd proposed to demolish the gate, while other armed citizens in large numbers, arriving at this juncture, threatened Gaucourt and encouraged the Maid to fulfil the mission which God and the king had conferred upon her. She, much moved by this proof of their faith in her, replied, "In the name of God I will do so. Who loves me follows me!" Then calming the people, she went straight to Gaucourt, now in some fear for his life, and said to him: "You are a wicked man, but whether you wish it or not the soldiers shall pass, and they will triumph to-day as they did yesterday."

She then ordered the guards themselves to open

the gates and they obeyed her; they also opened a postern near the great tower, affording a direct approach to the Loire. As the sun's first rays touched its waters, Jeanne crossed the river and went to rejoin the soldiers keeping watch in front of the Tourelles. Thanks to the alertness, presence of mind, and bold action of the Maid, supported by the people, the counsel of the military chiefs had come to naught, and these latter awoke to learn that Jeanne had taken the situation in hand. Unwilling to leave her all the credit of victory, and perhaps regretting their action, they hastened to follow her—La Hire, Dunois, Gilles de Rais, Graville, Xaintrailles, Thibaut d'Armagnac, Louis de Culant, and even Gaucourt himself, who had more need than any of them to save his credit. Jeanne welcomed them graciously; in the minutely scrutinized record of her life there is not a single instance of malice shown by her to an enemy. Even Cauchon the damned, her unrelenting persecutor and, in the end, murderer, was not exempt from her sweetness and charity.

I pause to remark that many worthy people have an absurd conception of Jeanne's actual part in a battle, assuming it to have been somewhat of the Red Cross "angel" type, a non-combatant herself, present only to look sweet, wave her banner, and give the young soldiers that erotic incentive which the French are said to find irresistible. Crossing from France lately, I met an American woman on shipboard, intelligent, even "literary," who labored to impress this

notion upon me, and, what repelled me far more, the old false legend utilized by Voltaire to his eternal dishonor.

Now, with strict regard to truth, Jeanne was one of the most efficient generals ever known. In particular her sudden inspirations in the field are comparable to those of Napoleon—making full allowance for the difficulty of such a comparison. Like him, she thought best during an action, never losing her poise, self-possession, judgment, in the most critical or dangerous moments. She saw and she foresaw with equal surety. The chiefs always referred to her for counsel and direction, even when she was not ostensibly the leader.

It is true, we believe, that Jeanne d'Arc never struck a blow or shed blood in battle, though she carried sword and axe; and it is difficult to see how she could have avoided doing so, since her post was always in the vanguard, at the head of the attacking force, and often she must have been put to her own defense. Her judges in the trial sought to paint her as a monster thirsting for blood, but nobody seems to have taken stock in that exaggeration except the gullible and prejudiced author of "Henry VI," Part I. We rest on her simple word, uncontradicted by any credible witness, that she was never guilty of bloodshed, that the sight of blood was horrible to her, causing her hair to rise. But she was wounded in several battles, and it is another miracle that she escaped death in the field from the savage hate of her enemies.

We return to the Tourelles. Although the French rushed to the battle with more fire and resolution than they had previously evinced, the English met them with equal ardor, and the fortune of the day was long alternating and uncertain. Wading the ditches, climbing the ramparts, heedless of the artillery, missiles of lead and stone, and arrows playing with deadly precision upon them, the attackers strongly maintained the struggle, although their efforts seemed to little purpose against those high and massive walls defended by men of iron. Jeanne in the front rank, a shining target to the enemy, undaunted and persistent, continued to encourage them. "Hope in God, the English will be beaten, the place is yours!"

The conflict had raged five or six hours, when Jeanne, intending to make a new assault, seized a ladder and placed it against the rampart. Perceiving her action, the English chiefs summoned their best archers to pick her off; a hail of arrows instantly followed, one of which pierced her shoulder. She fell and rolled into the ditch below, amid the savage shouts of the English and the consternation of the French.

This incident caused a temporary pause in the battle, plainly revealing who was its true leader on the French side. Jeanne was carried to some distance from the rampart and the wound dressed with oil of olives, after she had herself plucked out the arrow and refused a simple form of "charm" or conjuration proposed by her soldiers. "I would rather die," she said, "than commit the sin."

Availing themselves of this accident, and thinking Jeanne disabled by a wound so grievous, the army chiefs went into immediate council and resolved with one voice to abandon the assault, return to the city, and await fresh reinforcements. Jeanne begged them to delay a little while, but they turned to her the deaf ear, and Dunois gave the signal of retreat. At that ominous sound the Maid springs to her feet, unconscious of her wound, and commands in a voice of authority which none dare resist:

"In the name of God, you shall enter the Tourelles presently. When you see my standard float toward the bastile, take arms again—it is yours! Now rest a little, drink, and eat to regain your strength."

The chiefs yielded to this appeal without more ado. Awed and touched by her manner as of one inspired, roused by the challenge of her enthusiasm and faith, rebuked also by the spectacle of such courage in a wounded girl, they prepared to give instant obedience.

I think the incident does them very little discredit, seeing that they were practising their trade as they knew it; while the conclusion shows them in the true French spirit.

Instead of eating or resting, Jeanne called for her horse and, leaving her standard in the hands of d'Aulon, rode with a chevalier toward a tree which was to be seen at some distance. There she dismounted, saying to her companion: "Keep your eyes on my standard; when it touches the rampart give me warning."

Then she knelt in prayer, seeking aid and guidance from her heavenly friends, for the great trial at hand.

During her absence d'Aulon, who seems to have loved fighting for its own sake, like the Irish, intrusted the banner to a brave soldier of his company called *le Basque,* and, shielding himself with his buckler from the stones of the enemy, advanced into the ditch, followed by his companion. A piece of bravado, no doubt, on the part of d'Aulon; we refuse to see in it a device of the Maid's. Presently the banner floating in the wind touches the rampart, and the watcher cries, "Jeanne, your standard—the tail touches!"

Instantly she leaps upon her horse and rides at full speed toward the Tourelles, crying to her captains and soldiers: "Forward! Forward! All is yours!"

Traversing the fosse, she reclaims her banner from the soldier and, planting it in the side of the rampart, again raises her battle-cry: "Forward! Enter here—the English are yours!"

This time the charge of the French was worthy of their leader; as by miracle they scaled walls, ramparts, parapets, and swarmed upon the besiegers, surprised by the sudden attack and, above all, dumfounded by the sight of Jeanne, whom they thought to have killed. A great fear came upon them in presence of this invulnerable warrior, smiting them in the marrow of their strength! They abandoned the outer defense in order to shut themselves up in the interior of the fort, from which they were separated by a

wooden bridge crossing the fosse, here formed by an arm of the river. Jeanne, leading the pursuit, sees Glansdale, the foul-mouthed, covering the retreat as best he might, and offers him quarter: "Glansdale! Glansdale! Surrender to the King of Heaven. You and yours have called me prostitute, but I have pity on your souls!"

Unheeding the Maid's offer of mercy, perhaps from shame, perhaps thinking it had not come to such a pass, the sturdy Englishman, in full armor, starts to cross the bridge with some of his picked warriors, when it gives way beneath them and all are drowned in the Loire. A fire-boat moored under the bridge had done the work, unperceived by the besiegers. Glansdale had met the fate predicted by Jeanne only three days before; not an inappropriate one, we may observe.

Meantime the Orleans people had rudely and hastily repaired the great bridge between the city and the Tourelles, which we have noted above as being half destroyed, and a body of their militia was thereby enabled to attack the fort from the other side, to the confusion of the enemy and their total defeat. The Tourelles, strongest of the besieging forts, was conquered; many brave men, yet more English than French, lay in their bloody death; and as night fell, the bells of Orleans rang out in glad carillons of triumph, while in all the churches the priests intoned the *Te Deum* before joyous and reverent crowds.

But the greatest joy, the wildest enthusiasm, burst

forth on Jeanne's return to the city that night—by the bridge as she had foretold—when the crowds fought madly to get sight of her, threw themselves under her horse's feet, laughed and wept for mere happiness, performed every unheard-of antic, committed every folly and extravagance, none unbecoming withal, in order to give expression to their feelings, as if such a thing were possible! If you have known French crowds on any remotely similar occasion, you will wish that you had been there! Yes, though it was so far back, in the Middle Ages. Orleans still rejoices with civic pomp and military ceremony in the annual fête of Jeanne d'Arc on May 8. I have seen it and had joy of it, but I don't pretend to myself that it was anything like the original celebration of five centuries ago.

Jeanne's great victory at Orleans evoked some remarkable expressions: Gerson, most eminent of the French prelates, declared that it was the work of God; the virtuous Christine de Pisan published a congratulatory poem glorying in this achievement of French womanhood; even among the Burgundian allies of the English the voice of praise made itself heard.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

INTERLUDE

JEANNE had conquered. On the same night, while Orleans celebrated the victory of the Tourelles, Talbot and the English leaders held a council of war and decided to abandon the siege. They had yet several strong bastiles, with a sufficient supply of food and munitions, and were thus in a position to await reinforcements promised by Bedford. It was hard to give up, after a defeat so humiliating to their pride and wounding to their military prestige—to lose the prize for which they had spent so much blood and treasure during the long investment of Orleans. But they perceived that Jeanne had broken the spirit of the common soldiers, and even the chiefs were unable to think of her without a tinge of superstitious awe. The fate of Glansdale had strongly affected them—in short, Jeanne had put upon them a charm or spell which they despaired of overcoming. I would give something to know what Talbot said on this occasion—the brave and silent soldier; it would be worth a great part of the traditions.

Next morning, May 8—the *fête* day of Sainte Jeanne d'Arc—the English came forth from their several bastiles and drew up in battle array before the French. This was a demonstration to "save their face," rather than a genuine defi. Now the French soldiers, though unprepared, were about to accept the

challenge, when Jeanne forbade them. She divined the purpose of the enemy; and, besides, she was averse to fighting on her Lord's day. "In the name of God, let them go," she said; "it is not His pleasure that we should give them battle to-day. We will have them another time."

The English departed, no whit unwillingly as we may believe, and Orleans formally celebrated its deliverance, as it has since done annually, with few omissions. Indeed, the rejoicings were kept up during several days, but the king did not come to participate in them, though pressed by his loyal people. La Trémoille and Regnault de Chartres found means to dissuade him. The deliverance of Orleans gave them no pleasure, secretly bound as they were to the policies of Philip the Shifty; besides that, it had elevated the Maid—that interloping *sans-sou*—to a pinnacle of glory. Their attitude, fraught with so much malice toward her, was not undivined by Jeanne; it was, in truth, part of the price of glory which from this time forward she was bound to pay.

However, Charles was duly impressed by the great events at Orleans, and in the first effusion of wonder and gratitude, gave thanks to God for having sent him the help of this virgin less earthly than angelic. He commanded thanksgivings in the churches, processions, etc. The joy of Orleans was thus extended to points as far distant as Narbonne and Carcassonne.

Dost thou know the lovely country of Touraine, gentle reader—garden of France, as it is happily

named? If not, then art thou to be envied, since a paradise awaits thee.

There Jeanne sojourned at several whiles and left vestiges of her passage, which the present humble writer reverently traced only a short time ago. Indeed, I make bold to say that one cannot write well about Jeanne unless he knows something of France, and especially of the places associated with her active career. True, the lapse of time has been very great, but time has no significance in regard to an Immortal, and it is not so palpably felt in a country where, outside the large cities, old manners and habits persist, ancient memorials are cherished, and the face of the land is but little changed. As I saw it in Jeanne's month of May last year, so it must have appeared to her when she rode gallantly through these places, after her triumph at Orleans. Be sure the people lined the roads and thronged the little wayside villages to feast their eyes upon the conquering Maid as she cantered through the green country, herself as young and charming as the May.

Luckily we have a pen-picture of Jeanne made at this very time by a most competent observer, the young Seigneur de Laval, writing to his mother. I translate from the French text:

> On Monday I left the king in order to go to Selles-en-Berry, four leagues from St. Aignan. The Pucelle was already there and the king had sent her on before him in order that I might see her, as I was told. She gave good welcome to my brother and me. She was armed completely, except the head, and held a lance in her hands.

On our arrival at Selles I went to see her at her lodging. She ordered wine and said to me: "I will have you drink wine before long in Paris." [1]

Her gesture, her actions, her voice, to see her, to hear her, are things wholly divine!

This marvelous young girl left Selles to-day at vesper time, in order to go to Romorantin, advancing her outposts three leagues. I saw her attempt to mount a great black charger at the door, but the animal balked and cut up so that she was unable to reach the saddle. "Lead him to the cross in front of the church," she said to an attendant. At once she followed to mount him, and the horse budged no more than if he had been tied. Then she turned toward the church door very near, and said in a sweet and clear womanly voice: "You, priests and people of the church, make some processions and prayers to God." Then she took the road, with this command to her soldiers: "Forward! Forward!"

A handsome page bore her standard, folded; she herself carried in hand her little axe. One of her brothers, who came eight days ago, left with her; he also wore armor of polished steel.

Also noteworthy is the following impression of Jeanne, written about this time by a representative of the Duke of Milan:

The Pucelle is of a grand distinction; of a virile demeanor, she speaks little and evinces a great prudence in her words, her voice being sweet, limpid, womanly. She eats little, drinks less wine, loves beautiful horses and fine arms. She has the gift of tears, and sometimes sheds them abundantly, but habitually her face is cheerful and smil-

[1] This incident occurred some months before the attempt on Paris, which failed for want of proper support, also through the machinations of Charles's council.

ing. Her capacity for work is a thing unheard of; she can remain a whole week under arms, night as well as day.

We may not omit a beautiful incident which took place, probably at Loches, just before the Loire campaign was launched; whether it be of the legend, the poetical accretion that has gathered about the Maid, or matter of strict history, we cannot fail to note in it the high spirit of chivalry then prevailing, which at intervals relieved the dark chronicles of the time.

One day at the château, in presence of the royal entourage, Jeanne asked the king to make her a gift. He agreed to do so, requesting her to name it. She then smiling, but in apparent good faith, required him to offer her the Kingdom of France. After a little hesitation Charles did so, and Jeanne requested the royal secretaries to draw up a formal act of the transfer. This also was done. And still the courtiers looked on and wondered. The paper then having been read aloud with all due formula, Jeanne turned gravely to the auditors and pointing to the king exclaimed: "Behold the poorest chevalier in France!"

Again, after a pause, she disposed of the kingdom, using the same legal formularies as before, and delivered it into the hands of the Almighty. Finally, at the end of a few minutes, Jeanne, speaking in the name of God, duly invested Charles with the sovereignty of France, and desired that a solemn act might be drawn up attesting the same. . .

At Loches Charles issued letters of nobility in favor of Jeanne and her family, despite her protest; in

these the name is changed to *d'Ay*—a substitution which was never regarded. One sees Jeanne's coat-of-arms in the Orleans Museum. The family, thus ennobled, seems to have continued for some generations. A descendant of the d'Arc family furnished the genuine signature of Jeanne heretofore mentioned.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE VOICES PREVAIL

It was at Tours that Jeanne d'Arc had her first meeting with the king after her great deeds at Orleans. They were both on horseback. Jeanne, with standard in hand, uncovered and bowed profoundly before him. Charles saluted her with reverence and evident emotion; some persons present thought he would have kissed her. My opinion is that he could not have done a better thing! A kiss from her pure lips might have armed his soul against the black treachery and ingratitude which would soon be festering there.

They remained a few days at Tours, and in her first audience Jeanne urged him to come to Reims for his consecration—that being the second part of her mission, as he himself well knew. Jeanne insisted as if the brevity of time weighed upon her; but the king hesitated, though with no lack of kindness, and said at length that it was a matter for his council to decide upon. A little later Jeanne appeared before Charles and his council and repeated her supplication, which was rejected as impracticable. The truth is that Charles was desperately poor for a king, and these expeditions were costly as well as dangerous. La Trémoille alone could supply him with money, but

La Trémoille demanded a ruling hand in affairs, as well as the highest rate of interest. He and the chancellor argued, not without a show of reason, that it would first be necessary to take account of the Loire towns held by the English or Burgundians, on the direct course to Reims. This meant fighting—and funds!

Nothing was decided, but the councils continued, while Jeanne suffered visibly under the anxiety and inaction. She was now relieved of her title *chef de guerre*—the nominal command of the army; no doubt upon the advice of her good friends in the council, who would have heard from their creature Gaucourt, still smarting under Jeanne's rebuke. But there was some consolation for her in the appointing of d'Alençon to the command, a young nobleman, relative of the king and son-in-law of the Duke of Orleans, who had the utmost faith in Jeanne, mingled with some romantic sentiment of a chivalrous nature. He had not fought at Orleans, being under pledge to the English, whose prisoner he had lately been, to abstain from action against them until his ransom was paid. It is evident that king and council desired to benefit from the military genius which Jeanne had demonstrated, while reducing her formal honors. D'Alençon received the command, with the express charge that he was to "guide himself in all things and act according to the counsel of La Pucelle."

While the question of the Loire campaign, involving the march to Reims, was still pending, Charles retired to his château of Loches, which the present

writer visited last year in quest of materials for this narrative, or at least for the breath of inspiration which locality—the authentic scene—alone can give. This famous castle, the residence of several kings, occupies a hillside and summit overlooking the Indre, which makes its orderly course through the prettiest bit of country imaginable. The château has been more or less restored and modernized, but its general aspect, with the formidable keep, remains much the same as when Jeanne first saw it. Adjoining it, but on a lower slope, is the king's house where those momentous conferences were held which decided the fate of France and of the Maid. One is shown the oratory of Anne of Brittany and the beautiful tomb of Agnes Sorel, beloved mistress of Charles VII, from whom no *envoyée de Dieu* could separate him! One looks in vain for some personal memento of La Pucelle, some trifle belonging to her which reverent hands should have bequeathed "as a rich legacy unto their issue." Neither here nor elsewhere is such a treasure to be found; no saint is so poor in relics, due no doubt to the faithlessness of her friends and the savage hatred of her enemies. But the fact remains that here king and council met, with Jeanne in attendance, and here she was moved by their faithlessness, incredulity, and procrastination to utter some of her most memorable words.

One day she said to the king: "Sire, I shall not last more than a year. Decide then to make plenty of work for me in this time."

Another day, acting upon a sudden inspiration,

she went with Dunois to the king's private room, where he was in conference. Admitted, she knelt before him, clasping his knees, and said in imploring accents: "Noble Dauphin,[1] do not hold so many and so long councils, but come as soon as possible to Reims, in order that you may receive your worthy crown."

And as Charles looked at her in surprise and doubt, not knowing how to answer her, a gentleman present took the word and asked Jeanne if her Voices had prompted this appeal to the king.

She replied yes, that she was being harassed very much on this point (*fort aiguillonnée*).

The gentleman then asked Jeanne to say, in presence of the king, how the Voices spoke to her.

Blushing, she rejoined that she would tell willingly, but as she hesitated, as if from emotion, Charles seconded the request. "Please, Jeanne," he said kindly, "explain yourself before the persons present."

And this was her answer:

"When I am grieved because some people do not easily believe in the things which I announce on the part of God, I retire by myself and I pray to Him, complaining and asking why they do not believe my words. My prayer made, I hear a voice which tells me, 'Daughter of God, on! on! on! I shall be near

[1] Charles was king when Jeanne first saw him at Chinon, but she always addressed him as Dauphin, a title signifying prince or heir to the throne, until the consecration and coronation at Reims.

to help you.' And when I hear this voice resounding in my ear, I feel a great joy, and I should wish always to be in that state."

As she spoke, her timidity vanished and her face became illumined with the mystic light of her great faith. Her hearers were stricken with awe, Charles no less than the rest. Completely gained, he decided to proceed to Reims, and he issued orders forthwith for the campaign on the Loire.

(On the subject of her Voices or heavenly counselors, Jean d'Aulon, her faithful equerry, testifies: "When La Pucelle had to do anything in war she said that her 'counsel' had told her what she ought to do. I asked her who was her counsel and she said there were three counselors, one of whom was always with her; the second came and went often, visiting her; and the third was he with whom the others deliberated. It happened one time among others that I asked Jeanne to show me this counselor just once. She answered that I was not worthy or virtuous enough to see him."—Rehabilitation.)

A SOLDIER'S SONG

Ah, those were brave and merry days
That I would live again,
When youth and youth's desires were strong,
And I stood up with men;
For we joined the Army of the King
And made a jest of war,
And with our Jeanne to lead the van,
Went soldiering down the Loire.[1]

The King he made his mess with us,
The captains all were young,
And if it wasn't for the "preach" [2]
Our lines were gaily flung.
The goddons [3] all were lying low
And cursed us from afar:
They seemed an offish lot to us
As we went down the Loire.

How jolly when the little towns
Surrendered one by one,
And the bourgeois gave us welcome
With feast and wine and fun,
And the pretty girls made up to us
For all our perils run!
Ah, that's the soldier's life for me,
With nothing rough to jar

[1] Pronounce "Lwar."
[2] Religious exercises in camp.
[3] French name for the English, from "God damn."

Our gay content as on we went
Philandering down the Loire.

Oh, now and then we came to blows
And had a lively brush
With Bourguignon or British foes,
But honors were not flush.
This did not put us to the grief,
Nor seemed our sport to mar;
A little fighting gave relief
When we went down the Loire.

Not so our Jeanne. She raged to see
The foeman keep his place,
Nor stir a foot e'en tho' she waved
Her banner in his face.
Her presence struck the goddons cold,
Who saw in her the bar
To victory and land and gold,
As we went down the Loire.

At Jargeau sure the English fought
With desperate pluck and skill,
And once or twice they drove us back,
But Jeanne *would* have her will!
They stoned her from the wall—she fell,
And rose without a scar:
Then took the town—while English blood
Went crimsoning the Loire.

This nearly broke the goddons' nerve,
But there came a blacker day;
And who is he that can forget
The Battle of Patay,
Where the English rode a race with death,
And Jeanne did guide the fray!

It was a messy business, sure,
The kind that makes you sick
To think of afterward—but *then*
At nothing would you stick!
Like sheep the dead lay scattered wide,
All stripped for spoil of war;
And the carrion kites were gorging
As we went down the Loire!

All this is now an olden tale,
And I have lived to see
The goddons driven from our land,
And France grown great and free.
Yea, all in sooth, as Jeanne would say,
The future was to be!
Right gloriously she gave her life,
And still she leads, a star,
As when she blazed the way for us,
From Orleans down the Loire!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

YOUTH IN THE SADDLE

CERTAIN writers pretend to make little enough of this Loire campaign (excepting Patay); to me, on the contrary, it is athrill with the high pulse of adventure and all of a piece with Jeanne's great achievement—save, indeed, where and when she was crossed and thwarted by her opponents in the king's council.

For the moment let us regard the brighter side, the heroic relief of this dashing campaign—the last she was to make with the fullness of royal support. She is less great perhaps than at Orleans, for the opportunity does not present itself; the risks, the prizes are of less moment. But her genius is the same, there is no falling off in her courage and initiative, and humanly she charms us more, in these later *vaillances* of the Loire. Something more of the woman comes into play when she finds her burden not too crushing, as at Orleans.

What fascinates me about this tourney of the Loire is its gay spirit and smiling hardihood, the bravery of youth that mocked at death and evil fortune. The chiefs were all young, d'Alençon, Dunois, La Hire, others, and the king himself, not visibly leading, but present in every man's thought, and at

times present in person. For this was the king's cause, this campaign had for object to restore him to his own. And look! Jeanne is in the fore, the herald of God, the virgin warrior, before whom the great bastiles fell, the might of the English turned into weakness, and their armies melted away! Jeanne is there, incarnation of Youth itself, smiling, radiant, fearless—harmless as a lamb, terrible as a host with banners! She rides with the handsome Duke of Alençon, whom she knows for a friend and who is very glad to be near her, glad also to defer to her in the command. Peasant and prince, they are on terms of perfect equality and most loyal understanding—a fact which in that fifteenth century speaks volumes for the character of Jeanne d'Arc.

Over her bright armor Jeanne wears one of the rich *huques* presented by the grateful Orléanais as a gift from their sovereign duke, captive in England,[1] who has heard of the great deliverance. She loved these pretty garnitures with a simplicity that was itself lovable, and in which only a bad heart could find anything to blame. Let us not forget that it was a period of luxury in dress, owing to the fashion of courts and the requirements of chivalry. I have seen a picture representing the Maid and Dunois together, mounted, plumed, armed, and caparisoned with the utmost "bravery." It was, as I have said, a note of the time, a mark of refinement amid so much that

[1] Jeanne held him in high esteem and predicted his release from captivity, fixing the term thereof. He lived long enough thereafter to estimate what she had done for France.

was barbarous or chaotic; and as such it appears not unpleasing to me.

An army of eight thousand men had been formed to clear the Loire country and dislodge the English from their strongholds *en route* to Reims. In gratitude to Jeanne, Orleans had helped to outfit it, and the recent victory there had produced a spirit among the French soldiers which was worth any amount of military material. Again the cordials of religion were applied to stimulate the soldiers; the victory of Orleans being recognized as due to divine aid and favor, no pains were spared to insure its continuance. Under Jeanne's direction the priests were indefatigable, exhorting, confessing, reproving, encouraging—pressing the sacrament upon those rude and often lawless men but little inclined voluntarily to seek it. Jeanne's hardest cross in this work and the only one which seems ever to have tried her temper, was on account of the vicious women (*les mauvaises femmes*) who infested the camp. Most unwillingly, no doubt, the soldiers gave up an indulgence which had become habitual under the lax discipline then prevailing, and something of prejudice was roused against the Maid[2] which showed itself later on when the king's favor cooled and the councilors had their will of him. Had Circe begun by changing beasts into men, instead of the reverse process, no doubt they would have raged to become swine again!

[2] Some accounts of the failure against Paris, wholly due to Charles himself, represent captains and soldiers as gibing at the Maid.

But at the moment of which we speak all was ardor, loyalty, enthusiasm; an army of crusaders on the march it seemed, with priests chanting the *Veni, Creator Spiritus,* carrying sacred banners, crucifixes, holy emblems, and La Pucelle in the van with her mystical white standard to which the strong towers of Orleans had yielded. Yes, Jeanne was in apogee, with the triumphal end of her mission before her; and if there were some in that marching host who held her in evil regard, they might well have a care to dissemble their rancorous hearts.

One pauses to reflect how circumscribed was the field of this little war which has made so great a noise in history. Tours and Orleans, both on the Loire, are a bare score of miles apart; Beaugency, to which the French army was now headed, is but fifteen miles distant from Orleans; Patay about the same. Yet within this narrow circle La Pucelle was to gain, in the course of one year, battles that rank with the most famous in history. In point of results, and without regard to the numbers of men engaged, these victories remain unique, "in a class by themselves."

June 11 (1429) the French marched to attack Beaugency, held by the English since the previous August. Here the Earl of Suffolk commanded and the garrison was prepared to make a desperate resistance. A crowd of common men who had followed Jeanne, made a diversion before the walls of the town, without her knowledge or consent, and were driven back by a sortie. This had some effect upon the regu-

lar soldiers, but Jeanne quickly rallied them and they returned to the charge, driving the English back and capturing the faubourgs.

Here it was proposed to hold for the night, but suddenly a rumor spread among the French that the English Sir John Fastolfe, with a fresh army, was coming to the relief of Beaugency. History, by the way, imputes a somewhat comic *rôle* to the doughty Fastolfe in those wars; he is always a bugbear to the French, always advancing with reinforcements, but he never arrives in time to do anything; or, if he does, forthwith he goes away again. The present rumor was so menacing that it produced almost a panic among the French; a few companies fled the place, the *morale* of the rest was seriously affected, and even the chiefs were disturbed. A general *sauve qui peut* might have resulted but for the intervention of Jeanne, supported by d'Alençon. These mediæval soldiers appear like children, easily frightened and as easily reassured. We must remember that the discipline was much more lax than in modern times, that mercenaries made a large figure in these armies, that even dependable soldiers, like the best under Jeanne's command, were not in constant service but were recruited from time to time, as occasion demanded.

Finally, the French allowed themselves to be calmed and they made vigorous preparations for the siege. A warning from Jeanne saved d'Alençon from a cannon shot. Darkness fell while these compliments were being exchanged, and with the French holding

their position, it was resolved to attack on the morrow.

"One must believe," said the Duc d'Alençon at a later time, "that God was in our favor, for the same night our people kept such bad guard that if the English had made a sortie from the city, it might have been all up with our army."

Next morning the dance began again, hotter than ever, and both sides fought with equal fury during several hours. Suffolk, foreseeing the issue, offered to parley, but Jeanne would grant no terms save that he and his soldiers, disarmed but with their horses, should quit the town *instanter*. The English leader refused; and immediately on the French side the trumpets were sounded for a general assault and everywhere the heralds gave warning. Addressing d'Alençon himself, Jeanne ordered, "Forward, noble Duke, to the assault!" As he seemed to hesitate a little, she added playfully:

"You are not afraid, my handsome Duke? Don't you know that I have promised to bring you back to your wife, safe and sound?"

Again the enemies were locked in fierce grapple, and the struggle long continued without manifest advantage to either side. Seeing this, Jeanne raised a ladder against the wall and, standard in hand, mounted toward the enemy. She had nearly reached the top, when a heavy stone fell upon her helmeted head, throwing her down into the ditch. Stunned for a moment, she rose promptly and urged her men to greater efforts: "Once more, friends, to the attack—at

them! the Lord has condemned these English. Have good courage—forward, they are ours!"

Jeanne's words and her example incite the French to a tremendous effort; they break through in a final assault and possess the city. Suffolk attempts to parley again, but the conquerors have begun the work of pillage. The English retreat to the bridge and make a stand there, the French instantly pursuing and joining the combat hand to hand. At this moment an incident occurs which, thanks to the English pride and incapacity of humor, almost relieves the dreadful scene.

Suffolk, the noble English commander, pressed close by a French soldier, an equerry named Guillaume Renault, addresses him.

"Are you a gentleman?"

"Yes."

"Are you a chevalier?"

"No."

On the spot Suffolk makes him a chevalier by the proper accolade and surrenders to him.

God bless the English, how dull this world would be without them! In the language of the great Bard, their *humor* is "not strain'd, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest: It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." But it is necessary to take English humor in a sense different from that of the dispenser! . . .

Mad with rage and perhaps other stimulants, the French slaughtered their prisoners—a horrible reproach to that time with its universal Christian faith.

Jeanne had much ado to save the lives of Suffolk and a few others.

Crusades, even when led by a Daughter of God, are apt to be very cruel as between Christians and Christians!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

A BATTLE OF SPURS

MEANTIME, where was Charles for whom his soldiers were boldly fighting and clearing the royal way to Reims? As Jeanne's foreboding heart told her, he was in the hands of his crafty councilors, ever plotting to hamper her or to make a sinister use of victory. The evasive king, instead of coming to congratulate his army and to place himself at the head of it, went to accept the hospitality of La Trémoille at the latter's château of Sully. The man with the bag, wholly intent upon making profit out of these wars, was not minded to give his royal debtor too long a leash. Jeanne was not invited there, and so with d'Alençon she led the army to Orleans for a short rest ere resuming the campaign.

After a few days Jeanne, left wholly to her own initiative, proposed to move on Meung and Beaugency, both places held in force by the English. D'Alençon seconded the plan—which, by the way, seemed his most useful function; the army advanced quickly, attacked the bridge at Meung, a strong strategic point, and took it in short order. Next day the French proceeded to Beaugency, which Talbot had just quitted in order to join Fastolfe, the deliberate

reinforcer, at Janville. There was still a strong garrison in Beaugency, pledged to make a desperate resistance. It seems to me, however, that the action of Talbot, their mightiest warrior, was not calculated to put heart in them. The French began with bombarding the château and the bridge, a preliminary gesture, and decided to make a regular assault on the following day. Strict watch was kept during the night.

Early in the morning a diversion occurred which at first threatened to have bad effects. The constable of France, Richemont, arrived with a body of troops and proposed to put himself under the orders of d'Alençon. Richemont, formerly a favorite of Charles and leader of his council, had been displaced by the intrigues of La Trémoille, who had then succeeded him. Richemont's offer was now rejected by d'Alençon, upon express orders of the king, and he threatened, moreover, to give up the command if the army received Richemont. But here Jeanne interposed, recalling to d'Alençon that Talbot was near with a large army. "Is it a time," she cried, "to refuse help from our own?" D'Alençon yielded, and the constable, renewing the oath of allegiance, took his place in the army with his men. Jeanne promised to be sponsor for her friend in this action. Her soul was all generosity, all sacrifice.

I have been particular in setting down this incident because, as we shall see later on, it had a marked influence upon Jeanne's relations with the king, and doubtless contributed to the evil fate awaiting her.

The rumored English army of succor turned out to be a force sent by Bedford to the relief of the Loire towns. It was led by Sir John Fastolfe,[1] heretofore noted as a person of Fabian tactics, who delayed his march purposely in order to pick up further reinforcements *en route*. He was hoping to save Jargeau, when he learned that it had fallen to the French.

On joining forces with Talbot, the latter took the chief command and proposed to advance upon Meung and Beaugency. Fastolfe was for more Fabianism, but the council of captains overruled him; besides, Talbot was keen to avenge recent defeats and humiliations due to the Maid. "We must fight the enemy," he said, "with the help of God and St. George!"

It appears that on this occasion the smaller soldier gave the better counsel, and Talbot's headlong valor drew a terrible disaster upon the English—the worst they had ever sustained from the French in the open field.

A little incident at this time marks the simplicity of mediæval manners even in war.

At Beaugency the French held a strong position on a hill, and were challenged to combat by the English in the plain below—like the irate but illogical Irishman who cried to his enemy within doors, "Come

[1] His name is always misspelled by French writers, and he is often confounded with the *Sir John Falstaff* of "Henry V," greatest of Shakespeare's humorous creations, on account of the similarity of names. There is also a certain resemblance in their military attitude, upon which a caricature might have been founded. This *Fastolfe* appears in "Henry VI," without discredit in the representation.

outside and put me out!" The French prudence on this occasion, enforced by Jeanne d'Arc, proved to be, in the issue, of the greatest value to them. As the English heralds continued to gibe and provoke their enemies, alleging what a lily-livered lot of miscreants they were, Jeanne said to them:

"Go away and rest for to-day, because it is too late; but to-morrow, with the will of God and Our Lady, we'll take a closer look at each other."

And they did as they were told, like good little boys! Falling back on Meung, which town they still held, they spent a part of the night bombarding the bridge which the French had taken and fortified.

Beaugency was still holding out against the French, but the garrison, finding themselves closely menaced and at the same time learning of the retreat of the English relief force, decided to capitulate. They were allowed to go on merciful terms. Talbot hearing of this disaster, ordered a retreat to Janville. The English started on the double-quick, but in good order: artillery, foot-soldiers, the several detachments of Talbot, Fastolfe, and Rampston, and the rear guard composed of picked English warriors; with the usual rout of merchants and camp-followers.

The French witnessed this retreat of the English, almost a flight indeed, and hesitated to pursue them. Why not let them go, since we have the Loire towns and have attained the object of the campaign? Besides, we haven't enough horses for the pursuit. Perhaps also some of them were a little timid.

I want to signalize the fact that but for Jeanne's prompt decision the affair would have so ended and the English would have escaped the most cruel and sanguinary defeat which they had to suffer in those times. Ordinarily given to prudent counsels, Jeanne now spoke as with sudden inspiration, in the voice never unheeded by the French captains:

"Let us go boldly against the enemies; they will surely be conquered. Yes, in the name of God, we *must* fight them! *They fly, you say, but though they hung to the clouds we should have them, for God has sent us to punish those English!* The noble King of France will have this day the greatest victory he has ever won. My Voices have told me that the English are all ours."

Orders were given for an immediate pursuit. The English were now out of sight, but the couriers of the vanguard soon reported them to be not far ahead, on the road to Janville. Near the village of Patay—all these little war-sites are most conveniently close to each other—the English chose their ground and put themselves in order of battle. Protected by a small wood and two parallel hedges which afforded shelter to Talbot's famous archers forming the rear-guard, the English might well think themselves in a strong position.

But see how chance or something greater mocks at these precautions—mocks the wisdom of Talbot and makes naught of his bravery! Hidden as they were, the nearness of the English was not suspected

by the French *éclaireurs* (scouts), when suddenly La Hire's cavaliers raised a deer which fled before them into the English lines, the exact spot occupied by Talbot's archers—who, raising a clamor at sight of the scared animal, unwittingly gave warning to the French. La Hire reported as much to d'Alençon, on hearing which Jeanne said to the Constable Richemont:

"Ah, handsome Constable, it was not I that invited you, but since you have come, you will be most welcome."

The Duc d'Alençon addressing the Maid:

"Jeanne, here are the English. What must we do?"

"Have you good spurs?" she answers, including the chiefs gathered around them.

Anxiously, they reply:

"What do you mean, Jeanne? Shall we be obliged to fly?"

"No, no," she cries with passion. *"Go after them without fear;* you will beat them and lose very few of your people. The English will run, and you *will need good spurs to overtake them!"*

La Hire prepares to attack Talbot and his archers, while the main body of the English army, having advanced, takes up a good fighting position. Like a thunderbolt the madcap French cavalier falls upon the enemy, overthrows the archers, captures Talbot himself and other important leaders. From a little distance the prudent Fastolfe witnesses this *déroute* and with other horsemen gallops off to rally the

advance guard, which has stopped near a convoy. This courageous body, fearing a disaster, makes good its escape from the field. Seeing himself unable to do anything better, Fastolfe executes a Fabian move of remarkable celerity and is seen no more. Perhaps he is still going!

As the body of the French army arrived, the battle changed quickly into a chase, for the English, thrown into panic, were unable to recover from La Hire's *coup de main;* in short, they were disordered, leaderless, unable and unwilling to make a stand. Hence, indeed, it was a *battle of spurs* and a frightful carnage. Two thousand Englishmen were killed and two hundred prisoners taken. The casualties among the French were very few. Jeanne sought in every way to succor the wounded and to procure religious consolation for the dying—as always, indeed, she showed kindness to the English which, later, they took most jealous and particular care *not* to return.

Such was the famous battle of Patay, which our Mark Twain admired so much and justly praised. It seems to me the most Napoleonic of Jeanne's actions, equal to Arcola or Eylau, neither of which, I suspect, will look as fresh after five hundred years.

It has been suggested that much of the wonder about Jeanne is of the *ex post facto* kind—*i.e.*, conceived and worked up in later times. We may note, then, that a superior contemporary witness, Perceval de Boulainvilliers, wrote to the Duke of Milan two days after the Battle of Patay:

La Pucelle has done all that and many other things besides. For ourselves we see a miracle of heaven in these events.

Dunois also testifies: "If all the places [along the Loire] were reduced in a few days, it was thanks to La Pucelle."

THE DEER CHASE

The wild deer from her covert broke
  As the lancers jingled by:
God! what a day of June it was,
  What peace in earth and sky!

The wild deer flashed from her covert green,
  And the lancers raised a cry,
Then swift pursued the flying game—
  Hillihi! hilliho! hillihi!

La Hire is foremost in the race:
  Away in full career
The Gascon leads his riders rash,
  Nor dreams the foe is near.

Behind the wood the foemen camped,
  With Talbot at their head;
The pick of England's strength were they,
  All English born and bred.

And there they rested at their ease,
  Nor dreamed the foe was nigh:
God! what a day of June it was,
  What peace in earth and sky!

Long-limbed they sprawled in careless ease,
  And bragged of England's power,
And cursed the Witch that worked them ill
  With conjuration dour.

But she was nearer than they knew,
Yea, Death himself close by,
While the headlong French their quarry chased—
Hillihi! hilliho! hillihi!

Full in their midst the fleeting doe
Lands with a mighty bound;
The startled English leap to arms
As the clamors near resound.

The French come on at breakneck pace,
Nor ear, nor tail do spy—
"This way she went and she is spent"—
Hillihi! hilliho! hillihi!

Into the English camp they drove—
The deer had led them well;
And from their merry hunt they turned
To make the sport of Hell!

Surprised, o'erborne, the foemen strove,
With Talbot at their head:
Five hundred archers tall were they—
Full soon the most lay dead!

Thick strewn they lay e'en where they fell,
A vulture circled nigh:
God! what a day of June it was,
What peace in earth and sky!

But there's a weird the English tell,
Aye, one they'll not forego:
It is that Jeanne had *witched the deer*—
Hilliho! hillihi! hilliho!

CHAPTER NINETEEN

MICHING MALICHO

PATAY was the last of Jeanne's great feats of arms. She had crushed and confounded the enemies of her country; she had made possible her king's triumphal progress to Reims. Now she was to feel the malice, long hoarded, of her foes in the king's household, an unequal contest in which she was bound to fall. Signs and tokens of the evil change will henceforth mark every hour until the final abandonment. Slight at first, the process of "letting down" will continue until it is palpable even to the common soldiers and camp-followers. A painful history to trace, and I will spare myself no less than the reader in passing quickly over the details.

Jeanne was paying the price foredoomed to all heroic, disinterested souls. She had scorned *money*, greatest of the unspiritual powers of this world, and craft, its most powerful fellow and abettor. Both were soon to have their revenge.

These malefic powers were concentrated in the persons of La Trémoille and de Chartres, leaders of the royal council, who joined to their unavowed political aims a keen personal animosity toward the Maid. As we have seen heretofore, no other word than hatred

will explain the archbishop's malignant disposition, and one is constrained further to qualify it as a rare specimen of the *odium ecclesiasticum* or priestly rancor. We can do the holy man no wrong in thus accounting for the grounds of that evil sentiment of which he has left indisputable proofs in the record.

The mind and purpose of Charles offer a more difficult problem, but there remains no doubt that he sanctioned the policy of his councilors, while desiring that Jeanne be let down as gently as possible. No doubt his royal vanity was hurt by the English taunt —it was always in the mouth of Bedford—that he was obliged to keep a woman, and one of bad character, to command his army. He had faith in Jeanne, he believed implicitly in her mission, as we know from his letters and proclamations; but he did not understand that her mission was to be without limits. She was plainly a thorn and a hindrance to his councilors, whom he himself did not trust or esteem overmuch. But, tortuous and uncandid himself, he doubtless preferred advisers of his own stamp and reckoned that they served him well enough. La Trémoille, the coarse exploiter, with his brutal self-assertion and the odor of crime clinging to him, was perhaps difficult to swallow. But Charles was in the position of every poor debtor: he needed ever more of La Trémoille's money, and it was ever more necessary to postpone the reckoning. At a future day he was to prove his real mind toward La Trémoille, when something like retribution overtook that worthy.

We have said it: Charles was not averse to demoting Jeanne, believing as he did that she had about fulfilled the divine will toward himself; but he was for treating her with consideration. Young and of strong erotic proclivities, he had found himself, in a degree, magnetized by her charming, wholesome personality, even as his soul was subdued by the sense of her supernatural power. Beyond this his feelings toward her never had gone, whatever the imagination of ancient or modern romantics [1] might imply. Yes, in spite of the immense distance between them—not to be measured by our eyes—Charles inclined toward her and wished to keep her near him, in the royal entourage. About this time occurred the ennoblement of Jeanne and her family, which the Maid did *not* solicit; and a little later the perpetual exemption of her native village from tax—the one reward which she seems to have claimed for all her glorious service.

Shortly after Patay, positions as between the council and Jeanne were clearly defined, the first token appearing in the affair of Richemont. We have told how this nobleman, estranged from Charles, had returned to the aid of his country in the engagements at Beaugency and Patay; how he had been received in spite of the king's prohibition; and how Jeanne had offered to plead for him. She kept her word, going

[1] A French writer of the present day has, among other liberties, imagined Jeanne as running away from fear of the king's passion. The assumption is unworthy of his talent and, besides, purely gratuitous. ("Jeanne d'Arc," *par* Joseph Delteil.)

for that end to Sully, the rich manor of La Trémoille, where he was at the time entertaining Charles and his chancellor.

It was a most unfortunate intervention. La Trémoille, enemy and rival of Richemont, felt himself threatened by the Maid's action, and put forth all his strength. Thereupon Charles agreed to pardon the constable at Jeanne's prayer, in view of his recent honorable course; but he positively refused to receive him or to permit his attending the consecration at Reims. Nay, he declared with passion, "I would rather never be crowned at Reims than to have Richemont there!"

Jeanne, with keen regret, informed the constable of her partial failure. The latter made a further trial of the king's disposition, and again failing, retired to serve his country elsewhere. Some years later, following the disgrace of La Trémoille, he returned triumphantly into favor and took a chief hand in driving the English out of France—all in the spirit and according to the literal prediction of his former chief, Jeanne d'Arc.

The royal army, augmented to 12,000 men, now proceeded on its march toward Reims, Charles accompanying it, to the great joy of the Maid. At different points they stopped and issued invitations to the *sacre*, or consecration, Jeanne as well as the king; also they were busy receiving the submission of certain towns by the way or bringing others into loyalty by force.

It was La Trémoille's policy to make profit of these capitulations by certain *louches* or squinting agreements not at all to the liking of Jeanne, nor to the advantage of Charles, who, however, acquiesced in them. Thus at Auxerre, La Pucelle and the army chiefs had prepared to attack the town, thinking it an easy conquest. But La Trémoille interfered, securing a booty of two million crowns from the city as the price of a pact which he made with it. By the terms of this bargain Auxerre held its gates closed, but agreed to furnish certain supplies needful to the army; also engaging to follow the example of Troyes, Chalons, and Reims, toward which towns the army was then advancing.

At this point Charles wrote to Reims, informing the people of his recent victories, secured, he said, "more by divine grace than by human effort"—a plain reference to Jeanne's part therein. Jeanne also wrote to Troyes inviting that city to return to its true loyalty, on pain of severe consequences in the event of refusal.

On July 5 the army stood under the walls of Troyes and repulsed a sortie of the garrison. Charles sent a herald with a sealed message, demanding the surrender of the town. The Troyenais would not permit the heralds to enter, but they received the message. To the king's mandate they replied that they were under solemn engagement to the Duke of Burgundy not to admit an armed force within their walls greater in number than their garrison. As to Jeanne's letter, they made mirth over it, and finally threw it into the

fire, calling her a boaster and a lunatic. So far the gallant Trojans, emulating their namesakes of old.

At this point an erratic preaching friar, one Brother Richard, injects himself into the history. He had made something of a noise at Paris and other places with his sermons and predictions; a questionable fellow—breeding agitation wherever he went and leaving a dubious record behind him—who was looked upon askance by the lay authorities and sometimes tasted the rigors of conventual durance. Brother Richard nosed his way into the besiegers' camp before Troyes, with a view to making acquaintance with the Maid. Seeing her at some little distance, the shave-poll began to cross himself frantically and to fling holy water upon her. Jeanne laughed at his antics and said to him merrily, "Come on boldly, good brother, I shall not fly away." She seemed to have won Brother Richard, and for a time he professed himself her follower; but we shall hear more of him later on.

During several days the army had lingered before Troyes without result and it was beginning to feel the pinch of hunger; many soldiers were eating the green things of the field. Something must be done. Accordingly Charles summoned his council, the majority of whom favored a motion of de Chartres—to make an instant retreat. The chancellor asked Robert le Masson to state his opinion.

"I think," said the latter, "that we should send for Jeanne la Pucelle, since she brought us into this affair."

The councilors looked at one another in some doubt and confusion; in the same moment came a bold knock on the door. It was Jeanne herself, warned by her mystic counselors. Explaining the situation, the chancellor invited Jeanne to state her views before the sovereign. Addressing herself, then, directly to the king, Jeanne asked:

"Will you believe in my words, Sire?"

"I do not know," he answered. "If you tell me something reasonable and profitable I shall believe you."

"Shall I be believed?" she repeated.

"Yes, according to what you shall say."

Then Jeanne with great earnestness: "Noble Dauphin, order your people to besiege Troyes and do not hold more long councils. For in the name of God, within three days, I shall lead you into the city, by love or by force, and false Burgundy shall be astounded."

Here de Chartres rejoined: "Jeanne, if we were sure of getting Troyes within six days, we would gladly wait; but I don't know if what you say is true."

Jeanne fixed upon the king her burning glance: "Cease to doubt," she cried. "To-morrow you shall be master of the city!" [2]

On leaving the council Jeanne instantly set herself to the work of preparing the siege. Artillery, scaling-ladders, battering-rams, all the cruel machines used

[2] For this remarkable passage I am indebted to Mgr. Henri Debout's valuable work on Jeanne d'Arc, written from a Catholic standpoint, but of eminent fairness and liberality.

by leaguerers, were put in readiness under her directing eye. She had never been obeyed with heartier will; during the whole night the hostile preparations continued, and in the morning all was in readiness. The warlike Trojans, those who had slept, awoke to look upon no comforting spectacle.

Jeanne, arisen among the earliest, orders her men to bring fascines to fill up the ditch before the town. She then gives the command in her clear tones: "Forward to the assault!"

When lo! to the general astonishment the gates of Troyes are opened and a deputation appears, headed by the bishop, asking leave to surrender. This unexpected *volte-face* was doubtless due to Jeanne's energetic measures; the wily Trojans were now grinning on the wrong side of the mouth.

Charles made them easy terms, delighted as he was with the unlooked-for result and the justification of the Maid. Some Anglo-Burgundians were allowed to retire with arms and baggage. But these latter proposing to take away with them many French prisoners under terms of the treaty, as they claimed, Jeanne halted the procession, exclaiming, "By God, they shall not pass!"—and released the captives. She then notified Charles, who, in deference to his royal word, paid their ransoms out of his privy purse.

And I wonder what hand La Trémoille, secret Burgundian, had in drawing up that pact with the Trojans which seemed to permit the sacrifice of those poor French prisoners. Or rather I do not wonder the least bit!

CHAPTER TWENTY

AWAKE, ST. GEORGE!

By this time the English were fully aroused to the danger of their position. The great conquest of Henry V was slipping away piecemeal. The spell of terror in which they had so long held the French was now broken. Jargeau had been a disgrace, Patay a disaster and a humiliation. The prestige of English arms had become a mockery, equally with that of English craft or diplomacy, both of which Jeanne had frustrated by her activity and prescient vision. Charles's march to Reims was nothing short of a triumphal procession, the towns *en route,* English or Anglo-Burgundian, surrendering one after another or expelling their garrisons. Nothing, seemingly, could prevent the consecration now, a thing of ominous import to the English and, most hateful thought of all, a crowning glorification of the detested Maid.

The great English Duke of Bedford, who proudly called himself the son, brother, and uncle of kings (*Johannes filius, frater et avunculus regum*), now roused himself to the mighty need and took account of all his resources. First he sought to recruit his armies, broken, diminished, and demoralized by recent defeats at the hands of the Maid—whom Bedford the

pious nominated as "that hound of hell!" As we have seen, he had written to the young King Henry VI concerning her baleful work at Orleans, and he had followed her every step since with cursing and apprehension. Now at length it was squarely up to him to deal with this *fatale monstrum,* and he set himself gravely to do it.

Bedford soon found that it was no small task to renew the numerical strength of his armed forces and to infuse them with the old fighting spirit. A happy chance occurring at this moment was of great avail to the harassed viceroy. His brother, the Cardinal of Winchester, richest and most powerful of English princes, had just arrived in France with an army of 5,000 men which the Pope had lent him, to be used in a crusade against the Hussite heretics in Germany. Winchester, with an *insouciance* truly English, agreed to apply this force to the work of suppressing their co-believers in France! An incident which should teach us of how little account is religion where the interests of politicians are concerned.

Winchester, the purple prelate, at the moment actual ruler of England, was particularly attentive to the kingdoms of this world, including the papacy, which he expected to reach. He died a very old man years afterward, still hoping to grasp the tiara. Parenthetically, I may observe that there have been one or two really bad, some indifferent, and many good Italian popes, a few so-so French ones, but (thank God!) only one Englishman has ever sat in the chair of St. Peter. Adrian IV he called himself, this same

Breakspeare who started all the sorrows of Ireland by turning over that unlucky country to his friend Henry II. It was then recognized that, so long as there should be anything territorially loose about the world, it would not be safe to have an English pope. In my judgment there is a strong odor of infallibility about this conclusion of the Roman curia!

Winchester gave his powerful mind to the problems confronting the English directorate in France, and the situation soon visibly improved. The immemorial policy of the English—"divide and conquer" —was sustained at every point; the nascent symptoms of French nationalism were everywhere taken note of and suppressed. I am aware that certain apologists of the English maintain that the sentiment of nationality was unknown in France at that time.[1] French historians deny this contention while admitting that conditions at large were almost anarchical, due to the Hundred Years War with England, now drawing to a close. Thus England had in great measure produced the anarchy and disorganization in France from which she sought to benefit. In how many parts of the world has she not set forth the same lesson!

Rouen, seat of the viceregal power, was subjected to a jealous scrutiny; the strong were confirmed, the weak replaced, the doubtful turned away. This refers especially to offices of trust and authority. As representing a great influence with the people, the clergy were looked after with particular care. Rouen

[1] Mr. Shaw makes the point—preface to his "Saint Joan."

was an archiepiscopal see of ancient and commanding prestige; the population was leavened with a very large sacerdotal element; besides the regular priests attached to the cathedral and several churches, one must reckon a contingent of the mendicant orders. Bedford and Winchester took care that none but pro-English sentiments should flourish in this ecclesiastical community, a thing not so difficult to bring to pass, since the priests and *religieux* generally were wholly dependent upon British tolerance. Therefore, Rouen made itself hatefully conspicuous by the malignant attitude which its priests high and low had assumed toward Jeanne d'Arc—only less odious, indeed, than Paris with its venal university and its recreant priests licking the shoes of Bedford. The work was thoroughly done, as we shall further see in more detail.

The royal brothers were greatly perturbed by the progress of Charles in a section supposedly given over to the Anglo-Burgundian influence. One of their first steps was to summon Philip, whose recent conduct had given ground for dissatisfaction, if not suspicion. Certainly his people on the Loire had not accounted for themselves very well, to say the least; but neither had the English themselves. It was deemed best to bring on Philip and come to a better understanding with him.

Undoubtedly they regarded Philip with some distrust, but they felt sure of him so long as the English interest remained the dominant one. And they now proposed to increase his rewards and at the same

time flatter his expectations by laying even greater responsibility upon him.

Philip came on promptly enough, reaching Paris several days before Charles made his *entrée* at Reims. It has been said that all capitals are unpatriotic, but this is only a half truth. At the moment, however, Paris was playing the apostate in the worst sense, prostrating herself before the foreign tyrant, rendering herself with a quite superfluous zeal to the worst that could be asked of her. In this latter respect her university bore the palm, having voluntarily and without solicitation declared against Jeanne as a witch and sorceress, in the face of her approval and acceptance by the two most virtuous and eminent priests in the land, viz., Gerson and Gelu.

A great demonstration was now made to impress the Parisians, willing to be amused, as always, at any price. The alliance of English and Burgundians was reaffirmed with solemn formalities in the course of several councils. A general procession was made, in which the religious element was not neglected (in those times, if you only wanted to punch a neighbor in the eye, it was necessary to get religious backing). Finally, a dramatic scene was gotten up at the Palace of Parliament in which all the nobles, magistrates, high priests, functionaries, participated. The treaty was reread and approved by complaisance or fear; then the murder of Philip's father, John the Fearless, at the feet of Charles VII, was invoked and recited anew, with strong effect; Philip rising in emotion and adjuring the Parisians to support his cause. This was

the real dramatic stroke of the occasion, for though the Armagnac sentiment was by no means weak in Paris, Philip could reckon upon a strong following there—as indeed where could he not? Taking advantage of the psychological moment, Bedford urged the assembly to pledge anew their allegiance to the regent (himself) and to his ally, the Duke of Burgundy.

If Jeanne, marching on to Reims with her king, had any clairvoyant sense of these doings in Paris, it must have shaken her strong soul, for there were arrayed against her all the powers of this world!

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

RING, BELLS OF REIMS!

And now, faithful reader, let us abstract our minds from all this plotting great or small, to enter into the joy of one simple heroic heart—in truth the last great happiness which Jeanne d'Arc was to experience in her short career.

Reims awaited Charles like a coy but not unwilling bride; he came, indeed, like a bridegroom in strength with his army of 12,000 men headed by the maiden conqueror of Orleans and Patay, whom the Remois were even more eager to acclaim and welcome, as the king did not fail to observe. At Septsaulx, four leagues from Reims, the chief burghers came to deliver the keys of their city, subject to certain easy terms with which Charles readily complied. Regnault de Chartres was now free to take possession of his archbishopric, a want from which he had not previously seemed to suffer; and it was with small feelings of gratitude toward Jeanne that he proceeded to do so.

Poor Marie d'Anjou, the official queen, had been left behind at Berry, not at all to her pleasure, Charles alleging for pretext the danger she would incur and the need of conserving the royal purse. I

wonder if Agnes Sorel had anything to do with the matter. . . .

I should mention that, a few days before, at Chalons, a little group of peasants from Domremy had greeted Jeanne, much to her delight and satisfaction. How astonished were those humble friends to see their old playmate, Jeannette of Le Bois Chesnu, so changed in her shining white armor, like a handsome young St. Michael herself, the magnet of all eyes and manifestly the thriller of all hearts, serene and gracious amid the outpouring crowds! It is recorded that one of these friends asked her:

"Jeanne, don't you fear sometimes in all these encounters with the enemy?"

She replied: "I fear only the treason!"

Charles entered Reims in the early evening of Saturday, July 16 (1429), Jeanne riding beside him, to the rapturous emotion of the crowds, who raised the ancient cry of "Noël! Noël!" signalizing the *sacre* or consecration of a king. The whole night was spent in preparations for the morrow, and at early dawn a party of noble cavaliers [1] rode to the Abbey of St. Remy in order to procure the *sainte ampoule* or holy vase containing the oil said to have been used at the consecration of Clovis, the first Christian king of France.

At nine o'clock the ceremony began, concluding at two. Surrounded by six lords and six bishops, Charles

[1] Among these was the young Sire de Rais, who in after years earned for himself a most unenviable celebrity. See note under Last Records.

was invested with the royal insignia, after which he took the prescribed oaths and the Duc d'Alençon made and declared him chevalier. Then the archbishop anointed him with the sacred oil, making over him the sign of the cross and pronouncing him to be the true and rightful sovereign of France.

Meanwhile Jeanne stood near the altar, in a spot still pointed out, worn by the kisses of many generations. She wore her white armor and held her standard in hand—that standard which had been at the pain and was now fittingly at the honor. A lovely and heroic figure, we may be sure, which the genius of art has since labored to rescue from the past. What a pity that there was no painter in Reims capable of transmitting to us that immortal scene!

The ceremony ended, Charles mounted the *jubé* or tribune in order to show himself to the vast congregation, which instantly broke forth into acclamations and cries of "Noël! Noël!" [2] A moment afterward Jeanne threw herself at his feet and, shedding tears of joy, congratulated him in such words as these:

"Noble Prince, the will of God is now accomplished which had commanded me to raise the siege of Orleans, then to bring you to this ancient city of Reims in order to receive the holy consecration which proves you to be the true king to whom of sacred right belongs the Kingdom of France."

Some writers contend that she added to this speech

[2] In a strict sense the word is applied to Christmas and the observance thereof, or to a Christmas hymn.

a fervent request to be allowed to return to Domremy and her proper humble station, seeing that she had fulfilled her whole mission and there was nothing more that she might do. But this is now discredited by the best authorities, a view in which the present writer concurs. Jeanne was never a "quitter"; there was plenty of work for her to do, as none knew so well as herself, if only the plotters and obstructors would leave her a free hand. But at the moment when she seeks to do more and better for France, her enemies about the king succeed in depriving her of his confidence and support.

On this same day Jeanne was made the happier by seeing her father and receiving his forgiveness—though I don't know what he had to forgive; this is, I guess, an easy function which parents like to keep in practice. Charles demanded to see the old man, talked to him graciously, and made him a good present of money. Then Jacques d'Arc returned to Domremy to tell the folks all about it. He was never to see his daughter again.

While the *fêtes* attending the consecration were still in progress, came some agents of Burgundy to salute Charles in honor of the event. Meaningless gesture as it seemed, there was a real purpose behind it, and that was to hamper and delay Charles in his march forward as much as possible—"by battle or otherwise" were the terms of Philip's pact with Bedford, just signed at Paris. Time was very necessary

to the latter, and he gained several days, as Charles lost them, by this embassy to Reims.

Finally the Burgundians went away, after proposing a short truce; their "gesture" had not in the least taken in Jeanne, who divined correctly that Philip sought peace only when he had reason to fear the French.

Laon now sent in its submission, and the king, in virtue of his consecration, touched some scrofulous sufferers at the abbey of St. Marcoul—would I might believe that he healed them! Other towns acknowledged Charles in rapid suit, but Jeanne found the going too slow for her taste. It was no doubt too fast for La Trémoille, trying to make an honest penny out of every pact or negotiation.

On August 3, while Bedford was still in Paris, there came a rumor to the army that he was near at hand and ready to give battle. The French then marched to La Motte de Nangis, where they waited a whole day vainly for Bedford, who was attending to more important business elsewhere.

In fact, the allies would seem to have been well served both in the camp and councils of Charles, for Bedford had utilized these ruses and delays in organizing the defense of Paris, recruiting soldiers in Normandy, and taking over Winchester's or rather the Pope's 5,000 men, whom he stationed in Paris. Besides, Philip of Burgundy had sent him a body of Picards.

While Bedford did not care to provoke a pitched

battle with an army which had been almost constantly victorious under the Maid, he felt reassured now as to the English position. Paris was safe, even as against a more resolute adversary than Charles; and he began to repose more confidence in the diplomacy of Philip. No doubt he (Bedford) was informed of the posture of things in the king's council, of the letting down of the Maid; and from this latter circumstance he might well derive his chief comfort.

"I will have her yet," he said to himself with savage assurance. "Treachery will be more than a match for her spells and sorceries, hound of hell that she is. And she shall pay in her body and soul for Orleans and the rest!"

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

A PACT OF TRAITORS

If anything is clear in the perplexed and rather puerile diplomacy of Philip, prompted by Bedford, it is that both were intent upon preventing the French army from making any hostile move against Paris. That army was now the largest and most formidable that Charles had ever raised, and its spirit was the highest, due to recent triumphs under the leadership of Jeanne d'Arc. Nothing is more certain among conjectural events than that Paris would have fallen had Charles boldly advanced upon it immediately after his coronation. The great bulk of the Parisians were not unfavorable to the idea of a French king—it was only the powerful and interested ones, priests and politicians mainly, who were really sincere in the support of Bedford. Even these would know how to change front and shift to the winning side—as they did some years later when Charles regained his capital city.

But history advances one step at a time. Charles proved unequal to the present opportunity, whether through weakness, want of will, or mere stupidity, it is impossible to say. Yet that he was no fool his later career signally demonstrated; in the judgment

of his contemporaries he fairly won and worthily bore the proud title of Charles the Victorious. And it is not unusual to see a great career marked in the beginning with just such faults as those of the Valois.

One can only seek an answer to the enigma which his conduct at this time presents, in his complaisance toward La Trémoille and Regnault de Chartres, both secret Burgundians, both haters of Jeanne d'Arc. It is very probable that the gradual abandonment of the Maid was the work of these evil councilors and, in an implied way, the price of La Trémoille's money. We shall see that money was always to figure potently in the calculations of Jeanne's enemies.

La Trémoille was firmly set against making any attempt on Paris, while Jeanne urged the plan with as much insistence as she dared show to the king. In his eagerness to outbid her, the false councilor offered to reconquer Paris by a treaty of peace—*viz.*, a pact offered by Philip of Burgundy at this moment, calling for a truce of fifteen days, at the end of which the said Philip offered to deliver Paris. But how could Philip deliver what he did not possess? This transparently foolish and worthless proposition could mean only one thing: that Jeanne was to be held off at any cost.

Charles yielded to his councilor, the fifteen days' truce was accepted, as well as the vague promise to deliver Paris, and the army, stopped in its triumphal march toward Paris, received orders to return to Bourges. Jeanne was heartbroken at this cowardly retreat, and spent the night in tears.

Next morning she was to lead her soldiers to the bridge of Bray-sur-Seine, free access to which had been offered to the French; but on arriving here the vanguard were surprised by a sudden attack of English soldiers, and all were made prisoners. This incident proves that the English were suspiciously well informed of what was passing in the French camp; also that something had broken the spell of fear in which they had but lately been held by the soldiers of Jeanne d'Arc. Charles dared not cross the Seine and was forced to recall his troops, leading them in a new march across the country, which promised the royal cause no advantage and gave much cheer to the English.

An old chronicle relates that the French captains were "very joyous and content" with this easy and bloodless campaigning, in contrast to the stern work which Jeanne would have cut out for them. It is clear that La Trémoille had begun to tamper with the army chiefs, and much more tangible evidence to the point was to be offered within brief time.

About August 5 the meandering French army reached Provins, from which place Jeanne wrote a letter (by dictation) to the loyal people of Reims. It is remarkable, as are all her letters, for the great sense, vision, and judgment which it manifests. As one of her last and most characteristic expressions, breathing the very soul of courage and loyalty, it has a very strong and pathetic interest. I subjoin a translation.

She begins by assuring them of her total want of

confidence in the fifteen days' truce concluded with the Duke of Burgundy, and in the latter's promise to deliver Paris to the king at the end of said truce, *sans coup ferir*—without striking a blow. "Notwithstanding [she continues], you must not be surprised if I do not enter there so soon. I am not satisfied with a truce made under such conditions, and I don't know that I shall observe it. In any case, if I do observe it, it will be only to safeguard the king's honor. Our enemies shall not deceive the king, for I shall maintain the royal army under arms in order that it may be ready at the end of these fifteen days, in case the peace should not be concluded. Therefore, my very dear and excellent friends, I beg you to have no fear so long as I live. But I entreat you to be vigilant and to guard the good city of the king [Reims]. Write to me if there be any oppressors who desire to wrong you; I will look after them promptly. Let me hear from you. I recommend you to God, praying Him to guard you always."

It is evident from this letter of Jeanne's that she hoped within no long time to lead the king to Paris; it is also clear that she had not fathomed the plots with which she was surrounded, nor the full extent of Charles's committal to the same.

Accurately posted as Bedford was in regard to the present difficulties of the French, he judged the moment opportune for a demonstration on his part. Accordingly, he wrote to Charles from Montereau, declaring that he had been vainly seeking the latter in order to offer battle, and holding Charles respon-

sible for prolonging the evils of the war. Also, he reproached the king for making use of an "irregular and infamous woman"; concluding with a specious offer to treat for peace.

Meantime, the people at large, being entirely ignorant of the altered status of Jeanne and of the imbroglio which was threatening the national cause, continued to testify their boundless admiration for her, almost indeed rising to worship, and to throng upon her progress wherever possible. These loyal demonstrations could not have been especially grateful to Charles, consenting as he was to the base designs of her enemies. But no one ever got a full view of that inscrutable heart; only through the long result of time has the world come to know him for what he really was.

During a few days following August 12 Bedford with a strong force hovered about the French army, but showed no disposition to fight when the latter sought to engage him. Both armies were almost within touch of each other at Montepilloy (August 15) and an action was looked for on the morrow. The English had taken up a strong position on the banks of the Nonotte, fortified with regular defense works, which the had raised during the night, and additionally protected by a fosse and hedges of thorn. In three columns led by Jeanne, Dunois, and La Hire, the French prepared to attack, when it was seen that the enemy could not be reached without a great sacrifice on the French side. In vain the French made several demonstrations in order to draw the enemy

from his impregnable position—Jeanne going right up to the palisades and waving her banner in the enemy's face. No result; the English, knowing themselves to be safe where they were, refused to budge. Then the French fell back, leaving a vast space between the two lines where an equal combat might be engaged; but this gesture was also lost upon the obdurate English.

There were, however, several skirmishes between small parties on either side, in one of which La Trémoille, thinking not to leave Jeanne all the glory, rode with a flourish toward the English line. His horse suddenly fell, almost throwing him upon the enemy, and some spearmen ran forward to finish him, but were repulsed by Jeanne's soldiers. Oh, Jeanne! it was like you, and I can't find heart to blame—but could you not have turned away just for a moment and let that toad get his deserts? No, of course you could not, for this history was to be written! . . .

There was no battle, and Bedford, content with his *vaillance* (I wonder if Sir John Fastolfe was with him?), speedily made good his retreat to Paris.

Compiègne now makes its submission to the king—ah, would that we had not to write the word!

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

LA PUCELLE ABANDONED

THE hunt for truth is the most arduous that engages the historian; too often likewise the most hopeless and unprofitable. But sometimes it makes a real kill, as in the celebrated instance of the Man in the Iron Mask, which baffled the keenest minds during nearly two centuries.[1] Similarly, due to zealous inquirers, old fictions have been shredded away from the core of truth in Jeanne d'Arc's legend, especially in our day.

It was long the habit of writers even so perspicacious as Mark Twain to explain the Maid's failure before Paris on the theory that her inspiration had failed and her marvelous powers decayed with the full accomplishment of her mission at Reims. Recent profound researches in the troubled history of that time make such a hypothesis impossible. In truth, Jeanne was never more her inspired self, never more fully in command of her great abilities, than at Paris. Her failure—if it must so be called—was wholly due to the machinations of La Trémoille and the treacherous or uncandid course of the king himself.

[1] See the author's "Adventures in Life and Letters" for a full account of this "mystery."

We shall not use many words in relating this unhappy episode.

Charles was continuing his *pourparlers* with Philip, envoys of the latter coming to Compiègne for further conferences toward August 22. At this Jeanne finally lost patience and resolved to act upon her own responsibility, enlisting d'Alençon in the bold venture. "Prepare your soldiers," she said, "and those captains who are faithful to you. By my martin, I am going to see Paris nearer than I have yet seen it!" The same day Jeanne and the duke, with a good-sized detachment from the royal army—not the whole army, mind—started on the road toward Paris. We do not know if they got away without the knowledge of Charles; in any event, the fact could not be long hidden from him.

On August 28 a truce, amounting to a flagitious treason against the French cause, was signed by Charles and the Burgundians. It provided for the maintenance of peace *until Christmas,* Philip agreeing to concur with his forces in the defense of the capital during the term of said treaty. He did not specify the enemy against whom he would defend the city—a flagrant omission, convicting the French parties of fatuity as well as treason.

Charles was thus bound in honor to keep his hands off Paris and the foreign intruders until Christmas—an immense advantage to his opponents, and one utterly without compensation to the French. The fact seems incredible, but history gives no further light on

the matter. And so this precious conference of dupers and duped brought its evil business to an end.

Meantime, Jeanne and d'Alençon marched on in high hopes, receiving the submission of many towns as they advanced, one of these being Beauvais, which at the same time expelled its bishop, the infamous Cauchon, a devoted ally of the English. Hearing of this unlooked-for movement, Bedford is again affrighted and confides the defense of Paris to his chancellor, the Archbishop Louis de Luxembourg, a notable priestly politician of whom we shall have more and worse to say in the sequel. The latter hastens to pass around the swearing formulas again (whatever these might amount to), and sees to it that the city is put in a strong state of defense. He inflames the people by causing a rumor to be spread that Charles intends to raze Paris and drive the plowshare over it.

Jeanne could have no hope of success without the presence of Charles and the main body of the army. D'Alençon endeavors, without result, to enlist the sheriffs of Paris in the royal cause. He makes several fruitless efforts to see the king, who is now coming toward Paris, very slowly, as is his wont. Finally, Charles arrives at St. Denis; the troops acclaim him, and the general expectation is that he comes to head a great attack upon Paris. Philip the none-too-good and his tool La Trémoille are quite at ease on this point; a little signed paper in their hands was to postpone for long the hopes of France.

Knowing what he knew, it is hard to understand

why Charles did not forthwith order his troops to retire; but that would have been in conflict with his ordinarily tortuous manoeuvers. It would have made his Majesty ill had he been required to give a plain reason for any action of his. Such were the refinements of duplicity and darksomeness that certain minds attained to in what we are pleased to call the simple "ages of faith."

Charles then permitted La Pucelle and d'Alençon to go on with their preparations for attacking the city. The troops he had brought with him to St. Denis stood ready to engage. On September 7 there was a vigorous skirmish, and the captains wished to put off further fighting until the morrow. But Jeanne had resolved to make a heavy assault that same day.

Again she was allowed to have her will. The army marched to the attack in two bodies: the first, commanded by Jeanne, Gilles de Rais, and Gaucourt (both unreliable and worse), was to make the assault; the second, led by d'Alençon and the Comte de Clermont, formed the reserve or rear-guard.

Jeanne dashes toward the gate St. Honoré, followed by her trusty soldiers, and forces the first barrier; then, uplifting her white banner, leaps into the first ditch, under a hot fire from the walls. She attempts to cross the second ditch but finds the water very deep, from a flood of the Seine—a check of which certain treacherous captains had not informed her, as it was their duty to do. Still, Jeanne would not be repulsed, but seeking a ford she began to take soundings with the pole of her standard. Suddenly an

arrow pierced her thigh, a grievous wound, preventing her from standing upright. Notwithstanding, she held her place, had the fosse filled up, ordered her men to prepare to scale the walls, declaring that they should take the town in short order. Now treason showed, unabashed, its ugly face. Acting upon the orders of Trémoille and some captains in his interest, the soldiers who should have supported Jeanne, fell back and withdrew from the combat. But the Maid ceased not to repeat, "I shall take Paris to-day, or I die here!"

The cowardly retreat continues, and Jeanne is left almost alone, in the falling night. Come now d'Alençon and some cavaliers, who carry her away, in spite of her protestations. She could only say heartbrokenly, and with perfect truth:

"Had you continued the attack we should have taken the town."

I AM HER GENERAL, SHE MY CAPTAIN IS

I am her general, she my captain is;
But it must be of God's own mysteries
That I no power may venture without her,
No wit to plan, nor foot or hand to stir.
Alas! 'tis not her love that makes me so;
No love for me doth in her bosom glow,
But a mere comrade kindness—all her love
To France is given and to the saints above,
And I am pledged her loyal chevalier.
Ah, though she bid me die it were most dear!

I am her general, she my captain is,
And I unworthy even her feet to kiss,
Which angels tend, lest that they go amiss.
She hath no love unto this trade of war;
Its cruelties but drive her spirit far;
And yet she guides the battle like a star!
Yea, from the vivid lightning of her eyes
We snatch an oracle that ne'er belies.
Nor death nor life she feareth but the *friend*
That hates in secret and prepares the end!

I am her general, she my captain is!
What boots it with this riddle aye to tease
My weary brain, since now the Fates decree
A parting of the ways for her and me?
My dream of war and worship soon must fade,
And, I do fear, the fortune of the Maid.
Vain too my scheme to bear her far away
From those whose one fell thought is to betray.
Accursed vipers!—evil was the chance
That made you masters of the Hope of France!

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

THE MAID FIGHTS ON

NEXT morning Jeanne wished to renew the attempt on Paris, and ordered d'Alençon to get his men under arms, which he promptly did. Presently, however, they received the king's command to retreat; not only this, he had caused the bridge crossing the Seine at St. Denis to be destroyed, thus effectually cutting off an approach to the city from that quarter, which Jeanne had planned. Having thereby protected his august honor as regards the pact with Philip, he proceeded to the foolish business of causing himself to be enthroned among the dead and silent kings in St. Denis—the royal necropolis of old France. There was a fitness beyond his ken in the ceremony, for Charles at that moment was very much of a dead king himself.

He alleged the lack of funds as his chief reason for giving up the expedition against Paris. The secret of the infamous treaty was closely kept—Jeanne never seems to have learned it.

It is nevertheless true that if Paris had yielded to the Maid on the mere demonstration she was allowed to make, Charles would have been well content, in spite of his treaties with Burgundy. Honor and

plighted faith were at much of a parity between them.

Jeanne now hung up her white armor and sword in the abbey church, a traditional custom; no doubt, too, she was sadly prescient that there would not be much further use for them. This was not the famous sword of Ste. Catherine of Fierbois, which she had previously broken upon a light woman of the camp. The venerable weapon could not be repaired, to Jeanne's great sorrow. Was this an ill omen?—all is marvelous in the history of the Maid.

About this time her noble page, Louis de Coutes, who had been inseparably attached to her from the beginning—Charles had designated him to the service—was obliged to leave her. Another sorrow for Jeanne.

Charles now made arrangements for holding the towns recently conquered, appointed the Comte de Clermont viceroy of the country on the right bank of the Loire, and placed the Admiral de Culant in charge of St. Denis. He then proceeded to Gien, taking Jeanne with him almost by force; urged by her Voices, she had wished to remain at St. Denis.

From Gien, after a short stay, the king proceeded to Bourges, where Marie d'Anjou awaited him, with as much joy as royal consorts who have to share their husbands with other women are supposed to feel. She was still kind to Jeanne, the kinder no doubt because of what she saw and divined of the latter's changed status; and she lodged Jeanne with one of her own dames of honor, Marguerite Touroulde.

Dame Touroulde has a gracious part in the story

from the details which she later gave regarding the personality of her young charge, her sweetness of disposition, true humanity, and, above all, her unaffected piety. It was at her house that Jeanne made the celebrated reply to some women urging her to touch certain pious objects, chaplets and medals, etc. —"Pray touch them yourselves; it will do just as much good."

Nothing better reveals the fine sanity of Jeanne; truly, as a reverend commentator [1] has pointed out, her faith was pure, without any admixture of mediæval superstition.

The popular love and enthusiasm of which the Maid was always assured overflowed in these days at Bourges, making her some requital, we may hope, for her late sorrows and disappointments. That love for Jeanne has continued ever since among the French people; it is one, and not the least, of their spiritual treasures. Now that she is venerated as a saint, one may observe that no altar receives more sincere homage than hers, no glorified image witnesses more tears, more sacred pledges of loving devotion. This remains the true glory of Jeanne—glory that is worth the uttermost price!

Charles discharged his expeditionary force, and Jeanne saw with deep regret the departure of those brave soldiers with whom she had hoped to render her crowning service! Her loyal friend the Duc d'Alençon, planning a military enterprise in Normandy,

[1] Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, *Ce Que Fut Jeanne d'Arc.*

made request to the king that Jeanne be assigned to it as *chef de guerre*. The royal council refused, seeing doubtless too much possible glory for Jeanne in the projected expedition; instead, they resolved to employ her against some fortresses on the Loire. That is, they intended to keep Jeanne close under hand until they might conveniently dispose of her.

Presently, then, behold the Maid, again equipped for war, marching with a small army upon St. Pierre-le-Moutier. The force was under general command of the Sire d'Albret, a man whose attitude toward her was never clearly defined, but who was taking his orders from the council. Jeanne was permitted to lead the assault, which was repulsed with severe loss to the French. Alone, or with but a few companions, she stood her ground until d'Aulon, himself wounded, was helped to a mount and went to her assistance.

"What are you doing here, alone?" demanded the brave equerry.

"I am not alone," she answered, taking off her helmet; "I have still 50,000 soldiers, and shall not leave this spot until the town is taken."

At this moment there were near her only four or five men-at-arms. D'Aulon stood in wonderment. Suddenly she cried out in that tone he had come to know so well, presaging victory:

"To the fascines, to the hurdles, everybody, and let us bridge the fosse!"

These orders were instantly obeyed by soldiers who but a few minutes before, under a hot fire from the

town, had suffered a repulse. Now, all filled with an ardor that astonished themselves, they rushed to the assault and took the place in short order.

But the royal councilors were ill pleased with this unlooked-for success. They feared nothing so much as a recurrence of the old furor about Jeanne; they intended that she should ride for a fall and not for more victories. So they hampered and embarrassed her little army in every way possible, especially in the matter of supplies and the payment of the soldiers. Jeanne was forced to ask help from her friends in Orleans and other places; she went to make the appeal in person or she had letters written to them. The Sire d'Albret seemed to lend himself in good faith to these proceedings of Jeanne, and one is almost tempted to believe that he was not privy to the worst designs of the council.

Jeanne besieged La Charité, an unimportant place that was able to hold out against her little force, now at length without food, money, or munitions. Betrayed, unsupported, she was obliged to accept defeat, although of a character that leaves no reproach in the record.

But it is a triumph none the less for Trémoille and his malignant *confrères*. The invincible one is beaten at last. She is humbled now, this peasant, this *bergerette*, who dared dictate to king and council. And they make mouths over the event, already tasting the fruition of their evil designs against her.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

ANOTHER INTERLUDE

One of the penalties of greatness is to attract counterfeits—the servile herd of imitators, as Horace calls them. All the heroes have been imitated, simulated, caricatured, sometimes almost disgraced by the creatures whom their glory had called into a spurious life. There have been false messiahs, hierophants, pretenders, and impostors of every species.

What tale is so familiar as that of the false Demetrius, the Perkin Warbecks, the Lambert Simnels? Before and after her death Jeanne was to suffer from this curse appointed to those who surpass mankind.[1]

We have already mentioned Catherine of La Rochelle, a false visionary and impudent faker, part fool, part knave; always in company with the vagrant Frère Richard, she continued to pester Jeanne as occasion offered. The woman was madly envious of Jeanne and wanted to get some countenance from her in her own pretensions, but in this she was disappointed. There are some indications that this plaguy fool had been "wished" on Jeanne by her good friends of the royal council. Even Charles himself was or affected to be interested in her. Meantime she en-

[1] See Last Records: The False Jeanne d'Arc.

joyed a degree of tolerance which, her character being what it was, she could not have obtained without powerful backing.

Catherine told a story enforcing her supernatural claims, which points to some coaching on the part of persons familiar with Jeanne's legend. A white lady had appeared to her, dressed in cloth-of-gold, and ordered her to overrun the good cities of France, seeking help for the king. She was to be accompanied by royal heralds, who were to warn all persons having money or treasure hidden to produce the same. In case of any refusing to obey or dissimulating their secret hoard, Catherine proposed to bring them to book herself.

Evidently Catherine was more knave than fool.

She pretended to ask the counsel of Jeanne, the while she carefully "understudied" her. Jeanne urged her kindly to return to her house and children. But Catherine liked the *rôle* of a "seeress" and proposed to stay on. Jeanne then asked:

"You see this white lady every night?"

"Certainly."

"Very well, we will sleep together this night, so that I may see her myself."

Agreed. Jeanne kept awake until midnight, seeing no apparition; then she yielded to weariness. In the morning she said to Catherine:

"Did your lady come?"

"Yes, just after you had gone to sleep. I tried to wake you, but, my! what a sound sleeper you are!"

"Will she come again to-morrow?"

"Yes."

Then Jeanne took the precaution of resting some hours of the day in order to keep strict watch during the night. As before, she shared Catherine's couch, but the "white lady" remained coy and refused to show herself, though the pair remained broad awake the whole night. Jeanne was content; she had taken Catherine's number.

Some time later Jeanne, being at Jargeau, encountered Catherine again, who was now proposing to go and treat of peace with the Duc de Bourgogne. Jeanne commented, "We shall obtain that only on the point of a lance."

Charles having asked La Pucelle what she really thought of this Rochelle fairy, her visions and pretended revelations, received for answer:

"All that is but folly and emptiness." Which coming to the ears of Catherine and her trusty friend Frère Richard, made both exceedingly wroth and aggrieved.

I willingly pass by the incident of Jeanne's resuscitating a dead child at Lagny. It may have been true, but the Maid never boasted of it. Besides, we are carrying enough of the marvelous without running in adscititious matter. And this book is mainly for consumption *in partibus infideliorum.*

The Maid deprived of military command, of any part or lot in the king's councils, was yet treated by Charles with marked personal consideration. She and her family were ennobled, and by an exception

made in their favor the nobility might descend in either the male or female line. We don't know what Jeanne thought of this business; we do know that she never pretended to use the titles conferred upon her.

La Trémoille, well knowing that she pined under inaction, and always fearing lest she regain ascendancy over the king, contrived to have them both for a time at his grand château of Sully-sur-Loire. The councilor treated her with the greatest show of honor and respect; on every hand there were compliments and flatteries for the ennobled warrior; but she was not deceived for a moment, nor diverted from her purpose; and she languished as in a prison. During four months following the attack on La Charité, she suffered terribly from the restraint and consumed herself like "the sword laid by to rust ingloriously."

No pleasures or blandishments that Sully offered her could efface the memory of what she had been at Orleans and Patay. But at length there came a promise of diversion; she was to leave these hateful pleasures and pamperings to feel once more the breath of heroic air on her cheek, the thrill of action as she led her soldiers into battle, the wild pulse of glory as she snatched the victory!

More "pourparlering" with Philip the no-good; the truce which expired at Christmas would be continued until Easter.

Again these idle and mischievous conferences set Jeanne in revolt—they had taken away her true occupation, and were threatening the life of the country which she had saved, even when it was at the point

of death. Well, they should not prevail! She would break away from this soft durance and fight for her own hand. She would arouse the people to their danger from the English, from the Bourguignons. Ah! she would save the king in spite of himself.

In the last days of March Jeanne left Sully, without taking leave of Charles, on pretext of some cavalry exercises in the country. The fact is she had recruited a force of three or four hundred free-lances, and had been enabled by some miracle to put them on a military footing. Among them were some of those most devoted to her in the past—brave and tried men of her personal guard. She now speedily rejoined them at a place appointed and took command of her little army. There was plenty doing, besides, in spite of the fatal pacifism of Charles: stirrings in the Isle de France, threatenings of revolt in Paris which might come to a good head. How glad she was to be in the saddle again, with a reliable lot of daredevils behind her. *En avant, mes amis!* Forward! Forward!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

COMPIÈGNE

THERE is, alas! no other word to write at the head of this chapter: Compiègne stands out dolorous, detestable, the city of the betrayal, an eternal disgrace to the false friends of Jeanne who there achieved their crowning perfidy.

But we must glance briefly at some preceding events. Shortly after setting on foot her little troop of free-lances, La Pucelle learned to her dismay that the plot at Paris had failed and one hundred and fifty persons involved had been thrown into prison. Among them was one Jacquet Guillaume, Seigneur of Ours, a strong believer in Jeanne and a true patriot.

At this juncture a certain adventurer called Franquet d'Arras, who with a band of four hundred men had lately been terrorizing the Isle de France, was about to cross Jeanne's path, on his return to Paris. Franquet was of the Burgundian following, a *routier* of the worst reputation. Jeanne marched upon him and defeated him after a severe engagement, in which she had used some light pieces of artillery—the *first use* of this arm in a field battle. We have heretofore noted the special aptitude of Jeanne in regard to

artillery. Franquet's followers were mostly killed or made prisoners, and he was himself captured. The Maid wished to exchange him against her friend in Paris, who was presently executed. While still in doubt what to do with Franquet, the sheriff of Lagny came to claim him at her hands, on account of various crimes and malfeasances. Jeanne felt bound to give him up, and after a long trial he was decapitated.

It is noteworthy that this matter of delivering up a prisoner of war to civic authorities was later on raised against the Maid by her judges—no doubt because he was of the Burgundian interest.

After Easter, Jeanne still further sought to increase her small army, and with this end in view visited Melun, which had recently expelled its English garrison. Here she was warned by her Voices that she would be taken before the feast of St. John, and that she was to accept all in good part, as God would not fail her. Terribly cast down as she was by this prophecy of her angelic friends, Jeanne did not give way to repining, but continued her valiant efforts for the country.

Since her flight from Sully she had received no succors from the king; from that time forward, I believe, she was practically ignored by him. Such is the gratitude of kings—in truth, of all those in high station who, receiving too much aid from the humble, fail not to avenge it upon them.

Philip the far-from-good, who made truces only for his own benefit, now proposed to have a look at Compiègne, held in the interest of Charles. On the

way he picked up a town or two, and then came to besiege Choisy-au-Bac, which stood in his road to Compiègne. The reader will note the curious *coincidental* character of all that follows in this fateful chapter.

By this time Jeanne had strengthened her fighting force, which included a thousand cavalry. That she was able to raise and maintain such an army, deserted as she was by the king, and without powerful aid of any sort, is a great testimony of her hold upon the loyal affection of the people. Without delay she decides to go to the relief of Choisy, threatened by Philip. But at this moment her evil fate appears in the person of Regnault de Chartres, chancellor of the king, ear and conscience of La Trémoille, good and useful friend of Burgundy. He is accompanied by the Comte de Vendôme, and both urge her to lead her soldiers to Soissons, where she might cross the Aisne with more security.

This was a detour, and it seems wonderful that Jeanne did not suspect a snare. Or was it that, being so religious herself, she could not but give faith to a high priest of the church? Ah, Jeanne, thou wast not born to have much luck with bishops!

Behold, now the people of Soissons, instigated by their governor Guillaume Bournel, refused to admit within their gates a large force of armed men, permitting entrance only to Jeanne, the chancellor, Vendôme, and a small escort. No sooner were the gates closed than some agents of Trémoille and the archbishop himself persuaded Jeanne's soldiers to aban-

don her and to retrace their course. Which they did with the facility of faith or unfaith, of loyalty or treachery, characteristic of those happy times.

Never was treachery more gross and palpable; but that Jeanne, after her experience of traitors high and low, should have allowed herself to be so clumsily ensnared, is a thing that troubles us not a little. Again we must have recourse to the archbishop for the answer to this enigma. He was her evil genius, as I have previously pointed out; had been since the triumph of Orleans. She had foiled his plans and bruised his pride, and he, meek follower of Christ, had vowed her destruction. At that work, indeed, he was busy until the end.

On May 13 Jeanne arrived at Compiègne. It is a matter of faithful record that at the Church of St. Jacques next day she received communion and afterward knelt weeping and in prayer. To a large number of children and other persons who had gathered in sympathy around her, she made a notable confession. "My children and dear friends," she said, "I must tell you that they have sold and betrayed me. In a little while I shall be delivered unto death. I implore you to pray God for me, for I shall never again have the power to serve the king and the Kingdom of France!"

Many years afterward several of the young auditors recalled her words.

Jeanne, with a small remnant of her troops, now attacked the town of Pont l'Evêque, with a view to relieving Choisy-au-Bac, still besieged by Philip. Re-

inforcements from the latter compelled a retreat to Compiègne, and Choisy yielded on May 16. Seeking to recruit her little force, Jeanne hurried to Crépy-en-Valois, where she had many friends and supporters.

Philip was now preparing a strong effort to retake Compiègne, which had fallen to Charles in the Loire campaign. The place was of strategic importance to him, commanding the approach to his territories and the road to Paris. It is situated on the left bank of the Oise, communicating with the other shore by a bridge which the besiegers now held. Thither they had come after possessing themselves of Choisy. The leaders with their forces were thus distributed: Jean de Luxembourg at Clairoix, Baudol de Noyelles at Margny, Philip himself at Coudun, and on the west side the English occupying Venette. The villages here named are all in the environs of Compiègne. Ringed about with this cordon of wolves, there seemed but little hope for Compiègne, defended only by her citizens and the petty force of Jeanne de'Arc.

At Crépy-en-Valois the Maid hears of Philip's preparations to block Compiègne, and at once she resolves to go to its support. Starting at midnight with her small column, she reaches Compiègne at morning and gets safely within its walls. Pressed by Guillaume de Flavy, governor of the town—a man of peculiar infamy even among the picked scoundrels of this history—she organized a sortie for the same day, May 23.

It was already late and there was some hope of catching the enemy unprepared. The people of Com-

piègne, mostly loyal to Jeanne, were all afire with enthusiasm for the planned attack. She marched out of the town at near six o'clock and to her surprise found the Burgundians fully alert, with Jean de Luxembourg on horseback before the advanced posts. Nevertheless, Jeanne urged her soldiers to a charge upon Margny, crying, "In the name of God, forward!"

At this instant the bells of Compiègne began to ring with all their force, but seemingly unremarked by Jeanne in the heat of the attack. The Burgundians were driven back into Margny, but they were immediately supported by the troops from Clairoix, and Jeanne's soldiers were obliged to give ground. Her captains now advised a retreat and wished to take Jeanne with them. "Be quiet," she commanded; "it depends but on you to beat them. Think only of fighting!"

She launched them upon a second and more violent attack, driving the enemy back to quarters; but they returned at once in multiplied strength, and the French weakened before them. At this critical instant the English appeared, summoned by the bells of Compiègne, and prepared to cut off Jeanne's retreat. It was then *sauve qui peut* with the French; they rushed in wild panic toward the city gates, overthrowing the archers there posted. The question has been asked, why did not these archers fire upon the pursuing enemy, not one of whom was touched at this pass?

Flavy now orders the bridge to be raised and the

gates closed. The rest of the fugitives are picked up by some boats awaiting them and brought into the city. *Only Jeanne and her small body-guard are left outside!*

Surrounded by enemies, she is dragged from her horse and made prisoner by a soldier of the company of Lionel de Wandonne, called the Bastard of Wandonne by way of distinguishing honor. Her brother Pierre, the brave d'Aulon, her chaplain Frère Pasquerel, and Poton le Bourguignon, defending her to the last, are captured with her.

Not a single attempt was made to save her from within the city, not a piece of cannon discharged, no demonstration of any sort. In a shameful silence was consummated one of the vilest perfidies on the page of history.

There is not the least doubt that her undoing had been contrived by La Trémoille and Regnault de Chartres, and the final act of treachery executed by Flavy, who proposed the sortie and closed the gates upon her. This miscreant was a connection of La Trémoille and, like the latter, a secret ally of Philip. He was popular with the Compiéonois, who were resolved not to accept the Burgundian domination; and in the end Philip was obliged to give up the siege. It is probable that he felt amply compensated by the capture of Jeanne d'Arc, knowing as he did what price the English set upon her.

JUDAS

THERE came an hour when Judas, brooding long
O'er his fell sentence and atoneless wrong,
Grasped at a hope—"Perchance my fate would be
Less black did one accurst but share my infamy."
Then cried he to the Angel at his gate,
And with his voice and visage asperate,
Entreated as the least of Heaven's grace
That he might learn if e'er his evil case
Bechanced to any of our fallen race.

The Angel nodded silent and withdrew,
The monster's sight still wounding him anew.
And ages passed, and still no fellow came
To share the burden of Iscariot's shame;
But hoping aye to find some little room
For comfort if but *one* should meet his doom,
He spoke the Angel oft, yet all in vain;
Then sank with curses deep in his eternal chain!

At length, and when his hope was all but dead
(For even the damned have nothing worse to dread).
The Angel to his dungeon silent came
And whispered in his ear the wished-for *name*.
A traitor found at last to cope the guilt
Of him who had the blood of JESUS spilt!

. . .

But if that name were FLAVY, who can tell?—
Such secrets are well kept in Heaven and Hell!

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

CAUCHON

Rises now before my mind a portentous figure which has bulked more and more upon me as I have advanced in this narrative, second only in point of insistence to that of Jeanne herself. Please God, we shall do him no more than simple justice.

Remark at first that there is something evilly significant about his mere name—Cauchon! Blunt and forthright like himself, so easy for posterity to remember, aye, as easy as Judas! Note also that the French word for *pig* used often in opprobrium—*cochon*—has the same pronunciation. In this appears a certain accidental fitness, for he was *Peter the Pig* in certain respects of character, while in learning and natural parts he had few superiors in his day.

What secures to Cauchon his unique infamy is that he took upon himself the most odious function of any man recorded in history—save one! And Pontius Pilate seems a blameless, almost irresponsible person beside Pierre Cauchon.

The guilt of this man is so complete and manifest, admitting of no shadow of extenuation, his reprobation by Christian sentiment is so overwhelming, he stands so far outside the pale of human tolerance,

that one is, in despite of oneself, moved to a sort of pity for a wretch so friendless and alone—solitary among great criminals, foremost among unjust judges, peerless among the shedders of innocent blood.

But so long as the forces of good and evil contend in this world it would be false pity to waste any more softness on Cauchon than he did on his gentle victim. Her last words, almost from amidst the flames, accused him of her death—*Bishop, I die through you!* If they are ever to be effaced, it can only be by the act of Heaven itself, at the intercession of his victim!

Cauchon was born near Reims, of a humble family of vine-growers. It is not known how he obtained his education. He was first a lawyer, and as a practitioner regarded as able, but partial and dangerous. The University of Paris honors him with the office of rector (1403), and from this time he applies himself to politics, which assuredly was his natural vocation. His priestly character strikes one as anomalous, but, as we shall see, it by no means so appeared to his contemporaries—the hard self-seeking men of that period were very intent upon the soft things to be gained within the church. Peter the Pig would not lose his share at any trough, however crowded. He got firm hold of the ecclesiastical teat and let go only when his breath finally failed him.

We find him (1407) among the ambassadors sent by Charles VI to the anti-pope, Benedict XIII, at

Avignon, in order to put an end to the great schism. From this time he is a notable figure in church politics, and begins to accumulate benefices (church livings).

In Paris he is a Burgundian and against the Armagnacs; a vigorous partisan, too, bold in speech and in action. Expelled from Paris, he takes refuge with the Duke of Burgundy, *Jean sans peur,* who sends him to the church council of Constance to defend this thesis—"that it is permissible to kill tyrants without formality of justice." This Duke of Burgundy had assassinated the Duke of Orleans, who was no more a tyrant than himself. Cauchon is opposed by Gerson (later a champion of Jeanne d'Arc), the most distinguished man for learning and virtue in that council. But though Cauchon fails to get his thesis approved, he contrives to save it from formal condemnation, which partial success further commends him to his patron.

The reader will note that Cauchon has always a foot in the Burgundian camp, an ear in the Burgundian councils. Cauchon was one of the counselors of the treaty which delivered England to France. In 1423 he has himself named conservator of the privileges of the University of Paris and is also appointed master of requests to the king. He now solicits the provostship of Lille, and backing him therefor the University of Paris hands him this touching certificate:

"Those who have proved their courage and perseverance in labors, watchings, sufferings, and torments

for the good of the church, are worthy of the highest recompense."

Behold the martyr Cauchon laboring, suffering, watching, but also consoling himself with these little perquisites: Master of requests, Vidame de Reims, Archdeacon of Chartres, canon of Reims, of Chalons, of Beauvais, chaplain to the Duke of Burgundy at Dijon, beneficiary at St. Clair in the diocese of Bayeux. In 1419 he becomes Referendary to Pope Martin V, whom he had greatly contributed to elect, and in the year following, largely through influence of the Duke of Burgundy, he is named Bishop of Beauvais—which makes him an ecclesiastical peer of the kingdom.

Another strong trait in Cauchon is his attachment to the English, which, on account of its depth and constancy, has some color of virtue, like the unconquerable pride and steadiness of Lucifer. For this reason he still finds some softness among the English, some deprecating apologists, who would transfer his errors to time and circumstance rather than charge them to the man himself. Among these half friends of Cauchon may be noted that very incomplete Englishman, Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has cleverly interpolated for him a sort of posthumous plea in the drama on Jeanne d'Arc.

Cauchon was, in fact, a man without a country. He seemed to hate the French interest, except as regards Burgundy. He is hand and glove with the Duke of Bedford and close crony to Louis of Luxembourg, a bishop on the way to be cardinal, chancellor of France

for the English pretenders. From 1423 Cauchon is named to the council of Henry VI and made chancellor to the Queen of England. He is charged by the English and Burgundian party with the handling of grave ecclesiastical matters, especially such as required negotiation with Rome. In 1425 he takes up the question regarding the liberties of the French church (Gallican liberties) and acquits himself in such a manner as to obtain high praise from the Pope, Martin V (previously his friend), and the promise that Rome would not forget his services. That she did not forget them was soon made evident in the trial of Jeanne d'Arc.

About this time Cauchon was aiming to be Archbishop of Rouen, and his chance seemed good, with the support of Bedford and Winchester. But the business to which he now set his hand at their instance and carried to its fatal conclusion, was to ruin his best hopes for the future. Five years later he was chased from Paris with Louis of Luxembourg, chancellor for the English: *par nobile fratrum!* Luck had turned against the English, as Jeanne had accurately predicted, and they were unable to promote his churchly ambitions. He managed to get himself transferred from Beauvais, where he was detested, to the bishopric of Lisieux, which was his last charge. In transferring him (six months after the death of Jeanne) the Pope, Eugene IV, praises the "good odor of his reputation" and urges him to spread it still farther by his commendable acts!

Cauchon underwent excommunication by the coun-

cil of Basel, but it didn't seem to take. It was not, as has been mistakenly supposed, on account of Jeanne d'Arc, but was due to some mishandling of church funds. At any rate, it gave him little concern and no practical inconvenience. He was of the ripe age of sixty when there devolved upon him the affair which will keep his memory ever fresh in abhorrence until the end of time.

In personal appearance Cauchon did not belie his character: gross features, flattened nose, drooping mouth, the whole physiognomy short and massive. It has been remarked that one ignorant of the facts of his life would not pick him for a good man, even as he lay in marble repose, with the miter on his head and the crucifix in his hand.

This is the terrible man, armed with great spiritual and temporal powers, crafty, unscrupulous, resolute, who now appears to take a leading part in the tragical fifth act of the Maid's career. His principals were undoubtedly the Duke of Bedford, the Cardinal of Winchester and Philip of Burgundy. But he was not himself without a personal grudge, a long-hoarded spite against Jeanne; through her efforts he had been chased from his episcopal house at Beauvais. He partook to the full of those malignant feelings of his ecclesiastical superior, the Archbishop of Reims, enemy and betrayer of the Maid; and he longed to complete the work which the latter had begun.

The English did not trust merely to the requisition of the University of Paris and the negotiations of Cauchon; they took a more powerful and decisive

measure in order to secure their victim. While the machinations referred to were still pending, the royal council in England prohibited all traffic with the Low Countries and especially with Antwerp. This was a body blow to Philip as Count of Flanders, spelling disaster as it did to the great commercial interests of his Flemish subjects; and he quickly perceived the necessity of coming to terms.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

SOLD AND DELIVERED

JEANNE is now in the hands of the Burgundians, a prisoner of war, and according to the fixed rule of the time, she should be held for ransom. No proposition to this effect comes from the king or indeed any of her friends, the cities she had redeemed, the country in which she had, in great part, broken the foreign domination. On the French side is silence, acquiescence—at least inaction. The Maid is abandoned to her fate.

But on the part of her enemies, English as well as Burgundians, all is activity and determined purpose; they hold her now, their conqueror and humiliator, and no power shall wrest her from them. Fallen to the Bastard of Wandonne, she is presently turned over to John of Luxembourg, equally a *filius nullius*, brother to Louis of Luxembourg, the courtly prelate of Paris, sworn friend of the English. John holds her at the disposal of his chief, the Duke of Burgundy, who cherishes a peculiar enmity toward La Pucelle on account of her letters and reproaches addressed to him while she was leading the French army; also because of the part she had taken in capturing the Loire strongholds

We have said that no proposals to ransom her came from Charles, upon whom the burden of odium thus directly falls. At the time he held important English prisoners, such as Talbot, their national hero, whom she had beaten at Orleans and Patay. A threat to visit upon this man the same treatment rendered to Jeanne, would have had immediate effect. But Charles spoke no word, made no sign, thereby making himself an abettor of all that followed.

It is significant that about this time Regnault de Chartres, the royal chancellor, wrote to his people of Reims in pretended consolation but really censuring the prisoner and disclosing his inveterate malice. "She did not wish to believe the royal council," charged the archbishop, "but did everything according to her own will."

But some warning voices made themselves heard, voices that pleaded for gratitude, for justice. Jacques Gelu, Archbishop of Embrun, wrote to the king in strong terms, pointing out the latter's inescapable duty and the great accountability to which he would be held. There was much grief among the people at large; prayers were offered in the churches everywhere and special masses celebrated for the captive. But "the devil can quote scripture for his purpose," and, unfortunately for Jeanne, her enemies were able to make religious demonstrations on their side and to summon the most formidable powers of the church against her.

And it is the church that now takes a hand, so far as it was represented by the Vice-Inquisitor of Paris,

who, on the ground of her alleged heresies and sorceries, reclaims her from Philip the dubiously good, in order to bring her to trial before an ecclesiastical court. In this reclamation the servile and pro-English University of Paris joins itself, made up of priestly parasites, jealously concerned for their ease and consideration, their paltry learning (long since discredited), their fat livings, their prestige with the ruling powers and authorities.

Jeanne was first sent to the château of Beaulieu in Vermandois, not far from Compiègne; here she found her brave equerry d'Aulon. Presently she attempted to escape and very nearly succeeded. John of Luxembourg, who knew the value of his prize and was not disposed to take chances, then removed her to his strong fortress of Beaurevoir. Here he ordinarily resided with his family—his wife, his aunt, his daughter-in-law. These ladies showed much kindness to the young prisoner, and she conceived a great affection for them. They begged her to resume womanly attire, but to this she could not agree, saying that her heavenly friends did not permit it. Besides, she was by no means persuaded that she would never again be able to fight for her country.

Appears now Cauchon to claim Jeanne as his victim, since she had been captured in his diocese of Beauvais, which had no use for the holy man. At the instance of Bedford he begins a negotiation which takes a long time, though ostensibly between friends. The Burgundians are not unwilling to part with her, but they demand a heavy price. Cauchon continues

the business with great zeal, bringing a requisition from the University of Paris and even an order from the English civil government, unwarranted as it was: Henry VI demanding the surrender of Jeanne, "in virtue of the clause of French law authorizing the king to reclaim any prisoner taken in the interior of the kingdom."

Finally, the English Government offered a price of TEN THOUSAND pounds gold for the prisoner—a king's ransom indeed, but they truly judged that she was worth it. The disgrace which they then proceeded to bring upon the English name is one that no amount of money would atone for—one to which this great people is keenly sensitive after the lapse of five centuries.

The ladies of Luxembourg were very much opposed to the sale of Jeanne and harassed John with entreaties and remonstrances. It was of no avail. John of Luxembourg was not the worst man of his time, but he showed to the full that insensate hunger for money which marked the French of that age, and which I fear still deeply shades the character of this gallant people.

Some whisper of this bargaining reached Jeanne; she went frantic at the thought of being turned over to her deadly foes the English. Again she tried to escape, and this time fell nearly sixty feet from a tower; but she said that she preferred death to the fate that menaced her. Afterward she regretted having made the attempt without consent of her Voices; as usual she recovered miraculously from her injuries.

Indeed, the shock of her fall was less than that which John of Luxembourg received on hearing of her attempt, which might have cost him all that money! He lost no time in turning her over to his liege lord, Philip of Burgundy, in whose prisons she remained six weeks.

Jeanne was utterly poor and destitute, besides being a prisoner; without even the little means which at this time would have softened her lot. She sent word to the people of Tournai, reminding them of her services, and they responded to her need.

While in prison at Arras, Philip's treasurer urged Jeanne to discard her virile dress and put on female attire—because of some nonsense in the hornbooks of theology then in use, this was made a great point against her, since it was thought to involve some understanding with the devil! Jeanne answered him: "I took this dress by command of God, and I cannot abandon it without His order."

Jeanne was not long in doubt as to whom she had been sold. She was taken to the château of Crotoy, where she made a short sojourn, was allowed the consolations of her religion, and received the last kindnesses due to her sex and humanity which she was to experience in this world. Thence, in wintry frost and cold, she was led by a strong escort of English soldiers to Rouen, and there lodged in the château de Bouvreuil. I have stood in the very tower which contained her dungeon, and I could not imagine a more formidable place. But it did not seem strong enough to her keepers, and so they chained her with three chains—

the heaviest that Jeanne had ever seen. This was in December, 1430, not two years since she had left Vaucouleurs; the most astonishing career that has ever been achieved within the same space of time.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

"MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD"

WINCHESTER, the English cardinal, brother of Bedford, uncle of the young king Henry VI—Winchester, who is to preside later at the trial of Jeanne d'Arc in a high way, the active work being delegated to Cauchon—now becomes one of the most powerful figures in the drama.

He was one of those opulent and aspiring churchmen who in that age had utterly forgotten or ignored the solemn words of their Divine Master—"My Kingdom is not of this world!" To this world, its riches and honors, its pleasures and complaisances of every sort, they zealously devoted themselves. The most exalted ones amongst them borrowed the purple of Cæsar in order to vie in pride and pomp with the kings of Europe, over whom they claimed a real sovereignty. Alas! not a few of them stained it with the crimes of Nero, the vices of Domitian. Great wealth, splendid palaces, sumptuous retinues, marked the portentous and astonishing change that had supervened in the Christian prelacy. Pride increased in equal proportion. Those lofty priests might justly claim to have invented for themselves a more exacting etiquette and a more august ceremonial than any of the royal courts of Europe.

Priests of a lower order—the grades were numerous—sought promotion and enrichment by means often culpable. Pluralists, simoniacs, intriguants swarmed in the ranks of the church militant, fighting greedily for the good things of this world, walking upon the faces of the poor, rebuking the powerful with a pride more intolerant than their own, crushing the disdainful with a disdain which no mere layman might pretend to face unabashed. Forgotten or ignored was Christ's injunction to the twelve: *"Not one amongst you is greater than another"*; ironical was the sense which his unworthy followers drew from the mandate, *"Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart."*

Everywhere priests were active in the higher secular politics, managing both worlds, as it seemed, with equal address; advising, administering the highest offices of state, sometimes even ruling kings and princes, making or annulling their marriages at will, depressing or elevating them at pleasure. Sometimes this work was capably and worthily done, serving the interest of society at large. But it was not the proper business of the Fisherman, and in the end it contributed to destroy, as much as any other cause, the fabric of Christian unity. Gerson, one of the greatest minds and purest Christians of the age, has these solemn words upon the evils then infesting the church, speaking as with the voice of God:

"I made thee beautiful to ravishment, and all the nations admired thy charms. But thou hadst too much confidence in thy beauty, namely, in thy temporal

good and in thy secular power, and thou becamest guilty of fornication in granting to favor and to money what was due only to virtue. Behold, saith the Lord, I shall deliver thee to those who hate thee; they shall destroy the places which thou hast soiled with thy infamies; where thou didst commit injustices and simonies; they shall strip thee of the vestments of thy glory and leave thee full of ignominy."

Again hearken to these impressive words of Gerson: "Yes, there are two churches, that which is made up of all Christians and whose head is Jesus Christ; the other which speaks only of territories, of money, of sovereignty, of hierarchy, and which occupies itself only with this lower world."

Such conditions in the church had brought on the great schism which the council of Constance was invoked to heal (1414) by one of the *three rival popes*, John XXIII. Him, supreme pontiff, the council accused as follows:

"From his childhood he had been without docility or modesty, without good faith or respect for his parents. He made himself able in every species of simony, in order to advance himself to ecclesiastical dignities. In the embassies he was the scourge of people committed to his authority. During the time he has been Pope he has performed none of his duties; he has neither fasted nor recited the divine office, nor observed the days of abstinence. He has been the exploiter of the poor, an enemy of justice, a merchant of benefices, of reliques, and of sacraments, a waster of the property of the church, a poisoner, a homicide,

a perjurer, a favorer of schism. He has respected neither the modesty of virgins, nor the sanctity of marriage, nor the immunity of convents, nor the laws of nature, nor those of kinship."

This terrible indictment does not, however, mark an extreme singularity in the case of John XXIII, for the council did just about as handsomely for his competitors. All three were repudiated, and this was well done, but the harm they had inflicted upon the church, the scandal they had spread wide in the fold of Christ, long survived them and bore fruit after its kind in the heresies and divisions of a later time.

Further deploring conditions in the church due to wealth- and power-seeking priests, the pious Gerson exclaims:

"Is it not an abomination to see such a prelate who possesses two hundred benefices [church livings] and this other who controls three hundred? . . . Why the bishops, the abbés, the monks are rather officers of state than of the church, since they occupy themselves chiefly with sitting in the parliaments."

Thus only a few years before the date which we have reached in our narrative, the highest voice in the church of France signalized the tares that had sprung up in the vineyard, and especially condemned the type of churchman whom we shall soon see raging for the blood of Jeanne d'Arc.

Gerson died in July while Charles VII, conducted by the Maid, was making his triumphal march upon Orleans. In the paper which he had drawn up con-

cerning Jeanne and her mission the worthy priest used these significant and prophetic words:

"Let the party of the just cause take heed lest it render useless by incredulity or ingratitude the divine help which has manifested itself so miraculously." [1]

The foregoing explanation will help the reader to a clearer understanding of the final dark passages of Jeanne's career, in which the malice, bigotry, and monstrous injustice of a large body of men attached to the church and wearing the livery of Christ, culminated in a crime that has never since ceased to shock and bewilder the Christian world.

The writer himself has set down naught in malice, nor has it been agreeable to him to recall those ancient abuses from which the church has long since freed herself. He well knows that even in that corrupt time there were good priests, worthy of their Divine Master, who would have prevented the deed which brought so much odium and ignominy upon their order, and upon the Christian name. He is also content to believe that the great crime was perhaps compensated by the regeneration of the true faith and spirit of Christianity to which, in long result, it has so powerfully contributed.

[1] "One must recognize that if there has presented itself, since the death of Christ and the conversion of Constantine, a situation in which, from a Christian and especially Catholic point of view, the intervention of Providence seemed necessary, it was at the hour when Jeanne d'Arc appeared."—G. HANOTAUX.

CHAPTER THIRTY

ROUEN

OLD Rouen! What place is so sadly memorable of the glorious Maid as thou, for thou wert indeed her "last home," as she apostrophized thee in the final hour. Here she underwent the long agony of her trial, the double martyrdom of the prison and the pyre! But Rouen that gave her death was also to give her life immortal; it is from this place that we date the beginning of her greater career, of her grander, more spiritual mission.

This being our pilgrim-halt, patient reader, we may profitably look about us in the old city of Rollo, with a contemporary eye, before turning to the several mementoes of Jeanne d'Arc. Rouen is charming in not a few aspects, legendary, deeply rooted in history, of a fascination antique and wonderful; in short, all that the guidebooks say of it.

Nevertheless, it is not among my favorite French cities—no small list, *bien entendu.* A preference of this sort is not readily explained; something personal, psychological enters into it, difficult to define. One is not taken brutally by a city or by a woman, and

one does not have to explain why. You simply cannot give yourself—*voilà tout!*

Undoubtedly the people count for much in your attraction or repulsion. My sojourn having been short, I would not trust overweeningly to my impressions and reactions. However, I may not pretend to like the Rouennais as I like the Tourangeaux or the Orléanais or the Niemois or the Marseillais, to mention no more. But why I *don't* is rather an invidious question, yet one not remote from the interest of our book.

The Norman character is proverbially crafty—*malin*, the French say, and the Normans are apt to agree; over-shrewd, self-centered, grasping, covetous. In Rouen the price was settled for Jeanne's blood, here the great crime was committed, and here the executioners received their blood-money, priests as well as laymen.

Perhaps the Rouennais are no more keen for the main chance, no more sedulous in pursuit of the franc, than their compatriots of other regions of France. But to a stranger, at least, this greed of gain seems more pronounced in Rouen than elsewhere; again because it is less veiled and attenuated with the fine courtesy of the French. The Provençal will perhaps ask as high a price as the Norman, but his soft manner dissembles the extortion; whereas the son of Rollo still retains something of the brusqueness of the vikings. Poor Jeanne! I can sympathize with her aversion to making her long home in Rouen; quaint and

admirable as it is, I should not care to live there. Do we not by such a wish measure our affection for a foreign city? . . . No, I could not long remain happy in the city of Cauchon! . . .

There is an English note in Rouen which more or less agreeably strikes the casual visitor, and a certain veiled repugnance toward Americans, which seems of kindred motive. I would not refer these symptoms to the ancient English occupation of the city, which may or may not have definitely marked the Rouennais character. At any rate, the city is favored rather demonstratively by British tourists and sojourners—for historic reasons, don't you know?—and the king's English is maltreated by the hotel and tradesfolk with smiling hardihood. Also, in deference to their British *clientèle,* the Rouennais make a parade of flunkyism and affect a sort of snobbishness which is distinctly false to their native character and not really complimentary to the English. The part is one wholly unsuited to the French, who, as a rule, are not given to making themselves ridiculous.

This does not please entirely; like Jeanne herself, I prefer the English in England, the French in France.

Jeanne remains a source of profit to the Rouennais, who lay great store by her legend, though they have done little for her in an artistic way. The statue in the Place de la Pucelle seems of a false taste. Jeanne is represented as Bellona, the goddess of war, which sufficiently denotes its character. The work antedates

the best art created in honor of Jeanne and the modern renascence of her fame.

The noblest, worthiest monument to the Maid is to be seen at Bon-Secours, two miles from Rouen, five hundred feet above sea-level; erected in 1892. It stands opposite to the beautiful church of Bon-Secours (a popular shrine), commanding a great sweep of the Seine Valley, Rouen, its churches and monuments. No site more grand could be imagined. Jeanne is there enthroned, as it were, and deified, looking down upon that prospect which had so ravished the English masters of France. Ah, she took it away from them, after all! There is the old, wondrous city, sunlight flashing from tower and pinnacle; there the great flowing river that received her ashes. . . .

The monumental edifice is of graceful Renaissance style, in three campanulate structures, the central and tallest of which contains a superb marble statue of Jeanne by Barrias. An inspiring figure, brave, beautiful, the hands chained, the wide gaze embracing heaven and earth. This part of the monument is topped by a statue of St. Michael in bronze by Thomas. In the smaller lateral chambers are lovely marble images of Ste. Catherine and Ste. Marguerite.

I wonder what my Lord Duke Bedford and the pious Cauchon would give for a look at it? Can't you see them scuffling and belting each other at a peephole in their smoky residence? . . . Ah! things have changed somewhat since the worthy pair contrived their *bon procès* and reckoned themselves the cleverest fellows in the world. . . .

With this grand exception, the monuments of the Maid that one sees in Rouen have reference to her trial and death. First, there is the tower of the château Bouvreuil, in which she was held prisoner during several months, and sometimes examined there by her judges. Nothing else remains of the great castle, the strong keep of the English in those times when they seemed to march on resolutely to the conquest of France. Perhaps it was not really Jeanne's tower—there were several others attached to the ancient structure, we know; but we are not averse to well-meaning deceptions which give life and blood to tradition. Then also it *may* have been Jeanne's tower—you will find nobody to dispute this in Rouen. But nothing about it can be genuine, save the site and the foundations, the restoration having been made in 1866. Within is shown what purports to have been the dungeon of Jeanne's companion-at-arms, the bold Xaintrailles, a tradition ill supported. La Hire and he have been credited with an attempt to snatch her from this English keep, but the tale is not strongly warranted and seems to have been founded upon an "alarum" contrived by her friends.

Also, it is firmly held by the custodians that the Maid was threatened with the torture in this very place by her judges, and here made her undaunted reply. The mere notion gives life to the stones under your feet! . . .

An unquestionable relic is the grim old archiepiscopal palace where Jeanne was taken and examined several times in the course of her trial. It stands solid

as ever, frowning, suspicious, formidable, even like the type of high churchman or militant priest whose strong house it was in those old times—a man who dealt in temporal as well as spiritual arms. I stood long before the low massive door which Jeanne must have entered with her keepers, and thought of her contraction of the heart, knowing how little mercy she should find there! And again I bethought me of the scarlet wolves—keepers of the sheep, forsooth, that raged for the blood of this Lamb of God! . . .

On the wall, side by side, are two plaques, the one recording the condemnation, 1431, the other setting forth the reversal, 1456—an impressive symbol of the errancy of human, even priestly judgments!

From the old strong palace of the archbishops, long aimed at by the Bishop of Beauvais, I went to the garden of St. Ouen near-by, where the scene of Jeanne's alleged abjuration was cunningly arranged by Cauchon and his accomplices. Formerly attached to the Church of St. Ouen, the place is now a public garden wherein an inscription recalls this last perfidious attempt to destroy the highest honor of Jeanne d'Arc and to annul the verity of her heavenly call. One imagines that gloomy scene, the assembled priests and judges, the crowd of onlookers, the prisoner pale but collected, the imprecating preacher, the executioner standing by, and the honest people who reach out their arms to Jeanne, begging her to save herself from the fire. That piece of diabolism failed, like all the rest, and the place, now clothed in the verdure of spring and merry with the laughter of children,

served but to remind me of her unconquerable faith.

From St. Ouen—not omitting a peep into the beautiful church—I walked to the Cathedral of Notre Dame, dating from the thirteenth century, one of the richest and noblest in France, sanctified with great memories and august traditions. Here Ste. Jeanne d'Arc is fittingly honored, though less demonstratively than in the Cathedral of Orleans. Her altar is on the right as you enter, a lovely and spacious one; statue of the Maid between two allegorical figures; all in marble. I wait awhile and observe that it is not neglected by the Rouennais. Here, as elsewhere, the religious sentiment towards Jeanne is strongly manifest.

In this chapel of Jeanne d'Arc, in the old Norman cathedral where the English princes worshiped at the time they held France in an iron grip, I saw something that interested me more than any of the so-called treasures of the church. It was a fair-sized plaque attached to the wall of Jeanne's chapel, a little to the left of her statue. It was touched in red and black, and bore the British royal devices, also the mottoes, *Honi soit qui mal y pense* and *Dieu et mon droit*. The inscription in English read:

> TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND TO THE MEMORY OF ONE MILLION MEN OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918, AND OF WHOM THE GREATER PART REST IN FRANCE.

Here is a solemn testimony of peace and reconciliation which, by a happy inspiration, is placed

under the protection of Jeanne herself, relying upon her old magnanimous spirit. One may augur well from this reverent gesture. May it conduce more and more to friendship between England and France!

Last of all, I went to visit that sad and, alas! indubitable[1] monument—*le vieux marché*, the old market-place where Jeanne suffered the uttermost malice of her enemies; whence the priests fled, some in tears, after consummating their evil work. A small square in the pavement bears this inscription, eloquent from its brevity:

JEANNE D'ARC
30 MAI
1431

I have often stood musing there, thinking how many have made the pilgrimage to this spot in love and veneration for the humble child who was raised up as a light to the nations; none worthier among them than the noble Englishman Charles Dickens, who has written:

THEY THREW HER ASHES INTO THE SEINE, BUT THEY WILL RISE AGAINST HER MURDERERS ON THE LAST DAY!

I wish to part kindly with Rouen, for, like the lover of Cynara, I remain faithful to her, "in my fashion"; and often I catch myself dreaming of the

[1] Not strictly correct: the Place de la Pucelle, site of the large fountain-monument above mentioned, was at one time identified as the true *local* of the execution. In the course of five centuries the human memory is apt to become unstable!

stern old Norman city, her ancient streets and venerable temples; the *grosse horloge* that was old before Jeanne d'Arc's day; the grim tower that recalls her heroic life and death; that haunting relic of time, the house in the rue St. Romain; that other speaking antiquity, the Hôtel Bourgtheroulde; the charming *fontaine Sainte-Marie,* trysting-place of lovers. Then the old bridges and the Seine, here at its broadest, and crowning all, Bon-Secours with the Maid monumented aloft, watching over Rouen at her feet—nay, extending her wide gaze to the frontiers of her beloved France.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

CAUCHON'S GOOD THING

ACCIDENT plays a great part in human affairs; perhaps it is the only thaumaturgist. Had the English destroyed the record of Jeanne d'Arc's trial before they were driven out of Rouen eighteen years later, it is likely that the whole question would have to-day a different aspect. The Maid would appear less great, since we should not hear her living voice, the voice that has given her a world-wide audience. Nor should we be possessed of the divine story of her mission, as conferred upon her by the apparitions at Domremy, which the judges drew from her in its fullness; nor of many enlightening facts in her subsequent career. In laboring to shame and convict her they but increased her glory. At the same time, lacking this witness, we should know far less of the turpitude of her judges. But the English ran away, leaving behind them this inestimable document—a fact that has meant something to them!

The trial of Jeanne d'Arc is perhaps the most celebrated in secular history . . . not quite that either, for she was tried by priests, an immense sanhedrim of them. But it was really *their* trial and that of the great principals behind them. The accused was found guilty of no offense before heaven or earth—*i.e.*, no

offense that is now on the calendar of human crimes. She was innocent, and they became guilty of her blood and of the condemnation it has earned for them.

The trial occupied nearly three months, with many sittings and examinations; the record of it, in mediæval Latin and old French, is very long, sometimes perplexed, often tedious. It remains hard reading even in the elucidation of modern scholars. We are compelled to report it briefly, indeed to condense it beyond our desire, in order to keep within our limitations. But we shall endeavor to do justice to its more salient phases, to pass over nothing of real significance, to exhibit the implacable cruelty of the prosecution and the heroic bravery of the defense. We are not bound to give particular attention to the many persons who figure in the proceeding as judges, consultants, assessors, etc., but we shall take note of the more important ones in the course of our summary or thereafter. It shall be our care to avoid the trite, the over-well known so far as consistent with justice to the story; and we have drawn chiefly upon French texts for our authority. Some advances have been made in the critical history of Jeanne d'Arc and her times even since Quicherat and Michelet. We shall try to avail ourselves of this *new* knowledge rather than lean overmuch upon matter already familiar to persons interested in the subject.

The tribunal before which Jeanne was to appear would have given importance to any cause less cele-

brated than that of the heroine of Orleans; with her as the accused it took on a responsibility before France, before the world, and the Christian conscience that might well have daunted its boldest members. But with scarcely an exception they went to the work cheerfully, with zeal and promptitude; they stood not upon the order of their coming but came at once. And in cheerful humor indeed they began it—witness Cauchon's *bon procès* ("a good trial"!).

It was also a representative tribunal, as the leaders had planned to make it, in order that its findings and its verdict might have the widest acceptance throughout the Christian world and stand without appeal. And why all this pomp of priestly learning and authority, this marshaling of the powers of the church militant, to try this scarcely nineteen-year-old girl, a peasant too, a *bergerette,* on a foolish and impossible charge? Doth it not ill become their eminences and sanctities and spiritual lordships, their mighty scholastics from Paris, puffed up with a factitious learning long since exploded, their mitered abbots, and all the rest of that sacerdotal assembly, to sit in so paltry a cause?

Ah! but it is a cause that involves the highest political interests, and also the very dear personal interests of the judges themselves, down to the humblest acolyte there present. They are all held in the hand of power, personified by Bedford and Winchester.

A poor ignorant peasant, a shepherd girl, you say?

But behind her stands the King of France, who obtained through her a vantage which we, partisans of the English, shall be long in overcoming. We must damn her as a witch, an agent of the devil, and thereby discredit that infernal work of hers—the consecration of this "King of Bourges." By showing her up in this odious character we shall attaint his "Majesty" [1] with dishonor, diminish the effect of her victories (produced by witchcraft), restore the prestige of the English and Burgundian arms.

It was very foolish, was it not? But such was the best wisdom of the time, applied to cruel and unworthy ends.

Cauchon had another reason for making the tribunal, the court which should try Jeanne, as large and representative as possible. He wished to divide up the odium of the business as much as he might, and to share it with the highest priests in the land. Hence the cardinal, and the two archbishops who were to become cardinals later, and the throng of bishops, the grand abbots, the robed doctors of the University of Paris, who had long before prejudged this case and in strict justice had no right to be there.

We note the absence of Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims, hierarchical superior of Cauchon, secret and inveterate enemy of the Maid. He would not be there on account of his ostensible political attachments, but he is in sympathy with the pro-

[1] To the last she maintained, "Whether I have done well or ill, the king is without fault; it was not he who counseled me."

ceeding, and there is some evidence that he has supplied matter to the prosecution.

Cauchon shrewdly calculated that his own share of accountability would be small among so many associates and abettors. But God is not so mocked! Cauchon's burden of guilt still remains the greatest among those judges, though he has plenty company and about as high, ecclesiastically, as he could desire.

We pause to make one *great fact* clear to the reader: there is no possible escape for Jeanne, however this court of priests may pronounce upon her. She is under the lion's paw and no human power can snatch her thence, nor shall any be interposed to save her—eternal shame to the king whom she made!

Bedford having bought her in the name of his king, Henry VI, will deliver her to the Bishop of Beauvais (Cauchon) in order that the latter may have her condemned as a witch. It is, however, carefully provided in a *formal pact* that, *if she is not condemned by the priests, she shall be retaken by the English!*

"TEN THOUSAND POUNDS GOLD!" says Bedford with stern unction. The king has paid too much for Jeanne to suffer a thought of losing her.

Cauchon also united to his jurisdiction that of the Inquisition—a hateful power, never loved by the French and seldom invoked by them. Jean Lemaître, vicar of the Inquisition at Rouen, would have evaded the honor, but Cauchon knew how to put the screws on him, and the Dominican was obliged to serve. A promoter, d'Estivet; a counselor, Delafontaine, with

three secretaries and a bailiff, constituted the tribunal, properly so called.

Lemaître was a cold and prudent man, with no special interest in the prosecution; nevertheless, he drew a good sum for his "labors, pains, and diligences."

J. d'Estivet, called *bénédicité,* promoter or prosecutor of the trial, has been described as the right arm and damned soul of Cauchon. Of a foul tongue and violent zeal, he pursued the Maid with inhuman rigor. Died appropriately in a sewer.

Cauchon authorized himself to call as many consultants and assessors (persons sitting with the court), specious supernumeraries, as he cared to use. In short it was a *bon procès*—an emphatically GOOD THING, and he proposed to pass it around.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

INCENSE AND SULPHUR

BESIDES the tribunal proper, Cauchon created a sort of "steering committee," the members of which deserve a closer look, as Jeanne would have said, from the maleficent part they bore in these proceedings. They are Nicolas Midy, Maurice Beaupère, Nicolas Loyseleur: all three familiars of Cauchon, men of his own stamp, loyal and serviceable.

Midy is a collector of tithes and benefices, busy at the university, busy in the general affairs of the church, busy in politics, self-seeking, adroit, unscrupulous. Like Cauchon, he is a creature of the Duke of Burgundy—to whom lead so many evil clues! He is in deep with the English; welcomes Henry VI to Paris in the name of the university; a little later by royal act is named canon of the cathedral chapter, Rouen. How close those worthies played, between God and Mammon! Once more the thieves are in possession of the temple!

Midy exhibits a violent prejudice against the Maid, browbeats, objurgates, rants at her; in him appears to be concentrated the hatred which the University of Paris bears her. It is he who draws up the "twelve articles" which condense the accusatory

findings of the prosecution. He is among those who go to Paris for the decree of the university which condemned her. On the very day of execution, standing before the girl about to die, he preached at her violently, mouthing insult and denunciation. The finger of God is seen in the ultimate doom of this bad man. He was stricken with leprosy, and in a petition to the Pope admits that he cannot touch the Blessed Host nor perform the functions of his canonicate. But he is entirely competent to draw his pension, and drags out thereafter some miserable years.

Maurice Beaupère, of gentler manners and of more priestly consideration, was still well suited to serve the same ends with Midy and Loyseleur. He was rated as a very remarkable theologian *(eximius sacræ theologiæ professor)*, venerated member of the two councils of Constance and Basel. Deserting the French national cause, he bettered his fortunes with the English, who made great use of the priestly element in building up their power in France. Beaupère received from them, along with his crony Midy, one of the canonicates of Rouen. The vice which Gerson rebuked found its culmination in Beaupère: he was a nest of benefices in himself! But his right hand becoming disabled, he was disqualified for his priestly duties and obtained a dispensation from the Pope. However, his left hand was perfectly able to take the money, and he made a great profit in disposing of his benefices.

Beaupère presided at the trial during three sessions in February, and he has at least the honor of having

provoked from Jeanne some of her noblest and most spirited replies. As officious as Midy in the evil work laid out for him, he takes a prominent part in the university proceedings against Jeanne, himself pronouncing its decree of condemnation. He is present at the false abjuration, and with Midy visits Jeanne in prison in order to convict her of a relapse—that is, of having resumed male attire. Hectored and perhaps hustled by the English guards, who were irritated by the long delays of the trial, the timid man took fear and ran away from Rouen that same day, not waiting for the definitive judgment. Twenty years later he might boast that he was not among those who had condemned her, but the plea avails him little. It seems his wounded pedantic pride never recovered from Jeanne's repartees. At the Rehabilitation he shuffled, equivocated, and professed to have forgotten much, but he did not fail to remember that Jeanne was *a very subtle girl, of a subtlety belonging to woman!* He would not allow, however, that there was anything supernatural in her visions.

Nicolas Loyseleur, last of this precious trio, is better known than his colleagues, marked as he is with a peculiar infamy. He might be called, in an evil sense, the *little joker* of that pack of pious knaves or hypocrites, men utterly perverted from the most ordinary regard to justice, not to say Christian duty, by their own selfish motives and craven prostration before the English power. Loyseleur seems indeed rather a creation of the stage than an actual figure in real life, a man with a responsible soul. He is the

Iago of this tragedy and, save for one moment of softness, persists in his villainy to the end; even this seeming repentance is negatived by his after-course and does not avail to qualify our judgment upon his character and conduct. He is *primus inter pares* as regards his bad equals—first by reason of a conscienceless depravity which none dared challenge or emulate.

Like his associates Midy and Beaupère, he was a priest and a canon of Rouen, of such parts and abilities in his profession as to commend him to the council of Basel, in which city he finished his life, without any manifest sign of divine chastisement or condemnation. He is rated as one of the true promoters of the trial, one of the most active agents in procuring the verdict; he releases his victim only when she is on her way to death.

Loyseleur purchased his unique infamy at no small price. He was the false secretary (*greffier*) of the first hearings. As a pretended prisoner, he imposed himself upon Jeanne's confidence in her dungeon, received her confession as a priest, and betrayed it to her enemies—little as those innocent avowals might serve them. He whispered false counsels to her, hoping to corrupt her faith and lead her into the snares of Cauchon. He urged her passionately to make the abjuration which was aimed to discredit her, living and dead. He voted aye upon every clause of the condemnation, and—most incredible and monstrous wickedness of all—he was of the few who urged that

she be put to the torture! His work done, he seems to have had a moment's remorse which impelled him to spring on the death-cart and, in tears, implore her forgiveness. All things are possible with God!—but I reckon we have had enough of this carrion.

Entitled to particular if not honorable mention is Louis de Luxembourg, Bishop of Thérouanne, chancellor of France for the English since 1425, eight years after Jeanne's trial to be made cardinal. Thus by anticipation he throws an extra sacrosanct and purple glow upon the proceedings, in conjunction with the English Cardinal of Winchester. Luxembourg's *rôle* in the drama of Jeanne d'Arc is of capital importance. He decided his brother John of Luxembourg to deliver her to the English. He followed the trial with the closest vigilance. He was present at the alleged abjuration. And he left his victim only when she was about to ascend the pyre. This amiable prelate had the good taste to end his days in England.

Deserving a slight mention: Jean de Chatillon or Castiglione, Archdeacon of Evreux, cardinal *in futurum,* a strong supporter of the University of Paris, considered a mighty theologian—*magister doctissimus et antiquus in theologia* (how long they deceived themselves and the world with that bombast!). He influenced the chapter of Rouen, which had at first hesitated, owing to its dislike of Cauchon, to subscribe to a collective condemnation of the Maid.

Thomas de Courcelles, also a doctor of the University of Paris, more circumspect than his colleagues but as fully committed in the prosecution. During the trial he acted as editor and secretary, and evinced extraordinary diligence. He translated the *procès-verbal* (report) of the examinations into Latin, which so became on this occasion the language of the devil! He worked on the articles of accusation, on the requisition, busy and serviceable everywhere.

Courcelles was one of the few who wished to put Jeanne to the torture. He was also one of the seven who made up the posthumous report, according to which Jeanne had repudiated her Voices. With the others he was paid up to June 10, in order to include this item. It is known that he erased from the *procès* matters personal to himself. In him, as in many of his compeers, is typified the great anomaly of that time—viz., that an excellent priest, in worldly estimation, might be utterly lacking in the Christian virtues: justice, mercy, charity. The later career of this man was filled with honor and success. He was eminent amongst the fathers in the council of Basel, and he received the hat from Felix V. He became reconciled to the French court and preached the funeral oration of Charles VII. I wonder what he then said about the latter's association with Jeanne d'Arc!

The Bishop of Coutances makes a bid for remembrance by replying to Cauchon that he considered Jeanne to be *wholly the devil's,* "because she was without the two qualities required by St. Gregory—*virtue and humanity;* even though she revoked her

heresies she must be held in strict keeping." Well said, brother in Christ!

And now, patient reader, it is really necessary to change the air, since we have had something too much of this mixed incense-and-sulphur business!

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

BEFORE THE JUDGES

AMONG these many priests, consenting to and abetting all the abominable procedure of Cauchon, we signalize two worthy exceptions, Nicolas de Houppeville and Jean Lohier. The former denounced the trial as illegal, since Cauchon was of the party hostile to Jeanne (the English), and also because he made himself judge of a case previously opened by his superior, the Archbishop of Reims, in the inquiry of Poitiers. Cauchon excluded him from the following sessions and had him jailed in the bargain; it is also said that he proposed to send the honest man oversea, but at this point the latter was saved by powerful friends.

Jean Lohier, a learned Norman priest, to whom Cauchon had submitted the papers in the case, declared that they were worthless and the prosecution null for several reasons. First, because the accused was shut up in a closed place where the assessors might not freely express their opinion. Second, persons were aimed at in the trial who had not been cited juridically, such as the King of France, whose honor was attacked and who was not represented. Finally and above all, Jeanne was left without counsel or defender.

Next day Jean Lohier prudently started for Rome, where he was well received and even made president of the Rota. It's a pity he wasn't able to secure the Pope's ear for Jeanne; a word from his Holiness would have saved her.

Let us add to the short roll of honor the name of Jean de St. Avit, Bishop of Avranches, who replied to Cauchon's written statement of the proposed *procès:* "In doubtful things which concern the faith one ought to recur always to the Pope and the general council." This opinion was not inscribed in the formal report and is known only from the witness of Isambart de la Pierre at the Rehabilitation. This honest bishop was imprisoned by the English in the following year, on a charge of disloyalty.

Cauchon's *bon procès* can but appear to us at this distance of time as a great borborygmus, or wind on the stomach. There is nothing to redeem it from foul flatulency, foolish parade of more foolish learning, and an organized stupidity without parallel, save the wonderful intelligence of the accused, her heroic port and endurance, and the brilliant aptness of her replies. She is as much to this trial as *Hamlet* is to the play; that is to say, her lightest word outweighs the whole erudite and sanctified conglomeration of asininities. We shall therefore limit ourselves to rescuing from the mass of balderdash reported such gleams of light and sanity as she threw upon it.

On Wednesday, February 21, in the chapel of the château of Rouen (where she is confined), Jeanne ap-

pears before her judges; there were forty-two at this first session.

Jeanne is dressed in man-fashion, with jacket and pantaloons *(braies)*, wears a black cap, her hair cut short above the ears, face pale and eyes brilliant from her long sojourn in the gloomy dungeon. Her hands are chained and Cauchon denies her prayer that the manacles be removed. Also, she has asked the privilege of hearing mass—being actually at that moment the *best Catholic in the world*—but, on account of her "crimes," this favor has been refused her. Lord bless their Reverences, it is to begin right: we know now what there is to expect!

They have given her no counsel. They have informed her of no rights she may possess—she has none, in fact; nor of any dangers she may incur. From the beginning the great play is to make her recognize the competency of this tribunal where Cauchon presides as first judge.

He opens the proceeding very briefly and then requires her to take the oath, which implies acceptance of the competency:

"Jeanne, place your hands on the holy gospels and swear that you will answer truly the questions we shall ask you!"

"I don't know what you wish to question me about. Perhaps you will ask me some things that I ought not tell you."

He insists. She will answer, she says, upon what she has done, but not upon her revelations which came from God; she has told them to King Charles

alone; though they should cut off her head, she would be silent on these things.

Also, to mark her entire liberty of soul and body she says: "It is true that I wished to escape, and I do so still. Is it not a thing lawful to every prisoner?"

Cauchon asks her to recite her prayers, and especially the *Pater Noster* (Our Father). She answers that she will say them to him *in confession.* Meaning—to the priest, yes; to the judge, no! An early proof of her extraordinary prudence and ready wit.

Owing to the large number of persons present, the interruptions and vociferations of the English, this hearing was painful, even to the judges, and they decided that the following *séances* should be held in a smaller room and behind closed doors.

On February 22 Beaupère examines her. She replies to a question regarding the ground of her actions:

"I have done nothing except by revelation," which is to say: "I have no judge here below."

She replies freely to questions touching her origins, the lessons received from her mother, the visits to Robert de Baudricourt. At this point is first injected the stupidity with which they harass the poor child unto the end:

"Who advised you to put on men's clothes?"

"I do not charge anybody with that."

To the solemn Holinesses masquerading in skirts, with no leave or license but their own, it would seem to have been a capital offense in Jeanne to have worn the only sort of dress suitable to her as a *chef de*

guerre, and the only sort in which she could protect herself as a prisoner. Of course, they knew this well, vast as was the ocean of their ignorance, but there was a foolish mediæval connection of the thing with diabolism and witchcraft which they would gladly have imputed to her. In truth, they hung to her upon this charge until they finally made it a pretext for condemning her.

Beaupère comes presently to the question of the *sign* which she gave Charles on her first meeting with him at Chinon. The court attached great importance to this; in part, as it would seem, from their own boobified curiosity; also hoping to make capital against her on the supernatural side.

She repulses him. "I shall not answer. Pass on." (He insists.) "Send to ask God. He will tell you."

On the twenty-fourth, Cauchon resumes the interrogatory; he proposes to have her take the oath without restriction. But she holds firm. "Excuse me from speaking." He still presses her and she clearly denies the competency of his tribunal:

"All the clergy of Rouen and of Paris would not know how to condemn me if they have not the right!"

And rising suddenly above her environment—above space and time, as has been finely said, she declares:

"I CAME FROM GOD; I HAVE NOTHING TO DO HERE. SEND ME BACK TO GOD FROM WHOM I CAME!"

Ah, indeed!—that was the business to which their Reverences had set their hand.

Cauchon passes the interrogatory to Beaupère, to

whom Jeanne gives little heed—a very subtle woman, in faith! She ignores his feeble questions, and turning toward the bishop (Cauchon) exclaims:

"You say that you are my judge. Take care; you put yourself in great danger." Cauchon remains silent.

Beaupère continues to question her regarding her early life, the prediction as to the woman who should come from Lorraine, the *bois Chesnu,* etc., and she replies with candor and modesty.

Again he harasses her on the subject of her attire. "Are you willing to dress like a woman?"

"Give me a proper [woman's] dress. I will take it and go away." (That is to say, being at liberty to do so.) "I am content with what I have, since it pleases God that I should wear it."

At the next hearing, February 27, Beaupère returns to the attack. More questions about her Voices, about St. Michael, Ste. Catherine and Ste. Marguerite, which she answers briefly. He presses for details and she repels him. Concerning publicly known facts, the sword of Fierbois, her standard, her arms dedicated at St. Denis, she makes no difficulty of replying. On the subject of her standard he elicits a memorable response:

"I carried this banner myself whenever I attacked the enemies, in order to avoid killing anybody—for I have never killed any one."

Up to this point the prosecution has made no head. Cauchon resumes the chair some days afterward, and is still troubled by the warning Jeanne had given him.

"The other day you told me that I was putting myself in great danger in being your judge. What do you mean by that, and what danger should we incur, myself and the others?"

Jeanne replied: "I told you that you called yourself my judge, that I do not know if you are so. But take heed that you do not render a bad judgment, for you would put yourself in great peril, I forewarn you. If God punishes you, I shall at least have done my duty in warning you."

Cauchon rejoined: "The King has ordered me to make your trial, and I propose to do it."

He questions Jeanne on a letter written to her by the Count of Armagnac, inquiring which of the three popes was the true one. Jeanne had caused a reply to be made that she would tell him when she was more at leisure. (At the time she was busy fighting the English.) Cauchon's idea was to put her in fault for not having recognized the Pope in Rome.

Jeanne replies with great prudence that the letter was not precisely as she had dictated it, that she had never made allusion to *three* popes, and that for herself she believed only in "the Pope who is at Rome."

The production of these two letters is a clear proof of treachery in the entourage of Charles VII and of complicity with the prosecutors. A blind man would detect in this business the hand of Regnault de Chartres.

At this point Jeanne predicted the final victory of the king, the taking of Paris before seven years were out, and her own deliverance within three months.

The first two major prophecies were fulfilled in due course; the third also, but not, alas! as she understood it: her heavenly friends had disguised the truth.

Nothing in Jeanne's attitude seems more admirable than her fidelity to the king who had forgotten her, nor would he raise a finger to save her. In her heart she knew him to be unworthy, but it was not to the enemies of France that she would confess the hateful truth. And so she could say boldly to her judges:

"I know well that my king will gain the Kingdom of France. I know it as well as I know that you are there before me sitting in your tribunal. I should be dead but for this revelation, which strengthens me every day."

On March 3 Jeanne appeared strong and comforted. Her Voices had said to her: *"Be brave and show a cheerful face!"* It was one of her best days during the trial, when her great soul shone forth in unclouded calm and her lips dropped expressions that are immortal: "I said to my people sometimes, 'Enter boldly among those English,' and I myself entered with them." . . .

"The poor came to me willingly, for I made them no displeasure; on the contrary, I loved to help them."

Again, interrogated as to her Voices, Jeanne replied:

"This voice is beautiful, sweet, and humble, and it speaks the French language."

"Then Ste. Marguerite does not speak English?"

"How should she speak English, since she is not of the English party?"

These brave responses evoke the admiration of the *greffier* (scribe) himself, and he records it in the margin; they are not relished by Cauchon, who thereupon decides that the following examinations shall be *in secret*. Meantime the court takes a recess of six days in order to revise the *greffier's* report and prepare for more decisive hearings. Resuming March 10, the judges begin anew on the "sign" and persist during several sessions. They have a political motive now with which they hope to damn her, and they harass her without relief. Did she claim to have a divine mandate designating Charles as the rightful king? They roar and rant at her, those holy men, in a perfect confusion, until she is obliged to rebuke them, but with her invariable sweetness and courtesy: "Please, good fathers, do not all speak at once!" No doubt her mildness made the reproof the more galling—their Sanctities to be lessoned by a girl of the fields!

Jeanne is still of good courage and meets her adversaries at every point. But they are many, and they return always like a pack of wolves, howling, insatiate, sure of getting her ultimately. And sometimes she weakens a little under the constant attack.

Ah, think of the life that was hers in that hellish dungeon,[1] chained, ill-fed, subjected to daily, hourly

[1] "She slept with double chains round her limbs, and closely fastened to a chain crossing the foot of her bed, attached to a heavy log five or six feet long, and padlocked, so that she could not stir from the place."

Another witness: There was an iron beam to keep her straight (*erectam*).—Rehabilitation.

insult from her fiend-like keepers, with no word of encouragement from any human voice, no token of sympathy to tell her of a world outside those gloomy walls. Think of the place, I say, where she had to nourish the strength to meet her foes day after day—and wonder only that she did not sink overwhelmed at once! Even so, her fight was the bravest ever made in a hopeless and unequal contest. Greater in Rouen than at Orleans or Patay, winning higher victories, superb battles of the spirit; rising to that supreme plane of universality which only a few of the greatest souls have reached, there is no phase of her career which so deeply excites our love, our pity, and our perfect admiration.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

THE ACCUSATIONS

Parturiunt montes, nascitur mus. The mighty labors of Cauchon and his colleagues sitting in judgment upon Jeanne d'Arc produced the following tissue of silly and puerile charges, such as would have disgraced a conventicle of old women. We are obliged to condense this farrago of anile foolishness, and indeed admit it only because there could be, in our light, no better vindication of the Maid, no more crushing indictment of her judges.

She is accused, then, of having in her childhood practised some superstitions around the fairies' tree; of having put herself in relations with Satan and other evil spirits; of having lived at Neufchâteau with bad women and a low kind of soldiers; of having had some improper talk with Robert de Baudricourt; of wearing men's clothes and bearing arms; of having boasted that she would raise the siege of Orleans, crown the dauphin Charles at Reims, and chase all the English from France; of having said that the French could obtain peace only with the sword and the lance; of having put some crosses and the names of Jesus and Maria on her letters; of having pretended that she was a *messenger of God,* even for

things tending to violence and bloodshed; of refusing to disclose the secret given by her to Charles as a sign of her mission; of having made some prophecies and of still making them; of declaring that she has heard and still hears the voices of angels, archangels, and saints of God; (*and this mediæval masterpiece!*—) of not having always obeyed her Voices which, she affirms, come from heaven; of asserting that all she does is at the command of God.

Further, she is accused of saying that, in her belief, she has never committed a mortal sin; of having received the communion in man's attire *(dear, scrupulous old women!)*; of trying to commit suicide at Beaurevoir; of having, as she avers, embraced Ste. Catherine and Ste. Marguerite, and of having touched them; of having said that her saints loved the French and detested the English; of affirming that she has received from them the promise of eternal salvation, provided that she keep her virginity; of having failed in reverence toward God in the complaint which she made to her saints at Beaurevoir, touching the people of Compiègne; of having hidden her revelations from her priest and her parents; of not having submitted them to the church or to a bishop *(Cauchon, for example)*; of having accepted for herself some marks of veneration which were sheer idolatry; of praying to her Voices and thereby invoking demons; of saying that she was guided by an angel to Chinon in order that she might give a crown to Charles; of allowing herself to be adored as a saint.

Jeanne is, moreover, reproached on account of prayers offered in veneration of her in certain churches, and medals stamped with her likeness which many people carried in good faith; for commanding an army sometimes numerous; for living in the company of men and being served by them; for possessing riches and a retinue; for having two advisers called "counselors of the Fountain," according to the accusation of Catherine of La Rochelle [1]; *(and here is another exquisiteness!)* of having failed before Paris, at La Charité, at Pont l'Evêque, at Compiègne, after promising victory on the part of God; of having had a standard painted, also her personal arms (coat-of-arms), which was only pride and vanity, not religion and piety *(this from excellent judges of the matter!)*; of having hung up her arms in St. Denis that they might be regarded as reliques; of having in the same city poured melted wax on the heads of some little children while predicting their future; of refusing to submit herself to the church militant *(i.e., to Cauchon, Midy, Beaupère, Loyseleur!)*; of attributing to herself the authority of God and the angels, in order to rise above all ecclesiastical power *(here we have the concentrated heart of the animosity which the priests cherished toward her)*; of pretending to be pardoned for the sin committed at Beaurevoir (her almost fatal attempt to escape), which goes

[1] The false "mystic" detected and exposed by Jeanne. This mention reveals her as a creature of Cauchon's. We strongly suspect her of similar relations with his spiritual fellow, Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims.

against scripture, since no one knows if he be worthy of love or hate.

Jeanne protested several times during the recitation of this masterpiece by one of the doctors of the university, perhaps Courcelles, proud of and happy in the job. But Cauchon and the rest ignored her complaints and tacitly refused to alter it in the least particular. Can we blame them?—it was so awfully, incredibly, unspeakably perfect—so unique and solitary in its intellectual grandeur—so admirably ordered, chaste, symmetrical! One can easily fancy the court doing a sort of dervish dance in joy and triumph over this many-faceted and far-shining jewel! this paragon of sacred and profane wisdom!

Well, glory be to God (as the Irish say), it didn't take much brains to be a bishop in those old days, nor any startling amount of virtue. As to the knowledge which those people possessed and the glory of the Middle Ages in general—of which we have some belated admirers and tomtom beaters at the present day—this indictment of Jeanne d'Arc affords a tolerable notion. I shall be reminded of the truism that one must not judge a past age in the light of one's own, and such is not my intent. But it is useful to look back in order to estimate the progress we have made—progress now and then noisily disputed by the tomb-searchers and *laudatores temporis acti* above mentioned.

As far as moral accountability goes, the priests who tried and condemned Jeanne d'Arc were in a position

no whit inferior to our own. They possessed the gospel of Jesus Christ, of whom they were at least the nominal ministers, and they were five centuries nearer to Him than we are. From that sublime text they might not claim to draw title and warrant for the thing they proposed to do. *He* never commanded the burning of heretics; nor ordered that toward such, mercy in the human heart should be sealed up like a stone. The attitude of those priestly men in this iniquitous trial remains the blackest reproach that Christianity has incurred—official, man-marred Christianity, to be sure—since the days of its Divine Founder.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

THE GREATER MISSION

AFTER twenty days of probing, without tangible result, Cauchon and his advisers determine to reach Jeanne by the sure theological process. They cannot fail here, being masters of this sort of knowledge; and her natural sense will not avail her to pierce its obscure subtleties. Delafontaine takes up the question.

"Since your Voices have told you that you would be saved, do you believe that you may not be able to sin mortally?"

"I know nothing of that, and I trust myself to Our Lord."

"That is an answer of great weight," remarks the priest, for he knows it may be construed as impinging upon the rights of the church.

She responds, "Yes, and it is for me a great treasure."

Fille de Dieu, so her Voices have called her; if she may not trust in them, what is left for her?

The inquisitor holds the clue. He follows it up. "Do you need to confess yourself now, since you believe in the revelation of your Voices, that you will be saved?"

"I believe that if I were in mortal sin Ste. Cath-

erine and Ste. Marguerite would abandon me at once."

At the next session she is asked point-blank if she will submit herself to the church militant (represented by this tribunal) upon what she has done, whether good or bad. She feels the danger and draws back, asking time for reflection. But they will give her no time to reflect, they press the terrible question:

"Will you submit your words and acts to the decision of the church?"

"My words and acts are all in the hand of God; I trust myself in all to Him. I would do or say nothing against the Christian faith. Send me a priest Saturday, and I will answer with the help of God, and it shall be put in writing."

They agree to this, but meantime they hope to reach her by a detour, and they probe her concerning the Voices. She answers with a beautiful simplicity and touching candor that are lost upon those enraged pedants:

"Above all things, St. Michael told me to be a good child, and that God would help me to come in aid of the King of France. I have already told you all this. *He related to me the great pity there was of the Kingdom of France.*"

They pursue her into the prison, raging for an answer that shall deliver her to their judgment:

"Will you submit yourself to the authority of the church?"

"I submit myself to God who has sent me, to Our Lady, to all the saints of paradise. In my opinion all

is one, God and the church, and nobody should make difficulty about it. Why do you make yourselves difficulty?"

Simple though divinely gifted Jeanne, have a care! They would snatch from thee thy pearl of price, thy liberty of soul. It is Death they bring thee, not Life!

Harassed without mercy by her priestly persecutors, Jeanne at this time made herself a touching prayer as follows, and on demand recited it before her judges:

"My very sweet God, in honor of your holy Passion, I beg you if you love me, reveal to me what I should answer to these people of the church."

Of her many wonderful, inspired expressions this is not the least notable. It signalizes the greater *rôle* reserved for her, that of a true reformer and regenerator of the faith of Christ. These words of Jeanne signify the death of mere formalism and lifeless dogma, which was the religion of her persecutors, and a call to the pure worship of the spirit. Her martyrdom was of supreme value to the life of the church, for dying she gave a mortal wound to the stupid scholasticism of which she was the victim. Further, her enthronement upon the altars of the church is a pledge that there shall be no return to the cult of obscurity and word-worship, as well as the sordidness and pursuit of material ends that produced the Cauchons and the Loyseleurs of her time. In all this

we may well believe she was unconsciously fulfilling the divine purpose.

I return to the trial. Her interrogator explains the dogma upon which he counts to enmesh her.

"There exists a church triumphant in which are God, the saints, the angels, and the souls redeemed. There exists another church, the church militant, in which are the Pope, vicar of God upon earth, the cardinals, the prelates of the church, the clergy, all good Christians and Catholics. This church, regularly assembled, cannot err, since it is ruled by the Holy Spirit. Are you willing to submit yourself to this church which we have defined for you?"

Jeanne replies: "I came to the King of France by the command of God, of the Virgin Mary, of all the saints of paradise and of the church victorious above. To this church I submit all my good actions, all that I have done and shall do. As for submitting myself to the church militant (*she truly understands it to mean Cauchon and her persecutors*), I shall make no other answer."

This decides her fate. The judges hold her now and see their course plain before them. At the following session Jeanne, apparently upon a hint slipped to her, makes appeal to the Pope. Cauchon pretends to ignore it, but it is nevertheless recorded.

Cauchon then puts an end to the secret hearings. The judges decide to make an extract of all that Jeanne has said, and communicate it to the doctors and masters for their decision (Cauchon's plan of

dividing up the responsibility). They read rapidly to Jeanne the reports of the several examinations; she agrees to same, while making some remarks thereupon.

Now occurs a dramatic incident. It is Palm Sunday, and she begs to be allowed to hear mass in her present costume, and to receive communion at Easter, similarly dressed. Cauchon refuses, unless she will discard her male attire. Jeanne entreats: "Shall I not then be permitted to hear mass as I am? I desire it ardently. As to changing my dress, I cannot do that—it is not in my power." Again the bishop refuses. Jeanne renews her petition in words even more impressive:

"I cannot change my dress, and I am then to be deprived of the *viaticum* (Eucharist). I entreat you, Monseigneur, permit me to hear mass in this costume. The *vestment does not change my soul,* and it is not contrary to the laws of the church." Cauchon finally denies her request.

The *procès d'office* or official trial is now ended; the *procès ordinaire* or ordinary trial begins immediately after Palm Sunday. It is merely a rehash and review of the former proceeding, equally stupid, but more definitely conducting to the fatal end.

Jeanne maintains her firmness, makes no concession, affirms her mission. Touching the revelations made to her, she declares that she has asked counsel of no one—"bishop, priest, or other."

They are now about ready to pronounce the formal condemnation, but this will prove nothing unless

they can get from her a retraction or abjuration, which they resolve to do by hook or crook. Cauchon will have no holes in his *bon procès*. Has he not pledged his word to Bedford and the king?

On March 31 they make a special interrogation in her prison, Cauchon and the six delegates from Paris heretofore characterized. All have but one mind to overcome her and lead her to destruction.

Again they attack her upon the question of submitting herself to the church, that is, to *their* authority. She adheres to the position already taken, and she confirms it by an extraordinary declaration, the greatest and most inspired of her utterances. It was led up to as follows:

She agreed to submit herself to the church militant, provided that it asked of her nothing impossible, such as avowing that her words and acts in connection with her visions and revelations were not of God's bidding. "*That,*" she added, "I shall never allow, for anything in the world."

"If the church militant tells you that your revelations are illusions or things diabolical, will you not submit yourself accordingly?"

"I will submit myself to God. In case the church should prescribe the contrary, I shall submit myself to no man in the world, *but to God alone whose commandment I shall always follow.*"

"You do not then believe yourself subject to the church of God which is upon the earth, that is to say, to the Pope our lord, to the archbishops, bishops and other prelates of the church?"

"Yes, I believe myself subject to them, *but in serving God first.* I answer nothing of my own head: what I say is at the command of my Voices. They do not bid me disobey the church—BUT GOD FIRST SERVED!"

This is her most profound, her greatest, truest word. Spoken in the shadow of death, it is assured of remembrance, of cherishment, even unto the most distant ages. Addressed to the priests who, betraying Christ, condemned her, it contained the remedy for evil conditions from which the church was then perishing, the recipe for its future regeneration.

The greater Jeanne d'Arc, the higher mission, were to arise from the prison and the scaffold.

THE MAID'S DEFENSE

Pour la grande pitié au royaume de France.

THEN must I die, and by the bitter fire,
This body pure and free from sin to burn
In slow and cruel torment, and the dire
Shame of mocking eyes that still return
To plague me with their malice? What desire,
What fault was mine to earn this foul mischance?
Not for my good I strove nor station higher,
But all for pity of this land of France!

You English seek my death, you priests but aim
To give those their revenge, for that I made
Fair war upon them, yet to mercy's claim
Was never deaf but turned aside the blade
That sought the helpless foe: my maiden fame
You dare revile but not so my *vaillance;*
For surely I have beaten you to shame,
And all for pity of this land of France!

A simple maid, I feared the thought of war,
And marked its traces with a tearful eye,
The pillage and the burnings near and far,
The poor unsheltered 'neath the winter sky.
Then spoke a Voice and Michael like a star
Appeared and bade me to the field advance—
"Go, daughter of God, and I thy warrior
Will help for pity of this land of France!"

My gentle God, thou knowest how for long
I fain would struggle 'gainst thy holy will,
E'en tho' thy angels aye on me did throng—
Ah, blessed thought! they come unto me still.
And when I prayed at eve or matin song,
Shrinking from war or sight of war's rude chance,
Their Voices bore upon me loud and strong—
"Thou must, for pity of this land of France!"

E'en so I went and came unto the King,
And showed him proofs that he will not gainsay,
Tho' now he recks not of my suffering,
And leaves me to our enemies a prey.
I freed the noble city from the ring
Of English forts that held it as in trance;
And if you call it great or little thing,
'Twas but for pity of this land of France!

But one pure joy is left to comfort me,
In this my dungeon pitiless and drear,
'Tis that I brought my King the victory—
Ah, thinking so, my woeful state is dear.
And when in royal Reims I bent my knee,
He, crowned, anointed, said with grateful glance,
"Thou hast done nobly, Jeanne, for God and me—"
'Twas all for pity of this land of France!

Now I must go and by a cruel way,
But they who send me forth have much to rue:
On me they break, nor distant is the day
When they the conquerors shall as conquered sue.
I see them pass, the lordly English crew,
And all the hopes of their great dominance
Perish through me who shall their strength undo,
Even for pity of this land of France!

So let me bid farewell to this short life;
Alas! how short for me who ne'er have known
The thoughts of love in maiden bosoms rife,
The light caress, the fond, endearing tone.
My thoughts were given unto God alone,
And to this work that made me shield and lance:
Ah, 'twill not pass—the future shall atone
And hail me Glory of this land of France!

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

IN THE SHADOW

NICOLAS MIDY, leper *futurus,* draws twelve condemnatory articles from the mass of charges heretofore noted, scoring heavily against her in all. The twelfth and last article *smells of the fire:*

"This woman does not wish to submit herself to the decision of the church militant, nor to that of any other that may be in the world, but to God alone. She persists, although the judges and other associates have often recalled to her the article of faith—*the church is one, holy, Catholic.*"

The fatal term approaches. In mid-April a general deliberation is held, and each of the judges and assessors gives his individual opinion. That they give one another courage in the bad work is evident from the increasing emphasis of the collective judgment:

"This woman sustains things going against the unity, authority and power of the church. She is suspect of wandering in the faith if she thinks that the articles of the faith deserve no more belief than that which one gives to those who, she says, have appeared to her."

Three among the judges evince a certain moderation, suggest timidly an appeal to the Pope, to a

general council; let us honor their names for so much: Jean Basset, Raoul Sauvaige, Jean Alespie.

They continue to worry her, striving to break down her powers of resistance, invading her prison, giving her no rest. At length she succumbs to the strain and becomes really ill, to the great concern of Bedford, honorary member of the Rouen chapter, who would not have her die a *natural* death for anything in the world. Sick and weak, she offers a new hold to the pious hyenas:

"You must submit to the church, else you will not be buried in holy ground."

"I believe that I am in danger of death, but at present I have nothing else to tell you. Whatever may happen to me, I shall not do nor say any other thing than what I have already said in the trial. If my body dies in prison, I expect that you will have it buried in holy ground; if you will not do this, I trust myself to God."

They rage and fume at her, but her will stands firm. "I am a good Christian, I have been baptized, I shall die a good Christian." No more will she say.

Jeanne was bled and recovered quickly; then she suffered a relapse from eating a fish which Cauchon had sent her. So she told the priestly ruffian d'Estivet, who thereupon called her filthy names, emulating the English, and declared she had purposely brought the sickness on herself. Which painful scene made her still more ill.

Jeanne recovers and on May 2 is solemnly admonished before a large assembly of her judges, sixty-

three in number. Jean de Chatillon (who is to become a cardinal later on) takes the word:

"A revelation made by God should always lead to obedience toward the church, toward one's superiors —never to disobedience. He who despises the church despises God; he who hears the church hears God." In conclusion he makes the terrible threat:

"If you do not wish to believe in the church and in the article of the *Credo, the church, one, holy, Catholic,* you will be declared a heretic and by other judges *punished with the pain of fire.*"

Jeanne replies: "I shall make you no other answer, and if I saw the fire I should say what I say now and do nothing else."

"If a council-general were here, that is to say, our Holy Father the Pope, the cardinals, bishops, etc., would you not be willing to trust your cause to them and submit to the sacred council?"

"You shall draw nothing from me on that matter."

"Are you willing to submit yourself to our Holy Father the Pope?"

(This was a terribly indiscreet question, since the real prosecutors wanted to avoid nothing so much as *that*. They knew that she was doomed to death by the English, this proceeding of theirs merely offering the latter a pretext; on their own part it might be called *murder in the sacrosanct degree!*)

"Lead me there and I will make answer to him." Thus again declining to recognize them as the rightful judges.

Again they yell at her: "Will you give us one

reason, *only one*, why you refuse to trust yourself to the church?"

She remains silent.

Beginning the trial she had asked why no priests of her party were allowed to be present. They now proposed to have them come, but Jeanne, divining that the offer was not made in good faith, replied: "Give me a messenger and I will write to them what I think of all this trial you have made me."

May 9 she was brought into the torture chamber and faced with the dreadful instruments of Christian persuasion. They threatened her if she persisted in contumacy.

But the threat was lost upon her superb courage, heightened by an access of heavenly grace. "The Angel Gabriel," she said, "has appeared to strengthen me. . . . God has ever been my Master in what I have done. . . . Though you tear off my limbs and pluck my soul from my body, I will say nothing else!"

Chatillon was almost won to her cause by this affecting manifestation of the spirit, moved even to condemn the measures employed to subdue her; but he was harshly silenced by Cauchon.

The University of Paris now ratifies the work of its learned doctors, six of whom have led in the prosecution, and the paper is read to Jeanne in presence of the full tribunal. She is thus admonished charitably:

"Jeanne, let not human respect restrain you; do not allow yourself to go on from a fear of losing the

great honors you have had. Believe rather in the words and opinions of the University of Paris."

Still she remains firm, nay, rises to the full height of the martyr's courage:

"What I have always said and held to I still wish to maintain. . . . *If I were under judgment, if I saw the fagots prepared and the executioner about to light them, and if myself I were in the fire, I should say no other thing, and I should sustain until death what I have said!*" [1]

Cauchon now set himself to obtain by fraud the abjuration which he could not wring from Jeanne under any pretense of fair treatment. He *must* have it; he cannot go before the world with his *bon procès,* unless it be supported by a recantation, a confession of the accused. He devises the scene at St. Ouen, the hocus-pocus of the abjuration, a trick entirely worthy of the Bishop of Beauvais. All manner of intimidation is resorted to and the blackest perjury is employed to gain this end; Jeanne is promised that she shall be taken from the English and placed in a prison of the church, with women to attend her. Cauchon has no idea of keeping this promise: *he knows well that he cannot keep it!*

Jeanne a last time appeals to the Pope, "I submit myself to God and to our Holy Father the Pope." Alas! the Pope, far away, yet not out of the reach of information; silent, at any rate, inscrutable, un-

[1] Some one wrote in the margin of the ancient MS. of the trial, *Responsio superba,* Superb answer. He might have had immortality for signing his name!

concerned; trusting the business, maybe, to his faithful Winchester and all those notable sons of the church. But how awful if that cry of the innocent *should have reached his ear in vain!*

The judges ignore Jeanne's appeal. "We cannot go so far in quest of the Pope. Let her hold for true what the priests and the university have said regarding her deeds and words."

Several priests now pressed close upon Jeanne, urging her to save herself, seeking to snatch from her some words of disavowal. One of them, Erard, had prepared a small formula of recantation, and he said to her, "You must sign this or you will be burned!" Jeanne hesitated long; she sought counsel of Massieu, an officer of the court who had shown her some consideration, and he too urged her to comply. But she said to Erard, "You take too much pains to seduce me," a remark proving that she was fully on her guard and mistress of herself.

Some of the English present at the scene, mistaking its purport, began to fear that they would lose their victim. Warwick, her principal gaoler, exclaimed, "The king's affairs are going badly; this girl will escape us!"

Cauchon muttered to him, "Have no fear, my Lord, we shall catch her again."

One of the royal officials accused Cauchon of having plotted treason against the king.

"You lie!" returned the bishop, "and you shall apologize for this." Winchester, who knew all, silenced the irate official.

At this juncture Jeanne raised her voice, declaring that she submitted herself to the church, while praying St. Michael to counsel and direct her. And this was the extent of her "submission," which might indeed be interpreted in a contrary sense.

Again they read to her a formula of abjuration (according to their own report), and she appended a cross to it (or an O) in lieu of signature. She was able to write her name at this time, and she doubtless knew that a cross was not a valid signature, reserving this knowledge against her possible escape. Moreover, the form of abjuration read to her, very brief and in French, was not the same as that inserted in the record, which was very long and in Latin. Massieu confirmed this at the Rehabilitation twenty-odd years later: "I am absolutely sure that the paper read to La Pucelle was not that mentioned in the *procès*, for it is different from that which I read to her, and which she signed."

It remains certain that Jeanne agreed to nothing which she could have regarded as an abjuration. She did not repudiate her mission or deny her Voices or in any degree unsay at the end the truth she had so bravely asserted and maintained through the long trial. But from her deep religious feeling she was doubtless unable to believe that all these priests would lie, deceive, and break their solemn promises to her. This is the only fault of which she may be accused—and it is a fault on the side of virtue.

Cauchon now produced a paper written in Latin and read Jeanne's sentence to her. It condemned her

to "perpetual imprisonment, to the bread of grief and the water of anguish."

The reading ended, Jeanne reclaiming their promise, said to Cauchon and other priests grouped with him:

"Please now, good fathers, take me to your prison, that I may no longer be in the hands of the English."

There was a momentary pause, then the bishop ordered, "Take her back where you found her!"

In the prison Jeanne puts on female dress as she has promised, but within the space of two days she realizes from the obscene conduct of her keepers—expressly primed for this purpose—that it holds no protection for her, and she resumes her male costume. Cauchon and his jackals are instantly informed; they run to the prison and accuse her of relapsing. She explains that she was obliged to protect herself—ah, well they knew it! and further, that she had not understood the matter of the abjuration, and would revoke nothing that was pleasing to God. As a final test of their good faith, Jeanne appeals to them:

"If the judges wish it I will resume woman's dress, but on condition that you fulfil the promise to place me in an ecclesiastical prison. For the rest, I shall do nothing more."

The unknown scribe before referred to has written in the margin, *Responsio mortifera*—fatal answer!

Cauchon, king of rats, has triumphed. Leaving the prison, he sees a group of English, among them War-

wick, waiting for what news he may give them. He greets them in jolly humor, and then calls after them in their language, *"Farewell,* farewell! Be of good cheer. *It is done!"*

And he himself goes to be felicitated among the long-tailed rats of his own breed.

Even at this moment the priests again ply Jeanne with foolish questions about the *sign* and the *crown.* She repulses them: "I would rather die!"

Ah, she will not have to wait long now for the deliverance promised by her trusty angel friends. Hell has scored a momentary triumph, heaven an eternal victory!

Thank God that such another injustice can never again be perpetrated in this world; thank Jeanne also! She has, in long result, abolished the prisons of the church and wiped out the so-called offenses which brought men there. Never, never again shall priestly men dare to do in the name of God and holy church what bears the express image and likeness of Satan!

At this juncture Xaintrailles, Jeanne's former comrade-at-arms, made an attack upon Rouen with a view to rescuing her. It seems, however, to have been no more than a daring demonstration, *un fait de vaillance.* But it roused the fears of the English, and they hastened to bring Jeanne to execution, believing as they did that she was able to contrive mischief from her dungeon. All the English, from highest to lowest, shared in this fearful blood-thirst; it was as

if they recognized in Jeanne *France victorious,* and raged to destroy her!

Michelet pointedly remarks that, though confined in prison, she displayed her power all the same; as long as she lived, her prayers broke through the walls and scattered the enemy. She predicted to the very day the raising of the siege of Compiègne and the discomfiture of Burgundy.

Winchester, d'Estivet, and the Inquisitor each had a key to the tower in which she was confined, and spied on her constantly through a hole in the wall. Even under Torquemada in the following century the Inquisition was not able to refine upon the tactics used against Jeanne d'Arc.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

THE CONDEMNATION

WHILE Jeanne sleeps her last night of sorrow in the château de Bouvreuil and her enemies exult in the nearness of their full revenge, let us briefly survey the astounding fact of her condemnation which impends for the morrow.

Perhaps I am the first to point out one remarkable truth in regard to Jeanne d'Arc. It is this: since that fearful day in Rouen when she was led to her martyrdom by fire, she has been the glory of the faith and the shame of the church. That is why she was obliged to wait five centuries for the formal warrant of saintship. That is why the Devil's Advocate so long prevailed to deny her on earth the crown she wears in heaven. In these matters, truly, the church never hurries; she moves with a deliberation consistent with her dignity, with her province that extends *in sæcula sæculorum*. But on the extended roll of the canonized you will find no saint who was made to stand at the door so long as Jeanne d'Arc.[1]

The church finally yielded, and there is no more gracious act in her immemorial history, none that

[1] In point of fact, the proceedings were started about the middle of the last century. Jeanne was not so much as thought of in this regard during four centuries.

has conduced more to her venerable prestige. At the same time it must be allowed that the church needed Jeanne more than Jeanne needed the church. Happy be the reconciliation!

To resume: Jeanne d'Arc was done to death by the priests and theologians of the day, urged on by the civil and military power in the hands of her French and English enemies. I am aware that her death is not chargeable, in a direct sense, to the church universal, but rather to the branches at Paris and Rouen. Still the church is *one, holy, apostolic:* she could not wholly evade responsibility for those who acted in her name.

Jeanne appealed three times to the Pope, but the petition was ignored by her judges (some of whom afterward obtained signal preferment in the church), and it is commonly supposed never to have reached him. Nevertheless, it is incredible that Rome should have known nothing, heard nothing of the most remarkable event in Christendom, involving so many prelates and the Inquisition itself. She was, indeed, with good reason, very attentive to what was going on in France, where two Catholic peoples were struggling for the supremacy. Nothing of moment could occur there without attracting her notice, and Jeanne's trial lasted nearly three months. Also, her fame had spread throughout Europe long before the trial; the maiden victor of Orleans and Patay was not apt to be neglected by the common tongue. Even in Germany she was hailed as a saint and a sibyl (by the way, it was in Germany and from the pen of

Schiller that Jeanne was to begin her glorious course in literature). We have heretofore noted that an eminent French priest, Jean Lohier, repudiating Cauchon's *procès* in advance of the actual proceeding, felt obliged to seek safety by a flight to Rome, where he was soon made president of the Rota, one of the most important offices about the Pope. Here was a first-hand witness, if anybody were interested or concerned in the trial at Rouen. But the Pope, Martin V, died on the very eve of the trial—the same who had leaned toward the English, and who had shown a special regard for Cauchon (the latter having aided his candidacy for St. Peter's chair). He was succeeded at a troubled juncture by Eugene IV, who found himself blocked in Rome by the Colonnas, heirs of his predecessor—the *kingdom of this world* was again the object of fierce contest and disputation. The Pope had now something more important to think of than the fate of one poor girl in France.

This may explain the failure of Rome to take up Jeanne's appeal or in any way to notice the extraordinary cause. That the Pope was wholly uninformed about it we cannot believe, but it is credible that her appeal was never placed before him officially. Nevertheless, the church would have to bear the odium of her condemnation during centuries thereafter. For the two or three hundred priests and theologians who judged the Maid, as well as the godly men of the Inquisition and the University of Paris who damned her as a child of the devil, were in loyal communion with the church, and were in fact part of its ma-

chinery. Still, it is certain that the church, in its plenary representative character, or the central authority at Rome, was free of Jeanne's blood. But the whole system, arrogating divine powers and claiming the right to draw supernatural warrants, was involved in the trial and murder of the Maid; has been judged by the measure with which it meted to her; and is now of a truth rejected by the more enlightened part of mankind. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of liberty!

A certain set of apologists try to cast all the blame of Jeanne's persecution and death upon the English. To be sure, the English had the best right to hate her and to seek her destruction, for had she not beaten them in several battles, lowered their prestige, and threatened to drive them out of the fair land of France which they had come to regard as their own? But let us be fair: her own countrymen shared to the full in the guilt and the shame of her death—nothing can clear them of that! Indeed, their reproach is the greater, since she was their compatriot, and they sold her for a piece of money! I see no ground for a choice between Philip of Burgundy and Bedford, the English duke; between Winchester and Regnault de Chartres; between Cauchon and Warwick; between La Trémoille and the noble Suffolk who offered to stab her in prison. They are all of an evil parity and must stand or fall together.

Besides, we are not to forget that both French and English were in that day of the same religious faith. Not a single heretic took part in the proceedings

against Jeanne, from the holy clerics of the Inquisition and the University of Paris to Bishop Cauchon, that zealous prototype of Fouquier-Tinville, who sought her blood openly and thirsted for it with an eager relish that shocked even his fellow-judges; down to the rude soldiers who kept guard *within her cell* night and day, and probably caused her as much anguish at times as the threat of the fire. They were all believers in the one true faith, and the stain of her innocent blood is upon every one of them. Make no mistake about that!

Indeed, we cannot go astray as to the facts, and these cannot be twisted to the purposes of the special pleader: for the whole plan of the murder of Jeanne d'Arc; the carefully marked steps by which it was unrelentingly carried out; the heroic but ineffectual struggles of the victim; the unspeakable devices resorted to in order to circumvent and destroy her; the pitiless, unhalting purpose of her prosecutors, marked as with cinnabar—are all laid bare to us by the sworn testimony of eye-witnesses, with a fullness of detail and a veracity of statement which leave hardly a question to be asked or a doubt to be solved. It is all there—the conspiracy of power, learning, and holiness (God save the mark!) against one brave, helpless, innocent girl; ignorant, too, save for her divine illumination. We see the suavely ferocious Cauchon pressing her with both his holy hands toward the scaffold. We see that formidable array of priests setting the utmost skill of their wits, the deepest resources of their cunning, against a simple country

girl who could neither read nor write a name now among the most illustrious and venerated on the earth; trying by every wile of casuistry to wrest or surprise from her an admission that should send her to the flames.

Let us be just: they were not all equally guilty, not all equally intent on the slaughter of the spotless lamb before them. Not one was so bad as Cauchon, and to be strictly fair to that consecrated beast, not one was under the same pressure of ambition which dictated his fearful primacy. A few of those priests, too few in that great number, had kind hearts and would gladly have sent the child home to her mother. Besides, they were captives themselves, bound hand and foot with the fetters of superstition and devil-born lunacy, misnamed religious fervor; daunted by monstrous ignorance and mythic fears of hell and darkness; chrisomed and holy-watered into a pretense of light and knowledge—aye, they were cowering slaves, branded and obedient to the lash, and she standing free and enfranchised in her chains!

There are many points of likeness between the trial of Jesus Christ and that of Jeanne d'Arc. They were both sold for a price of silver—alas! a vastly greater price was paid for the Maid. Both were martyrs of liberty, Jeanne in a special sense that has greatly made for her renown. Both suffered through a combination of forces political and priestly. Christ had Caiaphas; Jeanne had Cauchon, something the worst of it. The chief accusers, the leading prosecu-

tors of each were priests, and as the Jews cried out at the trial of Jesus, "His blood be upon us and upon our children!"—so might the priests have cried out at the condemnation of Jeanne, "Her blood be upon us and upon the church!"

But let us admit that even in such a case neither side would have the right to invoke a penalty upon the innocent.

And now to conclude with a point of unlikeness, not less suggestive. Among the judges of Jeanne d'Arc —priests as they were, or deemed themselves to be, of the Christ of love and mercy—there was none so merciful as Pontius Pilate, whose memory is not held in much honor by the Christian world; not one had the courage or the humanity to wash his hands, *publicly,* of the intended murder. Some desired it out of their blind ignorance and cruel fanaticism; many, no doubt, regretted it as a severe but salutary act of faith; all consented to it. The responsibility is thus landed squarely where it belongs, on the official religion which was then in league with the secular power.

By their fruits ye shall know them! But in condemning Jeanne d'Arc to a cruel and ignominious death the priests little suspected that they were making her one of the great figures of history. Mgr. Touchet, the excellent Bishop of Orleans, affirms that Jeanne is very near to Jesus, in the heaven where she has obtained her reward. In truth, her story parallels His in the obscurity of her birth and early life, and in the supreme points of the mission, the

betrayal, and the sacrifice. Also, she resembles the Divine Martyr in her eternal destiny; like Him, she has been as a sword flung into the world. She is still under trial, in spite of the tardy canonization: alone among the victims [2] of mediæval darkness, cruelty and intolerance, she has been able to compel from a distance of five centuries this measure of justice and vindication.

But it is not enough!—still her quarrel proceeds, the *greater mission* on which she has entered; her white flag flutters in the van of the eternal conflict. And not yet has she lost her old wondrous power to summon the brave and the chivalrous to her defense. Strip every vestige of the supernatural from her legend,[3] and still she remains a marvel and an enigma to all time, as she is the choicest glory of the fair land of France which she redeemed at the price of her blood.

[2] The number of persons, mostly women, put to death for the impossible crime of witchcraft or sorcery in Christian Europe during the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, remains incalculable. In Jeanne's time one or two women were burned for proclaiming their belief in her.

[3] Voltaire could not degrade it, even with his unequaled powers of mockery and satire. Anatole France fared no whit better in his suavely perfidious attempt to belittle and discrown her.

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

ON A MAY MORNING

It is the thirtieth of May, most evil and memorable that Rouen shall look upon, but lovely in the unconsciousness of Nature toward all the works of man; grateful and lovely as the spring is wont to be in Normandy. And thou too art of the May, dear Jeanne, the fragrant spring of thy years, rich with unfulfilled promise, bearing within thee hopes and dreams that shall know no fruition.

Vox turturis audita est in terra nostra.
Columba mea, formosa mea, et veni.

The voice of the turtle dove,
Sweet harbinger of love,
Now soundeth in our land—
Come, beautiful one and bland!

A troubling voice, Jeanne, for all its haunting melody. Alas! its plaintive sweetness is not for thee, who art to be robbed of thy sacred youth—that crime which so revolted the old pagan gods!

Flores aperuerunt, ficus protulit grossos suos;
Vineæ florentes declarunt suum.

Lo, vine and fig-tree now foretell
The fruits that in their ripeness dwell;
While flowers in spangled hosts appear,
And all things breathe the vernal year.

Alas! Jeanne, what boots this song of the spring unto thee? Thy flower is to be cut off in the stalk. Graceful fig-tree, thou shalt give no fruit. Cherishing vine, the blight awaits thee!

The kisses which thou mightst give, the love that might swell thy fertile bosom, are reserved for the infinite.

Surge, amica mea, speciosa mea, et veni.

Arise, beloved and beautiful one, from thy hard couch where thou hast slept under the eyes of hate and lust—come away to the rest that is prepared for thee, who hast been faithful unto death. Of all that have been so bidden by the Lord of love, whose welcome shall be sweeter than thine? . . .

This bright Wednesday morning Cauchon and his accomplices, purple and black, are in a great flurry about their "Father's business"—God save the word! They meet, deliberate, and sentence Jeanne anew, declaring her a relapsed sinner, a heretic, one excommunicated, etc.

A priest, Martin Ladvenu, kindly disposed, though he has concurred in the condemnation, comes to inform her that she will be burned. Her anguish is great; brave though she be, this death is too frightful! She laments: "My body, perfect and without

stain, which has never been corrupted, must it be burned to ashes?" Again she cries, "I appeal to God the Great Judge from the wrongs and injustices that are done me!"

Frère Ladvenu is allowed to hear her confession and give her communion. This act of grace, inconsistent with her condemnation, seems intended by Cauchon as a saving clause for himself. Jeanne charges him:

"Bishop, I die through you! You had promised to put me in the hands of the church, and you have left me to my enemies. And for this I summon you to answer before God!"

Will it be credited that even in this solemn moment the persecutors beset her with questions, demanding new avowals or recantations—a proof that they had really gotten nothing from her. A report of this *ante-mortem séance* was drawn up afterward, but the *greffier* refused to sign it. There can be little doubt that the concluding papers of the *procès* are all tinctured with fraud.

At nine o'clock Jeanne is led from the castle, placed in a cart, and taken to the old market-place. She is in woman's dress and wears a hood. Massieu and the Dominicans Martin Ladvenu and Isambart de la Pierre accompany her. An immense crowd fills the streets along their progress, a silent crowd for the most part, save for the weeping women and wondering little ones. But there are burning hearts in that crowd and a dumb rage that is one day to find ex-

pression.[1] Eight hundred soldiers, English every man of them, escort the tumbril, keep the mob in check. Jeanne looks at the people, the streets, the houses, with her wide glance—she has really seen little of the old city since she was brought here in December. Suddenly she exclaims: "Rouen, Rouen, shall I die here? Art thou to be my last home?" . . .

Arrived at the old market-place, she is made to mount a platform, opposite to which is a larger one occupied by her judges. Nicholas Midy trains his lethal jaw upon her for a long time: his text is, "If one of the members of the body suffers, all suffer with it." Jeanne is not moved by the stern exhortation of this man whom she knows for her enemy; she weeps and laments for the dreadful death so near, and the people weep with her.

Midy having concluded, Cauchon rises, pronounces the sentence which condemns and delivers her to the secular arm (the civil authority). Then the ecclesiastical judges leave the platform and the scene, since the church may not be present at a punishment which she has ordered. To-day's act will help to relieve her of such responsibility in a time still distant. The religion of love and mercy shall not go on partnering with the shedders of blood!

Cauchon is seen to weep, even the impassive Winchester is touched to tears, but neither has any thoughts of relenting. And the tears of Cauchon

[1] On the expulsion of the English from Rouen, 1449. This result was included in Jeanne's prophecy.

should have indelibly blistered the stones on which they fell.

Even at this solemn moment Cauchon, incited no doubt by Winchester, went to the foot of the platform and made a last effort to wrest from his victim some word of submission or retraction. Her only response, uttered in a mild tone, was:

"Bishop, I die through you! Had you put me in the church prison this would not have happened."

Now the English break out impatiently: "Come on, priests! Are you going to make us dine here?"

The lay or civil judge is present, but in his haste and fear of the English he does not comply with the usual formality. Jeanne is rudely seized by the soldiers and led to the fatal pyre which has been built high on a plaster pedestal, in order that she may be seen from far and wide.

From the top of this mound of death she looks over the great concourse awestruck into silence, waiting in agonized expectation; and the words fall from her lips:

"Ah, Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer from my death!"

They snatch off her hood and substitute a paper miter in the likeness of a bishop's hat (an appropriate symbol this), on which is written—HERETIC, RELAPSED, APOSTATE, SCHISMATIC, IDOLATER. Jeanne does not fail to protest against these false titles—vigilant, courageous to her last breath.

She asks for a cross, and a soldier gives her one contrived of two sticks; but Massieu runs to fetch

a crucifix from a neighboring church. Jeanne begs him:

"Hold the cross before my eyes, above the flames, so long as I am able to see it."

The executioner—a Frenchman and Rouennais—lights the pyre, which is slow to kindle, prolonging her agony. So high is she above him that he cannot give her, with his iron instrument, the merciful blow that would annul her pain. She warns the priest holding aloft the crucifix to stand back from the fire. Then, from amid the mounting flames, her voice rises clear and audible in a supreme justification of her faith and her mission.

She declares that she is not a heretic, not a schismatic, not an idolater, as the writing accuses her; that all she has done was at the command of God. Sweet and resonant, like the last notes of a clarion, her words float to the crowds who are now upon their knees—

"My Voices were from God; they have not deceived me!"

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

THE VOICES DIE OUT

I WOULD not expose my beloved in her final agony, in her poor tortured nudity, thinking less of the pain than of shielding her virgin modesty from the public gaze and the mocking, hateful glare of her enemies. No, I would not add to the horror of that scene, as certain writers have done, denying to the martyr the charity of silence, since they could say no fitting word. They were badly inspired: not so would I conceive the very truth of what occurred in those last solemn moments while Jeanne awaited the end.

Scarcely has Jeanne felt the first sting of the fire when she is surrounded by angel forms, the celestial friends of her childhood. They cover and protect her, shutting out the hellish scene below, the leaping tongues of flame, the horrified crowd, the jeering and brutal soldiers. Even so, they will not suffer her to mark the shouts, the cries of grief, the oaths and imprecations. Fondly they press upon her, claiming her eyes, her ears, her thoughts, and wrap her in a sweet euthanasia.

Confused and wondering at first, she seeks to know them for her blessed friends, the heavenly ones, who

have cheered her on with their Voices since that far day at Domremy. They will not release her eyes, her ears; they caress her as in the old days, when she stood barefoot before them, and the sheep, unconscious of the miracle, cropped beside her. Their amaranthine hair blows about her face, fragrant with the odors of paradise. Ah, what love in their eyes, what yearning of divine compassion; and something infinitely tender in their gaze which she had never marked before.

Yes, dear Jeanne, it is we, your old friends, Catherine and Marguerite, come to greet and succor you, most faithful and beloved! Look at us, Jeanne, look at us! Do not turn your head aside—there is nothing else to see, dear, and nothing to fear!

And the pain it is no more. Listen, cherished one, we have been with your mother at Domremy, even this morning, and she believes rightly that all is well with you, there was such joy about her heart.

And Jeanne dearest, we have gladdened your old playmates Guillemette and Mengette with remembrances of you, and left them wondering and happy.

Sweet sister, great-hearted daughter of God! You have not forgotten our old meetings when we lingered with you in the garden at Domremy, and you wished to come away with us always—ah, child, that it might so have been! Listen, Jeanne, beloved, we have something very sweet and wonderful to tell you: The time is now come; we shall leave you no more!

And oh, Jeanne, there is One awaits thee whose love and welcome are infinitely more worth than ours. Come away, sister, come away!

The Voices die out with her expiring consciousness. No pain, no pain!—is heaven then so near? . . .

A last sigh is wafted down from the scaffold, breathing the name of JESUS.

. . .

Some of the English gave way to their emotion and were affected with a religious terror. A common soldier who had boasted that he would bring a log to the pyre, on witnessing that serene and beautiful death, was seized with remorse and despair. A secretary of the English king, similarly moved, cried out, "We are all lost—we have killed a saint!"

Searching the ashes, the executioners found that Jeanne's body had not been entirely consumed; her noble heart, perfect and entire, remained intact from the fire. By order of Winchester the last sad relics were taken to a bridge on the Seine and thence cast into the river. The base men who performed this office were unable to see the Angel who descended in a flashing ray of sunlight, rescued from their hands that precious heart, at once transmuted into a glorious ruby, and again soaring aloft, placed it in the eternal treasury of God!

IN THE MARKET-PLACE[1]

Midnight falls on Rouen, hushed and dark
The city lies under the curfew pall,
And few and furtive they abroad to-night
In wynds and alleys tortuous. Still as death
The houses stand, within all hearts convulsed
By the great pain and anguish of this day,
Would fain forget in sleep. But some do watch
Through wakeful hours, while women pray and weep;
No chamber there that hears not the low sob
Of grief—no eye but closes on a tear.

Breathless the city lies as one who fears
To wake and see the sun of life again,
After this day of death. But some are there
Who watch with grim resolve and bide the hour
When the oppressor shall due measure pay
For his fell work—God speed the reckoning!
Meantime the sentries make their ordered round,
Flashing their lantern signals through the night;
The slow bells toll—the watchman gives his word
That all is well for England and her power!

[1] At the Hotel de Ville in Tours one may see a painting which represents Cauchon standing alone at night in the old market-place in Rouen where Jeanne d'Arc was burned the morning of that day (May 30, 1431). A little smoke still rises from the embers. Owing to the bad light in which it was hung I could not assure myself as to the artistic merit of the work, or whether the execution was equal to the subject. But the figure of Cauchon seemed dreadfully impressive, and looking upon it one could but recall the solemn accusation of his victim: *"Bishop, I die through you!"*

How sleep the men who guiltiest have borne
The burden of this day? Doth Cauchon lie
As one whom conscience lulls to dreamless rest,
The good and faithful servant of his Lord?
And how sleeps Winchester, the haughty priest,
Who raged because *her heart refused to burn?*—
That precious heart, to France and Heaven dear.
And Bedford, too, how slumbers he to-night,
Now that his great revenge has had its fill,
And his dread enemy shall rise no more
To loosen England's grip upon her prey?

But who is he that seeks the market-place
At this forbidden hour? What errand grim
Has drawn him from his bed, or ghostly tryst,
Across the fearsome blackness of the town,
Muffled and cloaked, with hat low o'er his brows,
And leads him to the stage where, seated now,
And where her judges sate this very morn,
He stares with eyes aghast upon the scene
Of her calm death, his crime inexpiable,
The while his guilty memory, appalled,
Shrinks from the words—
"Bishop, I die through you!"

A little flame leaped up and shook his soul
With sudden terror and a late remorse.
What devil had led him into this foul trap
For his eternal peace?—and he a priest
Of Jesus Christ to bring a girl to death
Who had but served her country and her God!
Even to madness stung, the wretch cried out—
"I did not seek her life, nor could I save,
The guilt is to the English, not to me!"
Then shuddering sank, as tho' he heard the words
Blown from an angel's trump—
"Bishop, through you I die!"

CHAPTER FORTY

SILENCE

A STRANGE silence followed the death of Jeanne d'Arc, a silence universal, absolute, so far as we may gather. The English Government communicated a report of the affair to other governments, and its accomplice, the University of Paris, reported to the Pope. Then again silence complete, unfathomable. Nobody made a note on the Pope's "reaction"; he forgot to say anything about it himself. Not a significant word was written or spoken at the moment concerning her death, the manner of it, and what people thought of it. And this martyred girl had been one of the most famous persons in all Christendom!

Perhaps the silence itself was the portentous thing —the paralysis that seized all minds and hearts at the consummation of that awful crime, the reaction from which was to traverse the ages.

The English Government paid, and paid well for the whole proceeding, trial, condemnation, execution. Cauchon received a great sum, as money was reckoned in those times; and his chief aids were proportionately recompensed, especially the delegates of the University of Paris. All took the wage of blood and rejoiced in it. We don't know which we execrate and

despise the more—those death's-head priests or their paymasters!

A WHIFF FROM THE HOLY OFFICE

The Grand Inquisitor himself, a Dominican named Graverend, had not figured in the trial, having delegated his understudy, Jean Lemaître, to that solemn duty. But we gather that he would have honored the proceeding, from the liberality of his knowledge, the simplicity of his faith, and the charity of his spirit! On the Sunday following Jeanne's death he preached about her in the Church of St. Martin des Champs at Paris. I translate a small portion of his edifying sermon.

"Jeanne La Pucelle was a girl of very humble origin; from the age of thirteen she had dressed herself in men's clothes; her father and mother would have killed her could they have done so without wounding their conscience. Possessed by the devil, she left them, and since then she had lived in the slaughter of humanity, breathing fire and blood, until the day she was burned. *If she had retracted* [1] they would have given her a penance of four years in prison on bread and water, with a woman to serve her. The devil appeared to her under three forms, as St. Michael, Ste. Catherine, and Ste. Marguerite. He (the devil) was very much in fear of losing her—you should have heard him under those holy disguises! He said to her, 'Wicked creature, why have

[1] On this point, at least, the G. I. seems to have been correctly informed. There was no retraction.

you laid aside your clothes [her male dress] for fear of the fire? We shall guard you against them all.'

"Then she stripped off her woman's clothes and put on those she had carried when riding horseback with the soldiers, and which she had hidden in the straw of her bed. When the university, or those who represented it, saw that she was thus obstinate, they delivered her to the laic justice for death. Seeing herself in this plight, she called the demons who had frequented her under the image of saints, but never did one of them appear to help her after her condemnation, whatever invocation or appeal she might address to them. And then at last she was willing to submit herself, but it was too late." [2]

So this was a Grand Inquisitor of the faith, as he "functioned" in the fifteenth century. Well, thank goodness, his job was abolished a very long time ago —though it was revived early in the nineteenth century, when Napoleon put it to sleep again. It would seem to a candid mind that the business of creating comfortable jobs for lunkheads within the bosom of the church, has been the cause of most of her troubles down to a later period than that of Jeanne d'Arc.

[2] "Jeanne d'Arc devant Paris," par Abbé Couget (1926). An extremely valuable and suggestive work.

LAST RECORDS

LAST RECORDS

I

Exeunt Omnes

CHARLES VII, who had been idle in his youth and dubbed the *Indolent*, became Charles the Victorious in later years, driving the English mainly out of France. After the death of his favorite mistress, Agnes Sorel, the queen, Marie d'Anjou, influenced him to recall the Constable Richemont, on whose account Jeanne had suffered rebuke, as mentioned in the text. Richemont, a capable and vigorous soldier, carrying out Jeanne's initiative, practically cleared France of the English. Within six years from the death of Jeanne he captured Paris, thus fulfilling one of her most remarkable predictions.

Normandy rises to greet Dunois, her old companion-at-arms; he takes Rouen, without striking a blow, and Charles makes his triumphal entrance November 10, 1449. In 1453 nothing remains of Henry V's conquests in France save Calais.

In his declining years Charles was unhappy, despite his great fortune in reconquering his kingdom. Perhaps he suffered from remorse on account of her who had freed the country from the body-of-death

under which it lay, had crowned him, and pointed the way to triumph. I believe his conscience was heavily charged with the fate of Jeanne. About ten years after her death he visited Orleans to do honor to her memory. The reversal of her sentence, the rehabilitation of her good fame and memory, her place in history, were to the same purpose. I think Charles was more sincere in these reparations than has been allowed, but the reproach of ingratitude will always rest upon him. His son, who became afterward Louis XI—more able, more insane than himself—gave Charles much trouble in his later years, making alliance with his enemies, etc. Are not wives, even of a lower station, sometimes thus avenged upon their husbands? Marie d'Anjou had given Charles a bitterer pill than himself. . . . The king died in 1461, *starved,* some writers hold, from a fear of being poisoned by his son.

Cauchon survived his illustrious victim ten years (1442) and therefore was spared the agony which the Rehabilitation would have caused him. To be sure, there was enough coming to him *without that!* He was old, disappointed, embittered, neglected, but he managed to hang on to his bishopric of Lisieux. He had a house at Rouen, where he died quite unexpectedly while he was having his beard trimmed—an unceremonious exit! The house still stands, much as he knew it. I have lingered there, striving to call up an image of the short, sturdy bishop bulking in and out; unloved by any one, regarded by all with a repugnant deference mingled with fear, going along

stiffly enough, neither revoking nor repenting his conduct to the end. Oddly enough, he cherished a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin and built a lovely chapel in her honor, his artistic taste being singularly pure for the time. Cauchon left a great part of his fortune to the poor and to religious foundations. He was buried in the cathedral church and had a fine marble tomb to himself, his effigy lying thereon, with miter and cross. But in 1793 the revolutionists, remembering him, destroyed the tomb and scattered his bones in ignominy. God forgive me, but I should like to have had a kick at them myself!

Like Cauchon, his ecclesiastical superior and deeply involved friend, Regnault de Chartres, did not live to witness the Rehabilitation. He died full of churchly honors, easier to secure in those days than treasures in heaven, and, so far as we may know, without remorse for his treatment of Jeanne d'Arc. The punishment of this bad man seems to lie in the fact that the villainy which he thought to have so shrewdly concealed has long been laid open to the world. In certain respects of character I regard this man as more detestable than Cauchon. *Opprobrium ad suam memoriam!*

We are pleased to record that La Trémoille, after long impunity, got something like his dues, but very much less than we should have awarded him. Two years after Jeanne's passing he was attacked in his house by some French noblemen, receiving a sword-

cut on the hand and a dagger-thrust in the belly. He was carried away prisoner and held for an immense ransom—thus retorting upon him his own practices. This business finished La Trémoille at court, where he was never more to find himself *persona grata* to the king, being replaced by his old rival Richemont—a direct inspiration from Jeanne, I should hazard!

Bedford and Warwick both died untimely in the château of Bouvreuil, where they had long imprisoned and tortured Jeanne before committing her to death. They had broken against her as against the sword of Gideon.

Dunois took a principal part in carrying out the initiative of La Pucelle toward clearing France of the foreign invader, and especially in recapturing Rouen. He became grand chamberlain of France, was at odds for a time with Louis XI, but finally reconciled himself to that crafty monarch, and thereafter served him faithfully to the end. At the Rehabilitation of Jeanne he gave loyal testimony in her favor, a little shaded perhaps by the royal motive to disavow responsibility for her after the coronation at Reims—from which time we trace the "letting down" and abandonment of the Maid. Dunois died in 1468.

Philip of Burgundy, miscalled the Good, one of the principal agents of Jeanne's undoing, abandoned his English allies when the tide had turned unmistakably against them, and made his peace with Charles VII in the treaty of Arras, getting better

terms than he deserved. But his house, erected upon so many treasons and ill doings, was doomed to perish under his son and successor Charles the Bold *(le Téméraire)*, after whose death Burgundy proper was incorporated into the Kingdom of France. Philip died in 1467, expecting to be remembered for his order of the Golden Fleece and similar flummery long since forgotten of the world. But he has a lasting title to remembrance along with Bedford, Regnault de Chartres, Winchester, Cauchon, *et al.*, in the order of the assassins of Jeanne d'Arc!

La Hire (Etienne de Vignolles), the bold Gascon "rough rider," who had fought in all Jeanne's greater battles and especially signalized himself at Patay, died peacefully in his bed at Montauban, 1443. "La Hire" is a nickname, the word in old French meaning "anger" and thereby signifying his impetuous disposition.

Xaintrailles, his worthy comrade and fellow-soldier of the Maid, survived him many years. It was his happy lot to finish the work which he had begun under Jeanne d'Arc. In 1451 he was made a marshal of France. He died in 1468.

Jean, duc d'Alençon, cousin of Charles VII, fellow-soldier with Jeanne d'Arc and her one friend of the court who remained faithful to the end, lived to rejoice and share in the rehabilitation of her glorious memory. He died in 1476, and lives forever in association with her name and fame.

The ending of other persons more or less important in this narrative has been noticed in the text. But Gilles de Rais must have a chapter to himself.

II

Gilles de Rais

SINCE we have allowed ourselves to smile at the Grand Inquisitor and the activities of the holy office, let us admit that some real *bona fide* business was occasionally provided for both. In those old times some foolish or evil-minded persons made a practice of dabbling in magic or sorcery, which was apt to lead them into positive crime. Of all such unfortunates, Gilles de Rais (or de Retz, as the name is more commonly written) remains the most notorious on account of the great number of his victims and the peculiar atrocity of his deeds.

This book, however, would not take notice of him but for his connection with the story of Jeanne d'Arc, which indeed will not permit us to ignore him.

Gilles de Rais, born in Anjou, of a rich and noble family but no better in point of morals than many others of the same class in those times, was a cousin of La Trémoille, that evil genius of Jeanne d'Arc. It was La Trémoille who appointed him to the personal body-guard of the Maid, in which position he was responsible to the king himself for her safety. Gilles fought bravely at Orleans and supported Jeanne when she was wounded before Les Tourelles. In the follow-

ing actions he was similarly noted for his valor and soldierly conduct, leading, as it subsequently did, to his being made a marshal of France—extraordinary promotion for so young a man (he was at this time well under thirty).

We have pointed out La Trémoille's jealousy of the Maid, which was shared by many of the army chiefs, and to some extent by Charles himself. In the end it led to Jeanne's undoing, and in that end Gilles participated, beyond doubt, as the guilty agent of his cousin La Trémoille. The plot climaxed at Compiègne, where Jeanne was taken prisoner leading a bold sortie against the Burgundians and the English. The gates of the town were closed in her face by order of Flavy, the governor, himself a creature of Philip the Bad and a half-brother of that other enemy of Jeanne—Regnault de Chartres, Archbishop of Reims.

Gilles de Rais, charged to defend her with his life, alone of her personal guard escaped through connivance of the aforesaid Flavy. These are incontestable facts; there is no *if, but,* or *peradventure* about them.

In 1432 Gilles began the dark practices which were eventually to lead him to the worst end of any of the enemies and betrayers of Jeanne d'Arc. Tutored by an Italian mountebank, one Prelati, in the mysteries of Satan-worship, he was presently led to think of making *human sacrifices* to the infernal deities. Nothing was easier for the *grand seigneur* than to secure victims at one or other of his strong castles, Machecoul, Tiffauges, Chantocé, etc. The victims were nearly al-

ways poor children of the peasant families roundabout, and for the most part were inveigled to their death by the promise of food; or in the case of the older ones, of money or some small employment. The oblations of innocent blood gave a fillip to Gilles's diabolical passion, and he very soon united to them the gratification of his abominable lust in such measure and variety of wickedness, such unheard-of atrocity as we dare not dwell upon in any detail. Suffice it that even in their dying pangs the monster continued to abuse his victims, tasting thereby, as he confessed, the sweetest pleasure of all!

It was established during his trial at Nantes—a trial ecclesiastical and laic—that he had thus destroyed between *two hundred* and *three hundred* children, leaning rather to the latter number; as well as some mature young women, several of these being in a *state of pregnancy!* His crimes as a whole have had no parallel in ancient or modern times; compared with him Nero takes on some aspect of virtue and Heliogabalus might pass for a plaster saint!

What protection the poor had in those dark times may be estimated by the number of Gilles's victims and his eight years of impunity. There were complaints from time to time of the lost children, but the parents were poor and of no great mood to hunt for them, having usually more mouths than they could feed. Rumors pointing to the truth got about after a while, but it required no ordinary courage then to force entrance to a *seigneur's* château—and this man was a marshal of France! From 1432 to 1440, to take

the whole period of his evil doing, he continued to feed his infernal propensities as no other man has ever done of whom there is any record.

He might have gone much farther had he not invaded a church during high mass with a following of armed men, in order to seize one with whom he had a dispute about money. This man he maltreated, shutting him up in a dungeon at Tiffauges.

The poor you have always with you and their children, but the church shall not suffer in its rights and privileges—not even from a *grand seigneur!* The cry of SACRILEGE is raised. Our old friend the Constable de Richemont besieges Tiffauges and releases the prisoner. The Duke of Brittany condemns Gilles to pay a fine of fifty thousand livres.

But now the voice of accusation is heard in that desolated country-side. Where are the children that have been disappearing for years? What has been their fate? Inquiries are put on foot that will not be halted. Suspicions multiply, rumors accumulate, the day of reckoning is at hand. Gilles de Rais is arrested with several of his servants and accomplices; makes a bold front at first, but they confess,[1] and he can only follow suit. His confession was so awful, there in the very scene of his crimes, that one marvels why the people did not tear the building to pieces in order to reach him.

[1] Prelati, being of obscure priestly antecedents, escaped the death sentence and was doomed to perpetual imprisonment. He soon escaped and flourished during some years in the train of the Duke of Anjou. Eventually falling foul of the king's justice, he took the same road as his pupil Gilles de Rais.

On the contrary, there was no disorder of any sort, and Gilles made an edifying end; people actually wept with sympathy for him as he marched to the scaffold, exhorting his fellow-culprits to repentance. His death was more merciful that that which Jeanne d'Arc suffered at the hands of the priests. His body was not burned, and at his request it was honorably buried in a select church of the district.

Time went by and, *mirabile dictu,* made of Gilles de Rais, in popular notion, something of a saint. An expiatory monument was raised in his favor. He had possessed a piece of the *true cross* and bequeathed it to a monastery, where the faithful were allowed to see it for a small consideration, thereby contributing to the strange legend. This has long since faded out, but another legend, equally baseless, persists in identifying him with Bluebeard, the slayer of many wives. Here it is at last possible to say a word for Gilles de Rais: he had only one wife, who married again some few years after his mortal expiation. His name and his race, save in evil commemoration, are blotted from the earth.

III

Shakespeare and the Maid

THE great bard's view of the woman who conquered his countrymen is exposed, indecently enough, in several scenes of "Henry VI" (Part I), one of the so-

called historical plays. Nothing could be less historical, in fact. The whole account of Jeanne is absurdly false and reveals an immense ignorance of the subject. It seems to have been written of purpose to glut the ears of the British groundlings. Yet this drama was produced 160 years after the death of Jeanne, 140 after the Rehabilitation. Shakespeare could hardly have been ignorant that he was writing monstrous foolishness, as well as the basest kind of slander—that of the dead!

Therefore, several critics have sought to clear Shakespeare on the ground that he probably did not write this play but only retouched it. This is mere conjecture and it cannot be urged as a valid plea. I must say that the voice we hear behind the puppets in "Henry VI" (Part I) sounds in my ear very like the authentic voice of the Honorable William Shakespeare and no other. I give a sample and allow the reader to judge for himself. But he will note that there is not one word of possible truth in it from beginning to end as regards the Maid, save a passage of five lines which I have italicized; that the scene of her execution is placed in the camp of the Duke of York at Anjou—no doubt one of the bard's historical flashes; while the mention of "Reignier, King of Naples" by the Maid climaxes the absurdity of the whole.

I quote the scene entire, because it is to be feared that people are not much in the habit of reading Shakespeare nowadays—at least the "historical" plays—save perhaps at the British Museum.

ACT V, SCENE IV. *Camp of the* DUKE OF YORK *in Anjou.*

Enter YORK, WARWICK, *and others.*

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, *guarded, and a* Shepherd.

SHEPHERD. Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

PUCELLE. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEPHERD. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows;
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

WARWICK. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

SHEPHERD. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle! [1]
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear;
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan!

PUCELLE. Peasant, avaunt!—You [2] have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEPHERD. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

[1] Meant for "obstinate," we suppose.
[2] Addressing the English.

Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast.
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

. . . . .

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?—
O burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [*Exit*]

YORK. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

PUCELLE. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits;
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought,
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.[3]

YORK. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!

WARWICK. And hark ye, sirs: because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enow;
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

[3] Gabriel Hanotaux has complimented Shakespeare upon these five lines, but the scene as a whole witnesses that Shakespeare had no idea of complimenting the Maid. Still, he might have written these five lines *for himself!*

PUCELLE. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
YORK. Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
WARWICK. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought!
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
YORK. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
WARWICK. Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live,
Especially since Charles must father it.
PUCELLE. You are deceived; my child is none of his.
It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.
YORK. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
PUCELLE. O, give me leave, I have deluded you;
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.
WARWICK. A married man! that's most intolerable.[4]
YORK. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.
WARWICK. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
YORK. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee;
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
PUCELLE. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode,
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

[4] A fine touch of the inescapable British moralist.

Environ you, *etc.* [*Exit, guarded*]
YORK. Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Shakespeare is declared to have been the greatest creator and interpreter of human character that the stage of literature has known. Therefore, we shall not deny that Jeanne's enemies in this scene speak like genuine Englishmen of the fifteenth century, and to that extent the noble bard has "held the mirror up to nature." The rest is a hideous libel, without the least poetical or literary merit to redeem it. I wish this play might be fathered on somebody else, but, alas! Shakespeare has given an infallible proof of its authorship in making York mention Machiavel (Machiavelli), who was not born *until thirty years after* the death of Jeanne d'Arc![5]

As for that masterpiece, "Reignier, King of Naples," I suppose the bard, groping through the legend, stumbled upon the name of *Regnault* de Chartres and achieved the rest with that genius which was "not for a day but for all time."

IV

The False Jeanne d'Arc

WE have several times mentioned Catherine of Rochelle, the false mystic and pretended seer who annoyed Jeanne and was by her exposed to the king;

[5] The patent rights of this critical discovery have been applied for; trespassers will take notice.

and we have seen how the lying testimony of this worthless creature was used by Cauchon in the trial. Now we are bound to notice the most remarkable fraud of all in connection with the legend of Jeanne d'Arc. Even after death her name and personality were to be counterfeited, with apparent success, and the deception was to hold during several years.

The impostor, a woman from the neighborhood of Metz, gave out that she was La Pucelle herself, although she was known by the name of Claude. This "revelation" was made five years after the tragedy of Rouen, in May, 1436. The story is one of marvels. At the very outset the two surviving brothers of Jeanne (Pierre and Jean) went to see this woman, identified and acknowledged her as their sister. It seems that she furnished them with certain documents or "signs" proving her claim. At any rate, they appear to have accepted her in full faith. When questioned as to what she had been doing since Rouen, she answered vaguely or in fables, avoiding mention of the past, and declared that her "power" would not be returned to her until the feast of St. John the Baptist. She was fitted up with a man's suit of clothes and a horse, *à la* Jeanne d'Arc, and rode away with the two brothers.

Here is matter for astonishment, but the tale is only begun. Always with the brothers, she traveled through Lorraine—the scene of Jeanne's glory—to the great wonderment of the people; was honorably received by the Duchess of Luxembourg (a niece of Philip of Burgundy), and passed into Germany.

Thence the false Jeanne returned to Arlen in Belgium. where she was treated with much respect, and there she married a poor but well-born chevalier, Robert des Armoises, worse luck for him! But she continued the fraud, claiming always to be "Jeanne la Pucelle" or "La Pucelle d'Orléans."

Presently the city of Orleans hears of this forward person—Orleans where so many people had seen Jeanne and preserved a vivid memory of her, together with an idolatrous veneration! What we relate is in the official register. The false Jeanne writes to the civic powers, they write to her in all faith. One Jean du Lys (perhaps an accomplice) visits Orleans as a sort of advance agent for the clever hussy. It seems he also has an audience with the king, who in gratitude for the good news gives him a piece of money for his expenses. The city fathers of Orleans respond even more liberally. The smooth lady writes to the king himself. Everything is going to a marvel.

But suddenly she disappears, and later it is rumored that, after some merry passages, she had gone to Rome in order to obtain absolution from the Pope.

Three years later she turns up again and gets herself honorably and bounteously received by the simple folk of Orleans. It is in the record, July, 1439. Nobody exposes her or denies her claim in this city which owed so much to the true Jeanne d'Arc; where so many had seen her often, going and coming (for she had made several visits there after the siege); where no small number of persons had intimately known her. An official entry records a payment of

money to the impostor, naming her *Jeanne des Armoises—"for the good she had done the City during the siege!"*

Madame des Armoises enjoyed herself heartily in Orleans but left somewhat in a hurry before the expected coming of the king. She was accompanied by the brothers d'Arc.

About this time her melon began to spoil. The sheriff of Touraine had written a letter to Charles concerning her; one can only guess the purport thereof. Not long afterward she turned up in Paris with the same escort, and here the fraud so long maintained broke down. She was made to confess publicly the whole truth of the imposture and of her journey to Rome. Then she was banished from the city.

It seems the king sent for her and she avowed the deception to him. She was last heard of in 1457—twenty-one years after beginning the hoax—under conditions which went to prove that she had not profited by it. A Lorraine family had caused her to be imprisoned for passing herself off as Jeanne d'Arc and thereby abusing several persons who had actually seen the Maid in Orleans. She was discharged with a reprimand and is heard of no more.

Such is the legend of the false Jeanne d'Arc. That the deception succeeded to such a degree was owing to the atmosphere of the wonderful and the miraculous in which the true heroine had fulfilled her career, and which, no doubt, to the simple and credulous

seemed to permit of a further development. But the part which Jeanne's brothers played in the imposture is not so easily passed over; at the same time we may not condemn them unheard.

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